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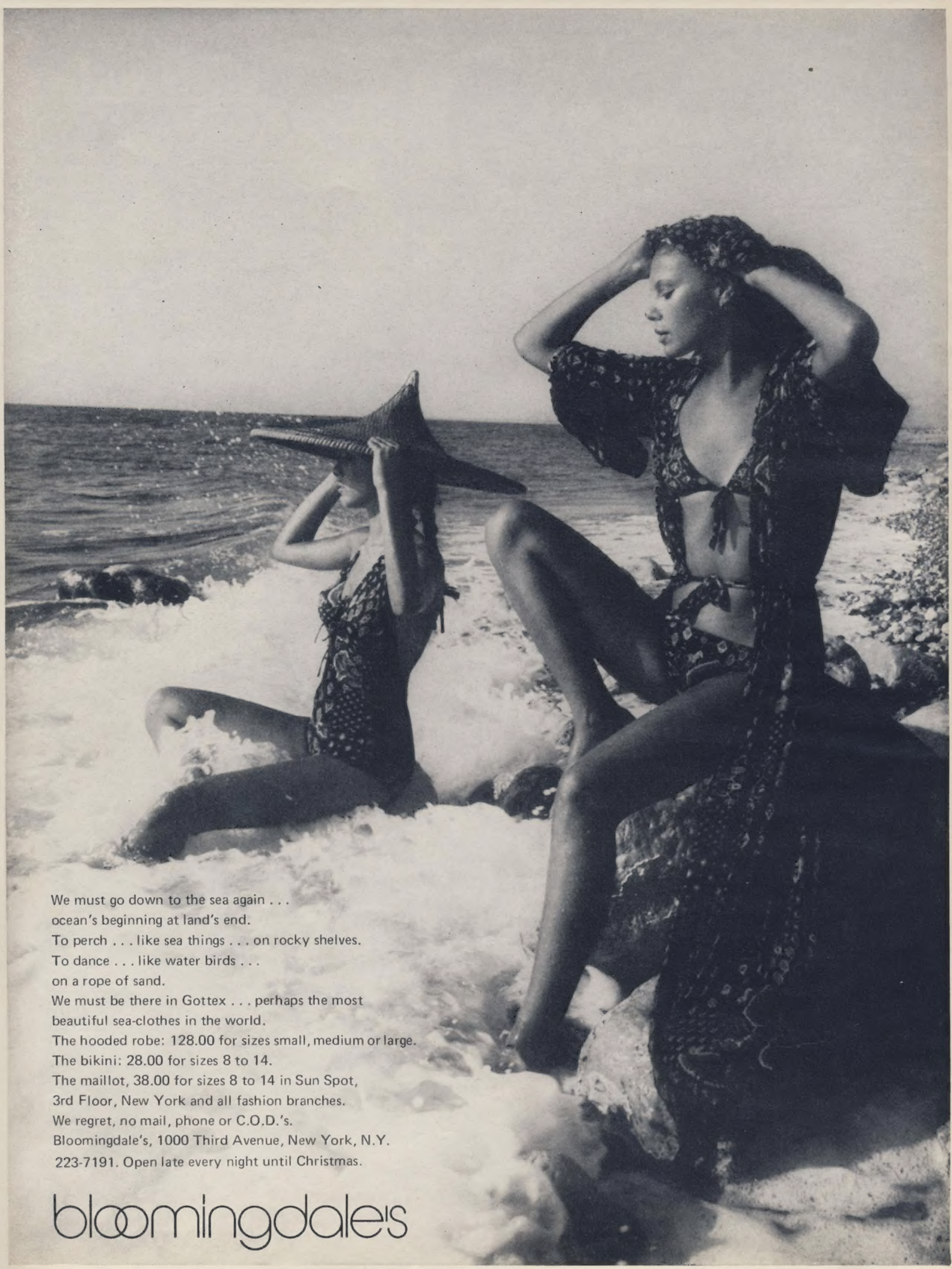
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COVER: Two of the best-ever things to come in small packages—Halston's sequin-spangled scarf of red silk chiffon. And Bulgari's enchanting foamy-white horse of diamonds and mother-of-pearl, a tiny ruby eye. Scarf at Halston Ltd.; Sequins International fabric. About $60. Pin, Bulgari at Danaos Ltd., Hotel Pierre, N.Y. . . . Holiday-dazzle makeup: Ripe Plum mascara, Just About Red cheek gleam, and Golden Red lipstick, super-shined with Clear Lip Gloss. All, Bonne Bell. Makeup, Way Bandy; hair, Suga of Suga Salon.

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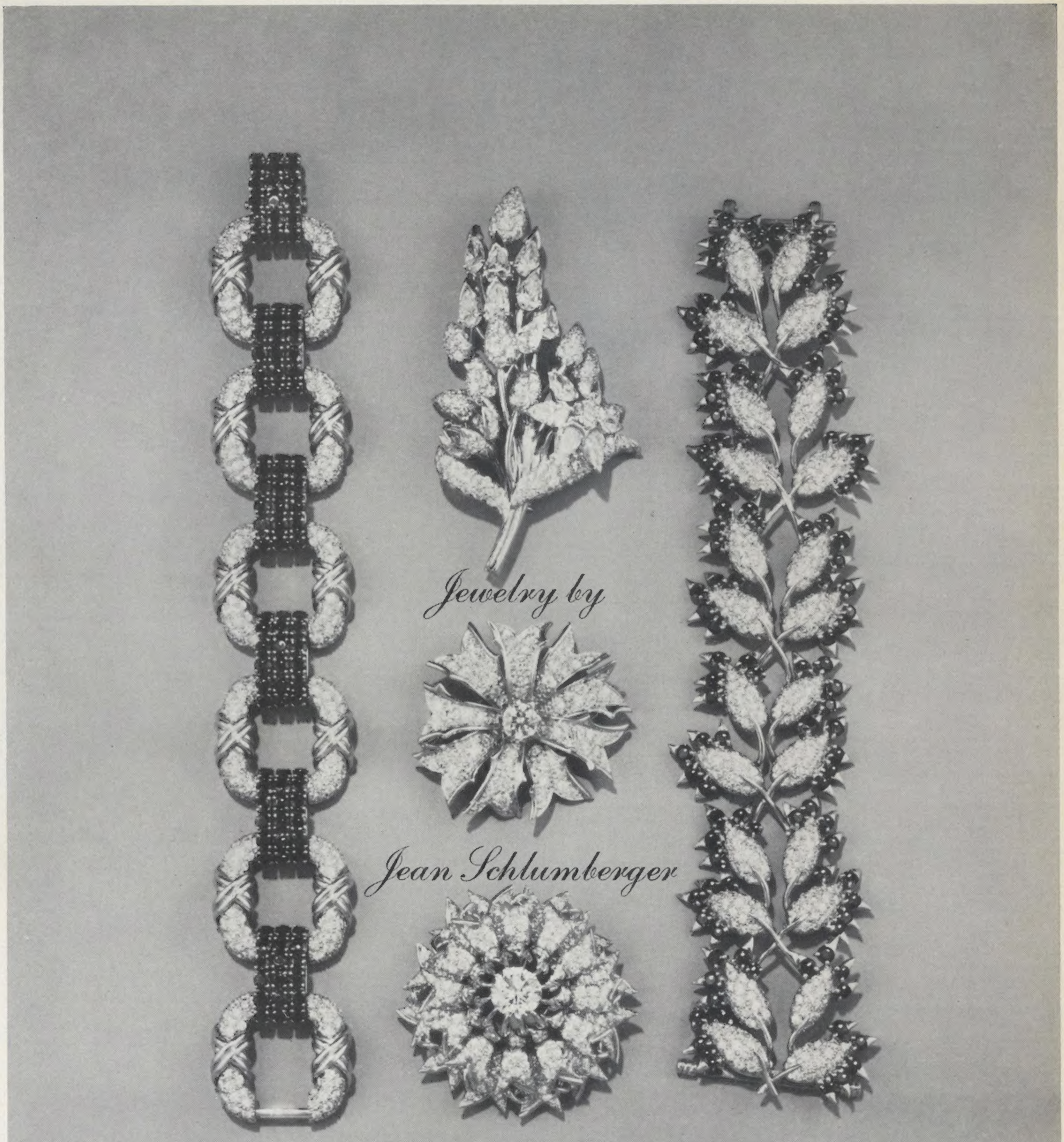
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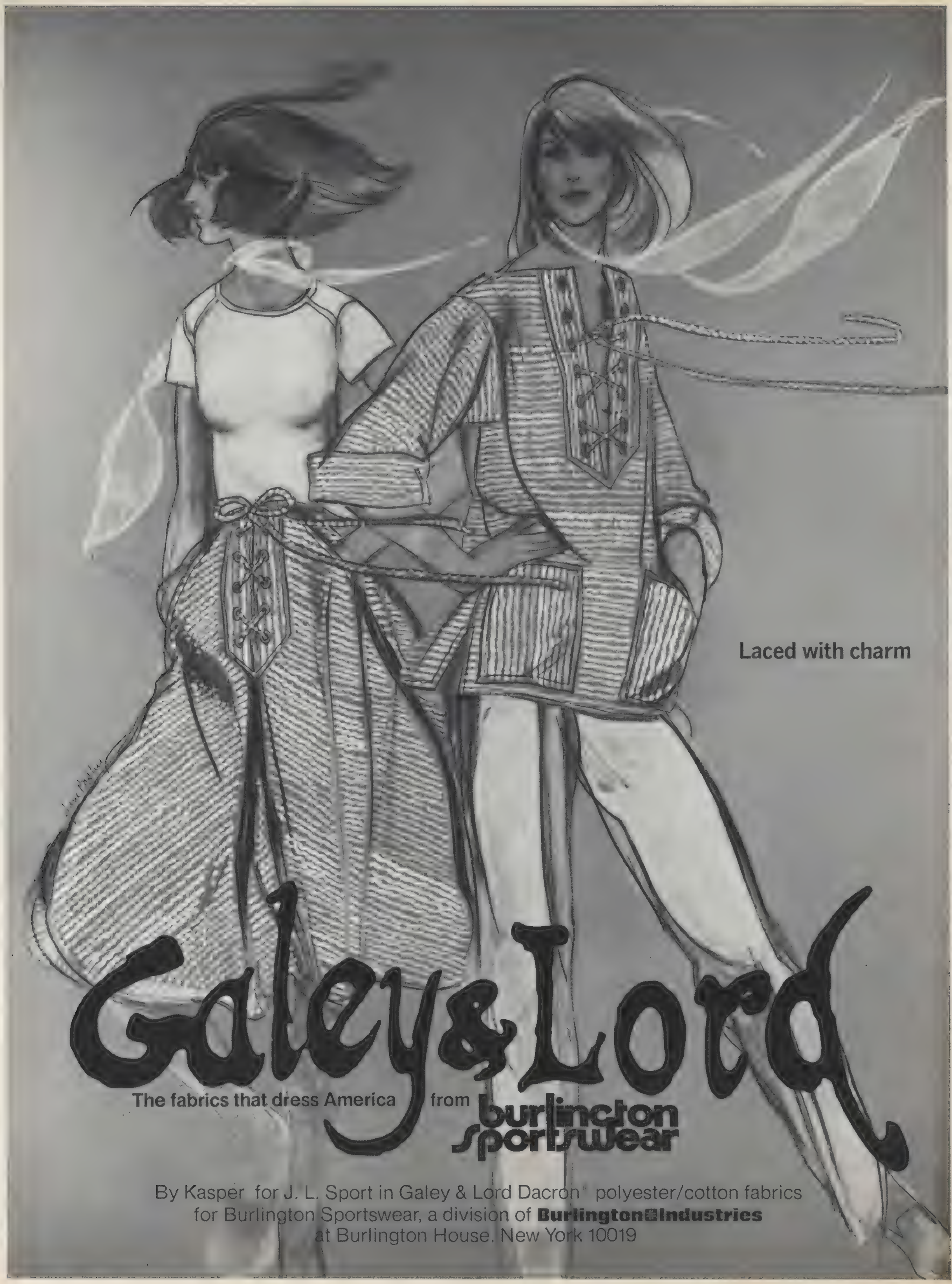
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maui

molokai lanai

Only a few miles of sparkling sea separate Maui from Molokai and Lanai—sister isles of the same county, yet each one individual . . . unique. Most incredible of all is the island of Maui, a beautiful blend of superluxe resorts and spectacular scenery. Across the channel, Molokai and Lanai remain untouched by the world, intriguing reminders of Hawaii's past and always in view from leeward Maui shores. Here, Molokai floats off Kapalua Bay, site of Maui's posh Kapalua Resort that will become a reality late next year.

Joshua Tree Coolest white go anywhere
dress with angel jacket also in mint, black, lilac
beige, pink and powder — sizes 3-13, about $46.
Abraham & Straus, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Bullock's, Los Angeles.

...the Hawaiian Islands of all

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molokai lanai

Wailea's great escape. *(This page)*
Maui's newest resort community is a magnificent getaway for golfers at present. The challenging course sports a uniquely-designed clubhouse, complete with pro shop and popular steak house. By spring, a whole new resort world will have opened up around it — ready for guests and residents alike.
A beautiful part of Maui's countryside, Wailea seems to have an island soul.

Swinging nights follow soft Maui days. *(Opposite)*
Sunglow fades into warm lantern light at one of Lahaina's liveliest night spots. Friends gather, grog glasses clink and blues-pounding David Paquette tears up the keys with righteous ragtime. At resorts around the island, from Hana to Kaanapali to Kihei, conch shells sound, torches are lighted and Polynesian rhythms pulse. Every evening is a conspiracy of great entertainment, excellent food and dancing as you like it in a totally engaging setting.

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Olga

Ever-blooming at home gown with red tulips on black or golden tulips on brown, sizes 8-14, about $46. Higbee's, Cleveland; Liberty House, Honolulu; Dayton's, Minneapolis.

The fashions shown on these pages can be found in most of the fine stores mentioned throughout the section.

Crumpets

Seductive apricot dress with keyhole back and marabou trim, left, sizes 5-13, about $48 . . . also in teal, vanilla, camel, red, rose and mulberry. Sultry slip of a dress in matchless black with sheer voile jacket, sizes 5-13, about $55. Abraham & Straus, New York; Goldsmith's, Memphis; Burdine's, Miami.

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Court Casuals

Men's forest warm-up suit with racing stripes on leg and sleeve also in royal and gold — sizes S-XL, about $40. Women's navy warm-up suit circles collar, cuff and waist with tri-color banding, also in periwinkle and royal, sizes S-L, about $45. Shillito's, Cincinnati; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Capwell's, Oakland.

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molokai lanai

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Tami

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Roxanne

Frothy pink-on-white fern print coordinates. Bare bit of bikini, sizes 30-36 BCD, about $24, with long deep-slit skirt, left, sizes SML, about $28. Maillot, sizes 30-38 BC, about $34 with wrap and tie jacket, sizes SML, about $32 . . . also available in blue-on-white. Bloomingdale's, New York; Hudson's, Detroit; Bullock's, Los Angeles.

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By Rosemary Blackmon

WHAT YOUR DREAMS TELL

Your conflicts, emotions, "day residue" of problems—they're all in your dreams

"Dreams, my darling, are the currency of another world, no use in this," remarks the heroine of a Michael Arlen novel set in 1924—almost a quarter century after Freud's first and largely ignored work setting forth the view that dream-thinking and waking-thinking are all part of the same personality structure. . . . "It is in your dreams that you work out your frustrations," commented a distinguished psychiatrist fished out of the sea of a cocktail party to leave me with this single pearl.

What is a dream?

Dr. Montague Ullman, head of the Division of Parapsychology Psychophysics and guiding spirit of the "dream lab" at the Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn, defines a dream as an altered state of consciousness that we experience during sleep, mostly in a sensory way. We recollect a series of images as something we have experienced with which we associate a strange feeling unrelated to other events in our lives. Latent meaning is embedded in our dreams—hence the phrase "latent dream"—but the actual meaning has to be worked out.

Can you learn to read your dreams yourself?

Dr. Ullman and others of the vanguard in psychiatry acknowledge that "there is a mystique abroad that leaves one with the impression that it is hazardous for an ordinary person to relate to his dreams, a kind of fallout because of the American commitment to analysis and the expert opinion." Nevertheless, they are exploring, with some success, just how much you—on your own—can get out of relating to your dreams.

Recently Dr. Ullman taught a course called "Dream Appreciation" to a group of adults of mixed ages and backgrounds and found that with a little technology the majority of them could relate more effectively; they gained a sense of confidence and excitement and wanted to go farther.

At the beginning, half the class were non-recallers, but that began to shift, and the non-recallers reported dreams showing a fear of exposure. One girl dreamed that she was wearing the most meager of bikinis and retreated to a church to hide. Another person dreamed he was in bed, and the bed shot out through a window into the public eye. Both dreams seem to bear out the theory that we are conservatives about our emotions.

The procedure in Dr. Ullman's dream class was for individuals to report their dreams, while the class, under his guidance, functioned as dream consultants and worked them through. As a beginning he offered clues to dream memory: When you awake, remain as quiescent as possible; don't feel frustrated by forgetting; latch on to a feeling, an image, a word; if you get something back, the thing is not to lose it; write it down. Recall improves with interest.

Guidelines for dream work

Warning that "the dreamer is the ultimate authority," Dr. Ullman established a set of guidelines for "relating" to a dream:

(1) What kind of gut feeling did the dream leave with you?

(2) What were the dream elements?—each is a visual metaphor, not a literal presentation of life; but it conveys a message or feeling. Look at the metaphors with that in mind. For instance, you might dream of riding a motorcycle. Could that have to do with balance or exhibitionism? At this stage you are not concerned with correctness, you don't make a judgment. This is called gross tuning in.

(3) Next comes fine tuning in—this must be based on appropriate information. You must make an effort to identify with the images created; you're not dealing with facts per se, you're out to identify what recent occurrence stimulated the dream. Is there anything in the past? Mar-

(Continued on page 50)



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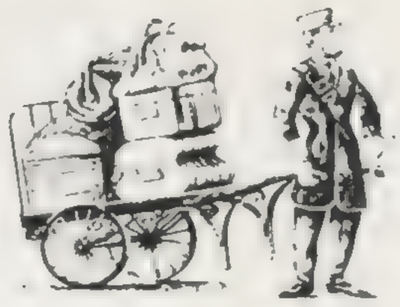
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YOUR DREAMS Continued from page 48

"A dreamer is thinking while asleep, often dealing with unfinished emotional business"

shall the evidence and test it against the metaphors; eliminate some, zero in on others.

(4) Review your dream from a structural point of view:
(a) The setting is the general background of the dream. What impinges on that is the symbolic dream representation of current anguish or conflicts leftover from the day or from the recent past.
(b) Ask yourself: what is that something coming at me, shaking me up? What experience is relevant? How strong is it? How banal?
(c) From this you may have a growth-enhancing experience. But if the dream is too overwhelming, there may be a self-protective retreat from it.
(d) Bear in mind the fact that dreams are predominantly visual —the visual metaphors are the most expressive.

People who take the trouble to do this dream work are amazed at how much they can get out of it. The most remarkable event in Dr. Ullman's course was the dream of a man who walked (in the dream) down to his cellar and was shocked by the sight of his father hanging by a noose. He refused to try to save him. It took the entire class period for the amateur consultants and Dr. Ullman to work this through. In the end it developed that the dreamer was deeply involved in a painful conflict between the increasing demands of his job versus his role as a father. "That awareness," said Dr. Ullman, "produced a eureka feeling of great relief."

How much, I asked, can people do by themselves? Dr. Ullman shrugged an optimistic "we don't know" kind of shrug and pointed out that a dreamer is a person thinking while he's asleep, often dealing with unfinished emotional business—some of which can be classified as "day residue." He went on to say that it is a tragedy that we are so accustomed to dreams that we never look into the fascinating, innovating, dramatic clues that can be recaptured from them. "It is quite a mystery," he said, "though not always thought so."

Since dream appreciation involves work and work is a force against resistance, your own emotional "set" may determine what you can do. Presently, Dr. Ullman is concerned with letting people know they have within themselves the elements that shape the dream; and, because of this, they have the opportunity through dream work to arrive at a greater understanding of themselves. He hopes to continue to engage the interested layman who wants to understand the dreaming process and especially the persistent effort through which he can gain the knowledge buried in his own dreams.

Dream telepathy in the laboratory

ESP and the possibility of telepathy through dreaming have been subjects of exploration for ten years or more, notably by Dr. Ullman, his former associate Dr. Stanley Krippner, and Mr. Charles Honorton. Although the controls and the scoring of successful experiments are complex, the procedure is relatively simple.

Deep in the caverns of Maimonides Medical Center, for example, is a dream lab where mostly young people come to be wired with electrodes to the brain and to sleep. There's very little "perchance to dream" about these sleepers; a trained monitor in a sort of mission-control booth wakens each sleeper when the electrodes signal that he has fallen into the REM or Rapid-Eye-Movement stage of sleep in which dreams occur. In this experimental station, at present, the dreamers are, hopefully, receivers of thought messages projected by "senders" in another location. The content of the dream, as it is remembered, is then tape recorded immediately; it's a system of providing the very freshest dream content that is later expanded by what the dreamer recalls in the morning.

A success in the transmission of visual material to the dreamer is registered when the judges, using statistical know-how, rank the dream as matching the target —in this case, a painting. Usually the procedure is for the sender or "agent" who is lodged in another building to concentrate on a reproduction of a painting—Chagall seems to make it big in this category, but Dalí, Van Gogh, Rousseau, as well as lesser lights, are chosen by a special process of random selection for each experiment. The number of successful experiments has been of enough significance to suggest that further delving would have profound implications for understanding the dreaming side of our nature.

Among the most interesting phenomena is the fact that dreamers have occasionally picked up the senders' extrane-

(Continued on page 64)

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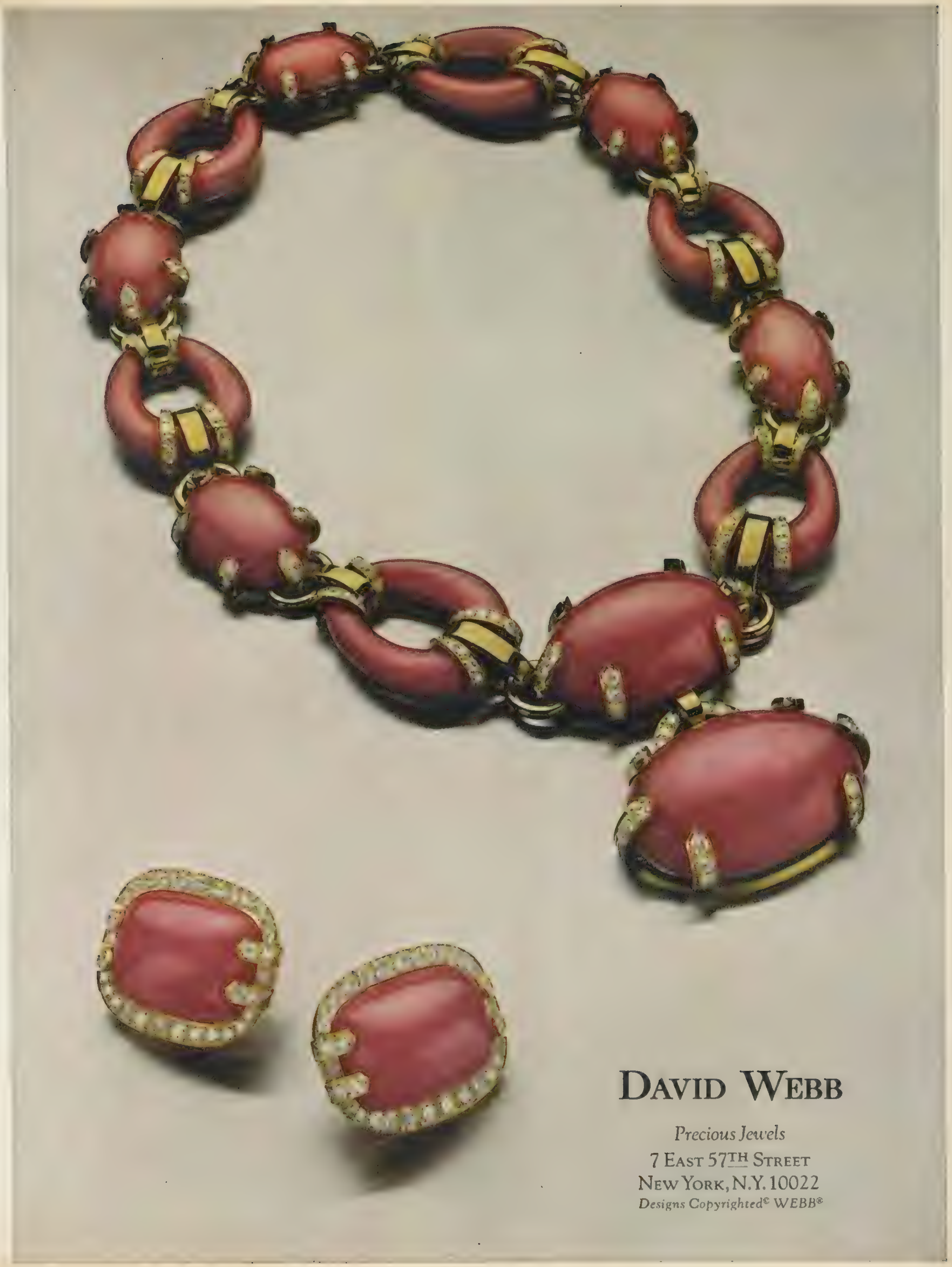
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 Continued from page 50

"Go over the dream just once in your mind... a word or phrase can bring up vast numbers of associations"

ous thoughts about expense accounts, magazine articles, and so forth. Without funding, however, the Maimonides dream lab may be faced with imminent extinction. And still pinned on the notice board there will probably be this poignant reminder of former splendor: "Please plug in the water bed when you are through."

Why dreams matter

I also consulted Dr. Max Geller, a faculty member of New York's Postgraduate Center for Mental Health, whose point of view is much closer to the accepted analytical stance, though far from stagnant. He pointed out that Freud's demonstration that dreams are relevant to mental health was ignored and misunderstood for thirty years after its publication in 1900 and is still misunderstood by some members of the helping professions. "The popular notion of dreams as filled with magic and superstition often comes closer to the truth than many scientific approaches. It was Freud who first took the mysticism out of dreams." . . .

"Have you read *The Exorcist*"? Dr. Geller asked surprisingly. I said no, but I would and did. Its tremendous impact, especially on young people, is simply one small tip of the vast iceberg that stands for today's preoccupation with the netherworld and the semi-occult. In passing, it is of some interest to recall that the priest summoned for the exorcism knew that he had had that summons long before in Ninevah where dreams were an important part of the ancient culture.

Dr. Geller takes the relatively classic, almost universal view that you need professional help to interpret your dreams, but everything must be verified by the associations of the dreamer. First off, the dream remembered is only the manifest content; beneath it lies the latent dream content that can be worked out as having significant meaning.

But what if you don't remember your dreams? Dr. Geller advises patients in therapy not to be surprised if they start dreaming and remembering. Shortly afterward, having dipped into dream research, I found myself having just this experience; and an American Indian artist, with whom I had been discussing dreams at length, dreamed of a Sioux mask she wanted to illustrate and, after checking the sources, found that the ceremony and the associations attached to the mask matched her dream exactly. The point is that our discussion had made us newly aware of dreaming, and, therefore, enhanced our capacity to recall.

Although many popular books suggest that you write down your dreams immediately upon awakening, Dr. Geller, on the whole, prefers patients to rely on memory because "there's enough distortion in the manifest dream without writing it down." The most vexing patients of all are those who bring in carefully typed notes; then it is difficult, if not impossible, to get through good dream work constructively. To facilitate remembering he suggests that you lie calmly in bed and go over the dream just once in your mind—it's quality not quantity that counts in what you remember; a word or phrase can bring up vast numbers of associations.

What about recurrent dreams? They usually indicate that something is knocking at the door of your consciousness and wants out.

When is a nightmare not a nightmare?

If you scream out or cry for help, if you walk in your sleep, and afterward have almost total amnesia about the content of your dream, it is probable that you suffer from *pavor nocturnus* or night terror. Your heart will race and you may perspire excessively. You may also be quite ready to go to sleep again. Such episodes occur not in the usual REM or dreaming stages of sleep but in very deep sleep, especially in the early hours after going to bed when fatigue is greatest. The possible roles of trauma, psychopathology, and other factors in *pavor nocturnus* require further research, although it is generally assumed that nightmares occur when your ego is functioning at its lowest ebb.

The work of Dr. Charles Fisher of The Mount Sinai Medical Center and his associates suggests that a nightmare may not be a dream at all. In any case, the bad dreams you have often thought were nightmares are in all probability merely anxiety dreams that occur during the normal dreaming stage of sleep. It is believed that less than 4 percent of all adults suffer from *pavor nocturnus*, and the incidence is only slightly higher among children. ▽



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MOVIE COSTUMES

Million-dollar star clothes, see them on pages 168-169

Top row, left to right: Evening coat of black velvet with applied panels embroidered with beads, worn by Pola Negri in *Fedora*, 1920, designed by Travis Banton for Paramount Pictures Corporation, loaned by Paramount Pictures Corporation. Dress of indigo cotton striped in white with numerous patches and tears, worn by Mary Pickford in *Sparrows*, 1926, loaned by Mary Pickford. Period gown of black velvet with plumed hat, worn by Greta Garbo in *Romance*, 1930, designed by Adrian for Metro Goldwyn Mayer, loaned by the Fashion Institute of Technology. Evening gown of white chiffon embroidered with silver sequins, worn by Carole Lombard, about 1932, designed by Travis Banton for Paramount Pictures Corporation, loaned by Edith Head. Evening dress of off-white satin embroidered with silver and gold sequins, worn by Mae West in *She Done Him Wrong*, 1933, designed by Travis Banton for Paramount Pictures Corporation, loaned by Paramount Pictures Corporation.

Middle row, left to right: Draped gown of gold tissue lame trimmed with green stones, worn by Claudette Colbert in *Cleopatra*, 1934, designed by Travis Banton for Paramount Pictures Corporation, loaned by Paramount Pictures Corporation. Two-piece evening dress completely beaded in a paisley pattern with gold beads and colored stones, worn by Marlene Dietrich in *Angel*, 1937, designed by Travis Banton for Paramount Pictures Corporation, loaned by Paramount Pictures Corporation. Evening dress and shoulder cape completely embroidered in red bugle beads, worn by Joan Crawford in *The Bride Wore Red*, 1937, designed by Adrian for Metro Goldwyn Mayer, loaned by the Fashion Institute of Technology. Peach chiffon negligee trimmed with silver bugle beads, worn by Jean Harlow in *Personal Property*, 1937, designed by Adrian for Metro Goldwyn Mayer, loaned by the Fashion Institute of Technology. Negligee of green velvet, gold sequins, and bead trim, worn by Vivien Leigh in *Gone with the Wind*, 1939, designed by Walter Plunkett for Selznick-International, loaned by Daniel Selznick.

Bottom row, left to right: Dancing costume: leotard and skirt embroidered with red, purple, and silver sequins, the outside of skirt of mink, worn by Ginger Rogers in *Lady in the Dark*, 1944, designed by Edith Head for Paramount Pictures Corporation, loaned by Paramount Pictures Corporation. Evening dress of white chiffon with satin applique, matching stole with feather trim, worn by Katharine Hepburn in *Without Love*, 1945, designed by Irene for Metro Goldwyn Mayer, loaned by Allen Florio. Strapless evening dress of black wool crepe with beige satin panels, worn by Rita Hayworth in *Pal Joey*, 1957, designed by Jean Louis for Columbia Pictures, loaned by Burbank Studios. Dress of tan crepe worn by Marilyn Monroe in *Let's Make Love*, 1960, designed by Dorothy Jenkins for Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation, loaned by Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. Lingerie ensemble (brassiere, corset, and pantaloons) of tea-colored lace, marquisette, and brocade, trimmed with ribbon flowers, worn by Barbra Streisand in *Hello, Dolly!*, 1969, designed by Irene Sharaff for Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation, loaned by Twentieth Century Fox Film Corp.



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Cecelia F Wellens, Inc., Sarasota
Connie's Intimate Apparel, Tallahassee
Corenes, Winter Park
Corset Corner, Coral Gables
David Fredricks, Clearwater
Dianne, South Miami
Fay Potters, Surfside
Flamingo, All Stores
Gayfer's, Pensacola • Tallahassee
Gibbs-Louis, Inc., All Stores
I Davis, Coral Gables
Intimate Shop, Venice
Ivey's, Clearwater • Merritt Island • Orlando • Winter Park
Jacobsons Proctor Shops Winter Park
J Byrons, All Stores
Johnston of Florida, Naples
Jordan Marsh, All Stores
Lily Ans, Winter Park
May Cohen, Jacksonville
Mary Childs, Boca Raton • Pompano Beach
McRae's Pensacola
Mildred Holt, Inc., Bal Harbour • Palm Beach
Montgomery-Roberts Co All Stores
Mr As Mendelson's Tallahassee
My-Ann Foundations Boca Raton
Palm Trail Lingerie Delray Beach
Pampered Lady, Dadeland
Rheinauers, All Stores
Richards, All Stores
Riverside Gown Shop, Jacksonville
Robinsons of Florida All Stores
Rosebelle, Miami Beach
Rosslows, Inc., Ft Pierce • Stuart
Sam's Style Shop, Pensacola
Sapphire Inc., Bal Harbour
Smart Set, Okeechobee
The Loungerie, Tampa
Turners, Tallahassee
Wilsons, Ft Walton Beach
GEORGIA
Connie's Intimate Apparel, Albany
J A Kirven Co., Columbus
J P Allen Co., Atlanta
Ronald's, Gainesville
Shirley's, Gainesville
ILLINOIS
Ackemann's, Elgin
Ann Shop, Highland Park
Boston Store, Joliet
Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Kankakee • Peoria • Urbana
Chas A. Stevens, Chicago
Chas V Weise, Rockford
Donny Caine, Deerfield
Globe Dept Store, Waukegan
Hein's, Waukegan
Lytton's, All Stores, Chicago
P A Bergner, Peoria
Robeson's, Champaign
Schwartz Intimate Apparel, Highland Park • Skokie
The Little Shop, Naperville
Undercover Boutique, Schamburg • Wilmette
INDIANA
Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Michigan City
De Jongs, Evansville
Frances Shop, South Bend
L. S Ayres, Ft Wayne • Indianapolis • South Bend
Lazarus, Indianapolis
Rosalee, Hammond
The Root Store Co., Terre Haute
Wm Block Co., Indianapolis
IOWA
Armstrong's, Cedar Rapids
Black's, Waterloo
Fantle's, Fort Dodge
Green's, Okoboji
Hope's Fashion Farm, Cherokee
Petersen's, Davenport
Roberts, Charles City • Mason City
Roshek's, Dubuque
The Woman's Shop, Spencer
KANSAS
Henry's, Wichita
Newman's, Pittsburg
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Bacons Louisville
Bycks, Louisville
Embry Co., Lexington
McAlpins, Lexington
Stewart's, Louisville
The Smart Shop, Pikeville
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Godchaux's, New Orleans
Goudchaux's, Baton Rouge
Gus Kaplan, Alexandria
Gus Mayer, New Orleans
Harlow's, Baton Rouge
Mademoiselle, Opelausas
Muller's, Lake Charles
Palais Royal, Shreveport
Rift's Lake Charles
The White House Lake Charles
MARYLAND
Peskin's, Cumberland
Stewart's Baltimore
We Fit Corset Shop, Baltimore
MAINE
Bernie's Fashions Portland
Jordan Marsh, South Portland
Lady Grace Corsetry South Portland
Sterns Dept Store, Waterville
The Quality Shoppe Biddeford
Ward Bros Lewiston
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Albert Steiger, All Stores, Springfield
Alda's, Framingham
Ann August, All Stores, Northampton
Baylin's, Fitchburg
Belle Donald, Winchester
Blake's, All Stores, Springfield
David Lenti, Southbridge
Dorothe Ann Shop Marblehead
Dorothy Dodd, Holyoke
Englands, Pittsfield
Forbes & Wallace, Auburn • Eastfield • Fairfield • Springfield
Hope Chest, Boston
Hurwitch Bros., Boston
Jordan Marsh, All Stores
Lady Grace Corsetry Brookline
Mulberry Corners, Osterville
Nettie Greene, Belmont • Newton Centre
Peerless Co., Auburn • No Dartmouth
The Ivy Shoppe, Spencer
The Outlet Co., No Dartmouth
MICHIGAN
B Siegel Co., Detroit
Crowleys, Detroit
Herpolsheimer's, Muskegon
Jacobson's, Michigan
Maurice, Adrian
Milliken's, Traverse City
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Brett's, Mankato
Butlers Style Center, Willmar
Dayton's, All Stores
Fandel's, St Cloud
Field-Schlick, All Stores
Frances Shoppe, Brainerd
Glenwear, Alexandria • Glenwood
H Choate & Co., Winona
Ina May's, Rochester
L. J Norby Co., Detroit Lakes
M & K, Duluth
Marvin Oreck, Edina
Nygren's Apparel, Excelsior • Hopkins
O'Meara's, Bemidji • Fergus Falls
Oreck's, Duluth
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Roberts, Rochester
The Villager, St James
Thompson's, Benson • Mankato • Pipestone
Young Quinlan, All Stores
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Brumfield's, Pascagoula
De Loach's, Greenwood
Gayfer's, Biloxi • Jackson
Godchaux's, Biloxi
Hardwick's, Jackson
Jane-Neff's, Jackson
Kay's, Meridian
Mannequinn Shoppe Greenville
Marks-Rothenberg, Meridian
MISS. (cont.)
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Powers Co., Clarksdale
Ruth's, Columbus
MISSOURI
A F Neate Dry Goods Co., Columbus
Adler's, Kansas City
Blattners, Jefferson City
Clarke's Good Clothes, Joplin
Famous Barr Co., St Louis
Farrars, Kansas City
Hall's Crown Center, Kansas City
Lillians Lingerie, Clayton
Newman's, Joplin • Springfield
Stix Baer & Fuller, Kansas City • St Louis
Swansons on the Plaza Kansas City
Woolf Brothers, All Stores, Kansas City
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Hart-Albin, Billings
NEBRASKA
Hovland-Swanson Grand Island • Lincoln
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Ronzone's, Las Vegas
Weinstock's, Reno
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Currier's, Lebanon
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Florence Shop, Bergenfield
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Reynolds, Hackettstown • Somerville • Toms River
Sealfon's, Ridgewood
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Dillard's, Albuquerque
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Rhodes, Albuquerque
Undercover Designs, Albuquerque
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Imperial Co., Schenectady
Jenss, Niagara Falls
Luckey Platt Co., All Stores, Poughkeepsie
Sibley's, Rochester • Syracuse
Town & Tweed, Delmar
Up To Date Co., Poughkeepsie
Wallace Co., Kingston • Schenectady
NORTH CAROLINA
Bessies Bloomers, Gastonia
Brody's, Greenville
Coplon's, Charlotte
Ivey's, Charlotte
Ivey's of Raleigh, Raleigh
Thalhimers, Durham • Greensboro • Raleigh • Winston-Salem
NORTH DAKOTA
A W Lucas, Bismarck
Black's, Fargo
Dayton's, Fargo
Herbst, Fargo
O. J. De Lendrecie Co., Fargo
Virginia Flora Shop, Fargo
OHIO
Carlisles, Ashtabula • Painsville
Halle's, Cleveland
Harts Boutique, Chagrin Falls • Shaker Heights
Higbee's, Cleveland
LaSalle's, Toledo
Lazarus, Columbus
M O'Neil Co., Akron
May Co., Cleveland
McAlpins, Cincinnati
Montaldo's, Columbus
Pogues, Cincinnati
Rike's, Dayton
Shillito's, Cincinnati
Solomon's Corset Shop, Youngstown
The Union, Columbus
OKLAHOMA
Clarke's Good Clothes, Oklahoma City • Tulsa
Hampton's, Oklahoma City
John A Brown Co., Oklahoma City • Tulsa
Lamberts, Enid
Renberg's, Tulsa
Vandever's, Tulsa
OREGON
Lipman's, Corvallis • Portland • Salem
Meier & Frank, Eugene • Portland • Salem
Nordstrom's, Portland
PENNSYLVANIA
Bergman's, Edwardsville
Bon Ton, York
Brands, Philadelphia
Dolgonos Shape Shop, Philadelphia
Elaines, All Stores
Erie Dry Goods, Erie
Fowler, Dick & Walker, Wilkes-Barre
Horne's, Pittsburgh
PENN. (cont.)
Jack's, York
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh
Pomeroys, Wilkes-Barre
Youth Center, Edwardsville
PUERTO RICO
A. Arguelles & Co., Old San Juan
A Cuesta & Co., Inc., Old San Juan
Aida's, Aguadilla
Aida's Intimate Studio, Bayamon
Alamacenes Mi Tienda, Old San Juan
America's Boutique, Yauco
Armstrong's, Ponce
Carmen Chirino Boutique, Mayaguez Mall • Santurce
Casa De Modas Eva, Guanica
Casa Norma, Santurce
Casa Valdecilla, Ponce
Chez Maurice Exclusive Boutique, Santurce
Delia's Boutique, Rio Piedras
Edith Tress, Santurce
Ellie Shop, Inc., Caribe Hilton Hotel
Emily Shop, Plaza Las Americas • Santurce
Estrella's Modas, Hato Rey
Helanie Fashions, Rio Piedras
Lorena Boutique, Arroyo
Luis Guevara & Co., Inc., Puerto Nuevo
Mago's Boutique, Ponce
Manin's Boutique, Isla Verde
Maria Rosas Boutique, Humacao
Marili, Rio Grande
Marisol, Santurce
Michelle's, Santurce
Minin's Fashions, Fajardo
Nereida Boutique, Coamo
Novedades De Puerto Rico, Bayamon
Praxedes Pla Boutique, Hato Rey
Salon De Trajes Rosa-Mari, Bayamon
The Dress Rack, Hato Rey
Velasco, Old San Juan • Plaza Las Americas • Rio Piedras
Young Elegants, Santurce
Young Set Lingeries, Ponce
RHODE ISLAND
Jordan Marsh, Warwick Mall
McCarthys, Woonsocket
Peerless Co., All Stores, Providence
The Outlet Co., All Stores, Providence
SOUTH CAROLINA
Gallant-Belk, Anderson
Ivey's, Greenville
SOUTH DAKOTA
Fantles, Sioux Falls
TENNESSEE
Cain Sloan, Nashville
Castner Knotts, Nashville
Goldsmith's, Memphis
Graces, Nashville
Gus Mayer, Memphis
Julius Lewis, Memphis
Kisber's, Jackson
Rich Schwartz, Nashville
The Trousseau Shop, Memphis
Town & Campus, Martin
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B J's Intimate Apparel, Houston
Battelstein's, Houston
Colbert's, Amarillo
Collin's, Tyler
Dillard's, Austin • Brownsville • Corpus Christi • San Antonio
Dunlaps, Lubbock
E M Scarbrough, Austin
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Hemphill Wells, Big Springs • Lubbock • San Angelo
Intimate Apparel, Lubbock
Joske's, Austin • San Antonio
Joske's, Beaumont • Houston
Lichenstein's, Corpus Christi
Leonard's, Fort Worth
Leon's, Victoria
Lester's, Bryan
Lingerie Fair, San Antonio
McClurkan's, Wichita Falls
Monnig's, Fort Worth
Ondria's, Richardson
Palais Royal, Houston
Polly Adam's, Laredo
Rhodes, San Antonio
Sakowitz, Houston
Sanger-Harris, Dallas
Stripling's, Fort Worth
The Popular, El Paso
The White House, Beaumont
The White House, El Paso
UTAH
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WEST VIRGINIA
Anderson Newcomb, Huntington
L. S Good, Wheeling
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Stone & Thomas, Charleston
The Diamond, Charleston
The Smart Shop, Huntington
WISCONSIN
Boston Store, Milwaukee
Boutique Fashions, Rice Lake
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Doerflinger's, La Crosse
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By Anne Fremantle

MEN, WOMEN, AND MONEY

The American relationship between cash and sex

When I became a United States citizen on December 1, 1947, I was asked, "What is the form of government of the United States?" I replied, "Democratic." Those being my principles. "Incorrect," I was told. The answer should have been "Republican." But the kindly judge admitted me nonetheless and assured me I was now as truly an American as he was, perhaps more so "since you chose to become one and I just happened to be born here." In the quarter century since I have lived in this my country I have often, and vociferously, disagreed with its policies, e.g., in such matters as the execution of the Rosenbergs, the Vietnam war, and more recently Watergate. And there is one specifically feminine attitude that prevails here that I still cannot understand. Especially now, when the shrill cries of Women's Liberation fill air and paper. I have never understood the general assumption here by which women accept money from living men. I am not, I hope, by these words denigrating the "oldest profession"—that is, always has been, and always will be, one definite way for females to earn their living. But surely it needn't be the way of *all* women, or even of *all* wives?

In my youth, in England, when one went out to a restaurant, to a theater, a movie, or what have you, with a young man, one "went Dutch," which meant sharing the cost. One's escort often provided transportation—he was more apt to have, or to be allowed to borrow, a car. But IF he fed one (a big IF), one was duty-bound (and custom-conditioned) to choose the cheapest item on the menu and to offer, at least, to share the bill. An offer generally accepted. Here, no, never. Here, this side of the pond, the general assumption seems to be that a girl *always* and *automatically* will be paid for.

When it came to marriage, too, one was expected, in the Europe, as in the Asia, I knew, to have a dower. If one were a peasant girl, it might be only a *batterie de cuisine*, a few pots and pans, a few live chickens or a heifer; if one were a bourgeois, it would be linen, silver, jewelry, money; if one were *aristo*, it might be an income, always was a "marriage settlement," could be a house or even land. But no one married with *nothing* and expected a man to take and keep one. Here, the WHOLE upkeep of a household still often seems to be provided by the man, and the man only. He gives his wife each week money for the "housekeeping"; and thus, in effect, his relationship with his wife is little different financially from that with prostitutes, except that he puts his money on marriage instead of on the mantelpiece.

In Islamic law, as in Hindu custom, a wife's dower is, even for the duration of a marriage, her property, and she can will it to her children. And if she is widowed or divorced, it is still hers, absolutely. And comes in very handy. In medieval times, a woman's dower could be worth, and indeed could be, several kingdoms, as Eleanor of Aquitaine's was. When her marriage to the king of France ended, she took her lands, constituting southwestern France, with her, which she left to a son by her next marriage.

This fact of a dower means that no woman is entirely dependent on her husband for handouts while they are together and can salvage her self-respect even if her heart is broken by divorce or death. Would not some such system of dowers be possible here? Since marriages of people under twenty have twice as much chance of ending in divorce as those of people who marry at older ages, and the national average is three out of five, would it not be better if no girl married until she had earned herself, or inherited, a dower? Somehow the idea of being paid for services required and rendered is one thing (and not a good thing even in the context of the marriage bed, I would say), but the being paid for services no longer required nor rendered is totally revolting to me at least.

The very idea of accepting money either for or in lieu of sex and/or love still astonishes me.

Ah, wasteful woman! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,

. . . wrote Coventry Patmore. But did the poet mean for women to ask for CASH? ▽



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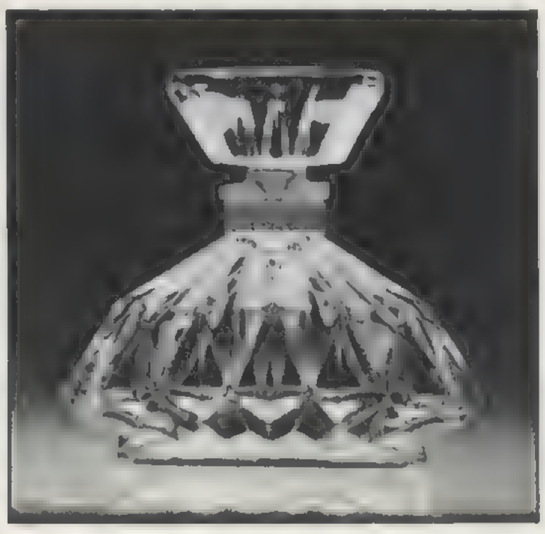
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HOW TO REPLAY GIFTS

Give twice—by choosing presents that are reusable and last longer—use your imagination

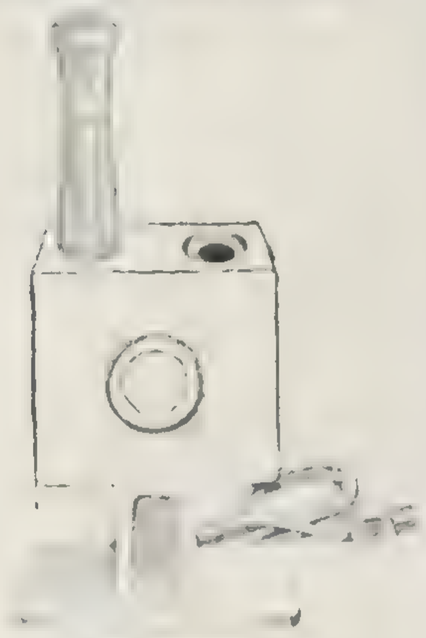
In keeping with the spirit of Ecology and Economy (The Big E's), the beauty industry has gone all out this year (overboard, in some cases) to produce gift products with a dual purpose. The concept of receiving in December and discarding in January has little appeal to anyone's conscience these days, while the "it was nice while it lasted" brand of present has gone the way of the buffalo. Three "no-fail" shopping guidelines to follow: **1.** to find a product so intrinsically useful it will provide daily satisfaction . . . examples: Lady Schick's cordless wands, Quick Curls. . . . Eve of Roma's very portable Perfetto Eye Kit with 8 eye colors, 3 brushes, 2 eyeliners, 1 cake mascara, and a special under-eye-makeup cream. Part of a purchase-with-purchase arrangement from Eve of Roma, this is a mere



Joy's multifaceted Baccarat bottle

$7.50 . . . this is our idea of economy, and all you need to own for essential eye allure. **2.** A product packaged in such a beautiful container, the pleasure of receiving lasts *past* the last drop . . . examples: The exquisite Baccarat

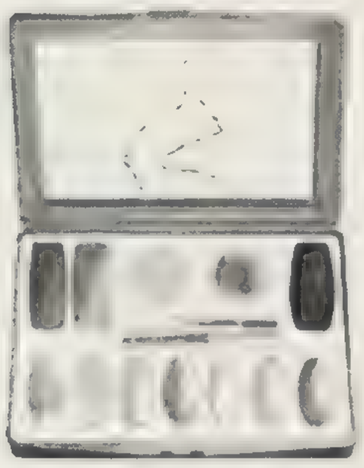
THE USEFULS



Lady Schick's cordless wands, Quick Curls



Frances Denney's decanter of Interlude fragrance



Eve of Roma's Perfetto Eye Kit



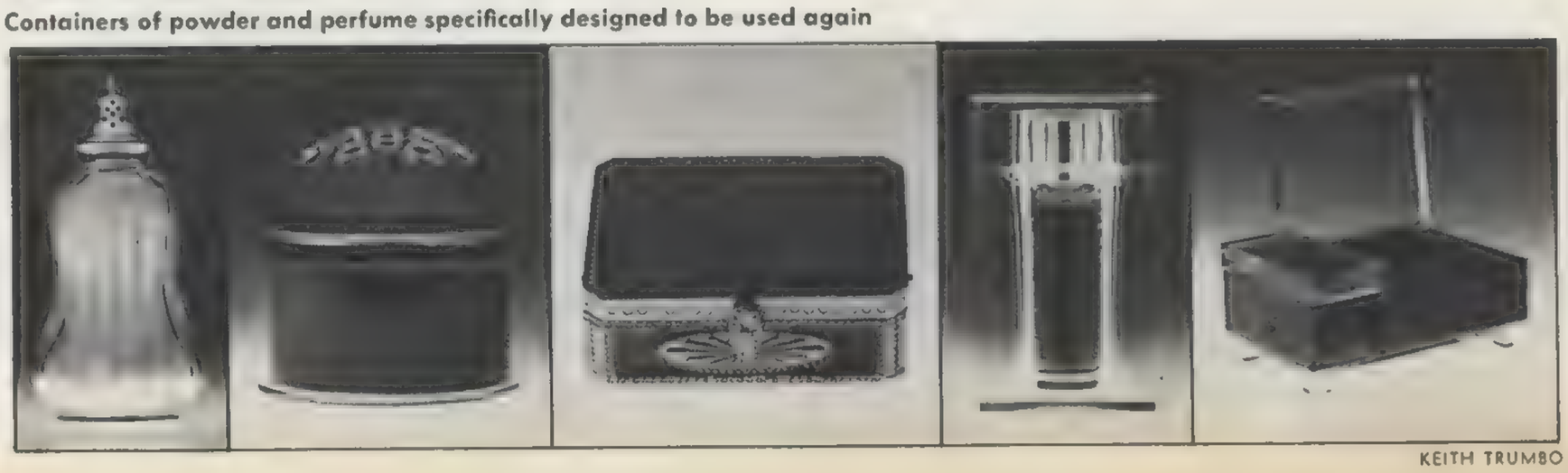
Jean Patou's new perfume, 1000

bottle of Joy perfume and the elegant design of Jean Patou's new 1000 perfume bottle . . . you could never throw either away. **3.** A product whose packaging is so functional that after the original "stuff" is decanted, shaken, shoveled, or sprayed out, you can think of a million or, at least, 3 other uses for it . . . examples: Frances Denney's decanter of Interlude fragrance, designed to turn into a wine carafe for two . . . and (below, from left to right) The Estée Lauder Youth Dew Crystal Shaker for Dusting Powder, once emptied, has great promise as a flour dispenser or a watering shaker for plants. . . . Charles of the Ritz's Lucite container for Foaming Milk Bath can have a second life relieving pen-and-pencil clutter on your desk. . . . Revlon's Ciara Patch Box Solid Perfume Compact can see its way to housing aspirins. . . . Anne Klein's Lucite holder for her perfume looks simply dandy holding a few seasonal sprigs, while Helena Rubinstein's Courant Perfume in a Lucite Music Box can be refilled with earrings, hairpins, or jelly beans.

MARTHA VOUTAS

The Reusables

Containers of powder and perfume specifically designed to be used again



KEITH TRUMBO

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Fashions by John Anthony

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Skin Life Deep Moisture Makeup. The makeup that's also a serious beauty treatment. In liquid, cream or stick formulas.



Helena Rubinstein/the science of beauty

SAVE YOUR LOOKS

10 simple ways to ruin your looks—many ways to save them



FACE FACTS

1. Face leaning on hand—stretching skin; demolishing cheek, chin firmness; adding wrinkles.



2. Way to a double chin: constant pulling on your neck, just asking for crêpey skin.



3. Smoking means smoke— adding to grime on your skin, causing squinting, a tight, tense mouth, face muscles contracting the wrong way.



4. Twisting hair in your fingers or with a pencil causes splits, breaks; adds oil and bacteria.



BACK BIND

5. Slouching in a chair—courts backaches, a slumpy figure, looks terrible—makes for fatigue, boredom, and inattention.

SPOILERS

6. Taking the sun straight without protection (below top)—you're asking for fast-aging skin, leathery look, plus a chance of real and permanent damage.

7. Going hatless (below bottom) in bitter cold wind—your hair gets brittle tangles, breaks easily.

8. (not pictured) Sleeping on your face presses in wrinkles, makes business for plastic surgeons.

9. (not pictured) Scowling doesn't make you pretty, makes permanent furrows.

10. (not pictured) Biting, picking nails spoils more than polish—ruins any gesture.



FIX-IT SHOPS

Odd Lots: On the West Coast check out special offerings in Beverly Hills . . . like Jessica's Nail Clinique where $20 buys 3 hours of nail pampering for both hands and feet . . . or Jon Peters' where 4 experts get together to overhaul your hair, makeup, and all your nails for $125 . . . and Menage à Trois who make a united effort to highlight or body-wave your hair to suit just you for upwards of $50. . . . Back East are more emporiums whose programs are directly aimed at curing the results of the bad habits listed here. . . . Firing away are the Nickolaus Exercise Centers dotted about New York (in Philadelphia and Richmond Va., too) where you arrange your own schedule of dance-related exercises from $35 on up. . . . The Health Club for Women in New York has memberships starting at $100, so you can choose your weapons against fat and fatigue from their arsenal of exercise, sauna, steam bath, and massage. . . . Happy Hunting.

"Five will get you ten" that $50 will get you on the road to beauty recovery . . . here's where and how: $50 is the price of admission to Saks Fifth Avenue's Miracle Make-Over (as it's called in New York), a half day of hair washing, styling, setting or blow drying, with a facial and manicure thrown in for good measure (these services are all available at Saks across the country: Houston, Atlanta, Chicago, etc.). . . . $50 buys a ticket to the Beautiful Day at Bendel's Beauty Floor, including a top-to-toe workout and lunch. . . . $50 affords a Morning of Beauty at Moi, 38 East 63rd Street, N.Y.C., where you're manicured, pedicured, given a Moi-sturizer facial and massage. . . . $50 provides for 10 lessons at The Milton Feher School of Dance and Relaxation, where you dance and relax, learning to relate to your body, so it won't slouch on you. . . . Take $5 away and $45 will see you get rhythm in 10 lessons at Serena Studios in New York, where belly dancing is the specialty and graceful posture and movement second nature.

KEITH TRUMBO

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THE FINE STORES
AND THEIR
BRANCHES WHERE
THE ARPEGE
ONE HUNDRED
DOLLAR CHRISTMAS
GIFT MAY
BE FOUND ARE:

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L. S. Ayres & Co.
Bloomingdale's
Bonwit Teller
Bullock's
Burdine's
Dayton's
The Denver
Diamond's
The Emporium
Marshall Field & Company
Filene's
Foley's
G. Fox & Co.
Frost Bros.
Godchaux's
Goldsmith's
Harzfeld's
Higbee's
Joseph Horne Co.
Hudson's
Lazarus
Lord & Taylor
I. Magnin
Pogue's
Rich's
J. W. Robinson
Stix, Baer & Fuller
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Arpege by Lanvin

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This $100 gift of Arpege is so special that only the very select stores listed on the facing page may offer it to you.

To begin, there is the magnificent gift case itself. A work of beauty a woman will want to keep and use, perhaps, forever.

Inside, are four of the most beautiful presentations of Arpege ever. A full ounce of precious Arpege perfume in the special black and gold Collector's Ball; a quarter ounce of this renowned perfume in an elegant Atomiseur purser; two ounces of beautiful Arpege Eau de Parfum Spray Mist; and four rich ounces of Arpege Dusting Powder.

As a perfect finishing touch there is an exclusive Lanvin silk scarf, a design that will never again be available, not even to Lanvin's most ardent fashion followers.

It has been said before, "Promise her anything but give her Arpege."

Never have those words had more meaning.

Arpege by Lanvin



Introducing steel at the price of gold. And other rewarding contradictions.

You're looking at the costliest stainless steel watch in the world—the Audemars Piguet "Royal Oak". What makes it even more precious than gold is the time that went into hand-building it, by a vanishing breed of master watchmakers. Inside is the world's thinnest automatic calendar movement. Yet the Royal Oak is water-resistant to a depth of more than 300 feet. And for an extra dividend in hidden pleasure, the automatic rotor is made of 21 karat gold, for its perfect weight.

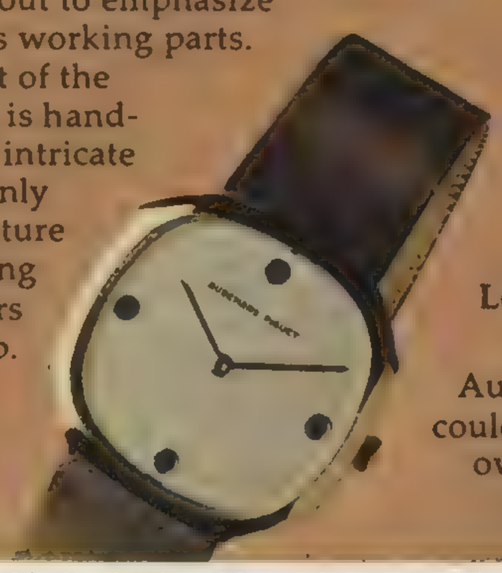


Interior decoration

Here, in a rare timepiece of museum quality, Audemars Piguet has turned the watch inside out to emphasize the beauty of its working parts. The movement of the Skeleton Watch is hand-carved into an intricate filligree where only the essential structure remains. A rewarding insight into Audemars Piguet craftsmanship.

Performing diamonds

No longer are diamonds limited to standing still. Here they move and tell time. The slender hands of these Audemars Piguet men's and ladies' watches are set with the smallest diamonds that can be faceted—which, as any watchmaker can tell you, is no small accomplishment.



Less is more

Low profile equals high fashion. This ladies' Audemars Piguet is so slim it's hard to imagine there could be anything inside. That's the beauty of owning a watch with the world's thinnest ladies' movement.

AP

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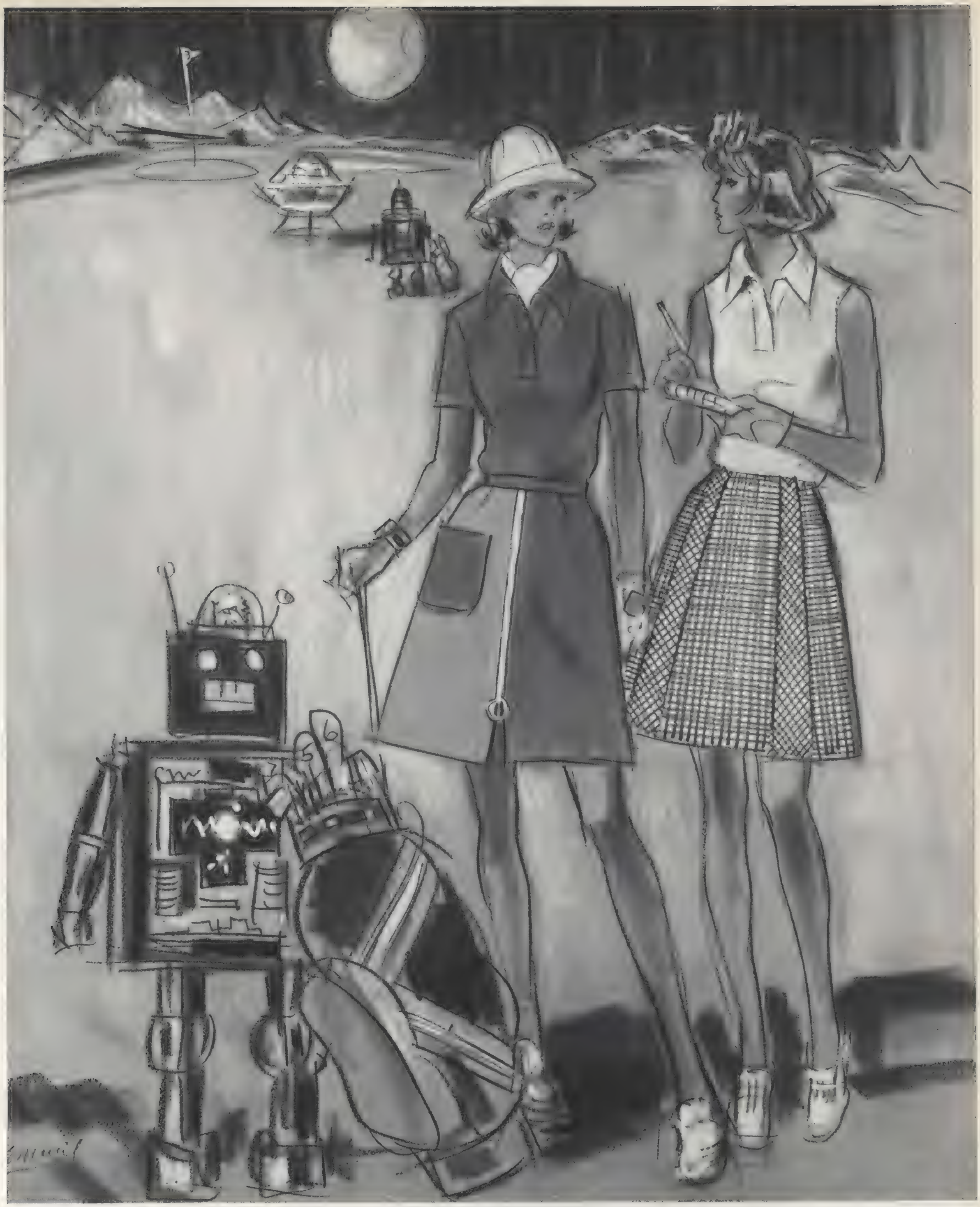
NEWSSTAND



NOW!

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If you are unable to obtain a copy of the new Fall/Winter 1974-75 issue at your favorite newsstand, you may send check or money order, for $2.50 (which includes postage and handling) payable to VOGUE BEAUTY AND HEALTH GUIDE, to the following address: VOGUE, Dep't VBVO, P.O. Box 1910, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.



Just-
Get Me to the Tee on Time!

Even moonlighting on the fairway won't wrinkle your Leon Levins one whit—they're the most heavenly golf clothes that ever whisked you 'round a course. Look for carefully contoured polyester Q-skirts and color-keyed tops. Designed by Lulu Roody. **LEON LEVIN**

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It goes to your heart
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VOGUE READY **BEAUTY**

DON'T BE A PRESENT FLOP

Fool-proof ways to solve his gifts

Changing a man's habits takes determination and a little friendly persuasion. Begin by giving him what you think he needs . . . in some cases, you might know better.

For shaping up, give him a jogging suit, membership at the local athletic or health club, or even a book on how to achieve the hale and hearty look and physique (*Man at his Best* by Russell L. Rhodes [Doubleday] is a good one).

Reward him for the progress he makes . . . invite him to dinner and a movie and then pick up the check.



TOLL GUN

If the city is taking its toll, get him out to the country for a fresh-air hike . . . getting there is more amusing if you carry a Turnpike Toll Gun . . . it shoots only money. At Hammacher Schlemmer.



CARRY

For a surprise in store, the Aramis set *(above)* lifts out of its own backgammon board. . . . Buy two plane tickets—and give him the Yves Saint Laurent travel bag *(below)* to take along.



SCENT SENSE

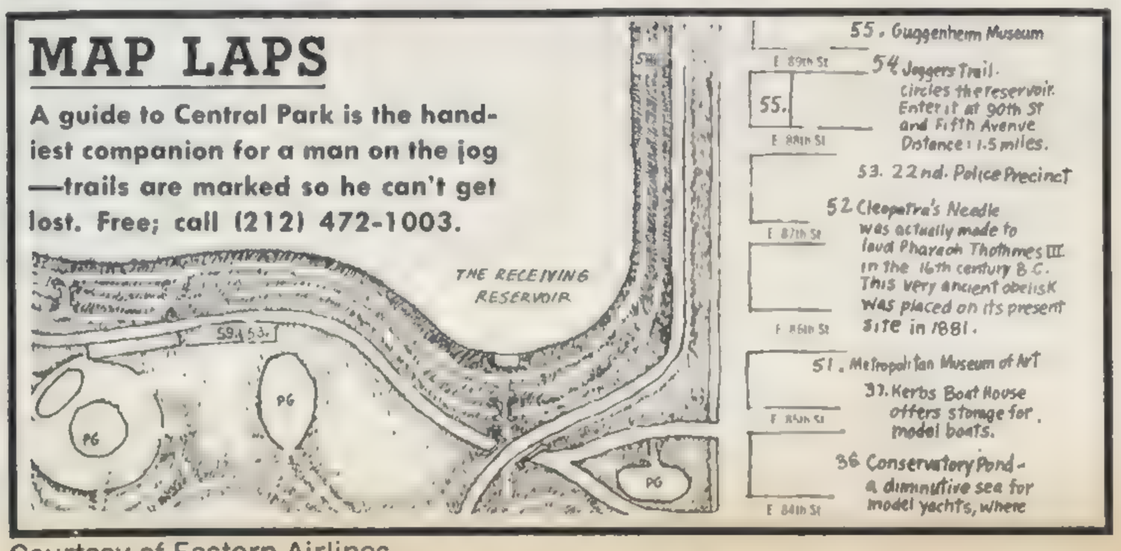
Believe it or not, statistics prove that the American male likes his scent extra-fresh, strong, and unmistakably created for him, not her—here are our recommendations to please him this year . . . *(right, top to bottom)* Bill Blass Cologne . . . Chanel for Men Spray Cologne . . . Kanon After Shave . . . Paco Rabanne Pour L'Homme. Others we like, not pictured here: Mem's Wind Drift . . . Myrurgia's Hidalgo . . . Colorado Sage by Jess Bell . . . Messire Eau de Cologne by Orlane.



KEITH TRUMBO

MAP LAPS

A guide to Central Park is the handiest companion for a man on the jog —trails are marked so he can't get lost. Free; call (212) 472-1003.



Courtesy of Eastern Airlines

WHAT'S GOING ON: REVENESCENCE EYESHADOW

Powder eyeshadow. Unpressed. Not just revised, refined, or refashioned. Reborn. New.

Revenescence Eyeshadow is loose powder loaded with liquid. A union of opposites. Not mixed. Mated. One surrounding the other. Millions of micro-capsules of fluid moisturizer.

What comes of this union of wet and dry? Our most accomplished shadows. A little bit nicer, we think, in every way.

First, the colors. All very definite. Intense. Unfogged by frost.

Second, application. More precise. Different. Not just because you stroke it on with a miniature nib-shaped sponge. But also because the color takes so well to you. Encapsuled moisturizer smoothes and sets the color so it stays where you put it. Even when you open your eyes.

Third, the feeling. What's smoother than silk? Froth? Fluff? The old words don't serve. It feels buoyant, weightless. Wispy? You decide.

Fourth, the look. What you had in mind in the first place. A soft-edged accent of unabashed color, buffed and inviting as new suede.

Fifth, the last. Longer than the bubbles in a glass of champagne.

Revenescence Eyeshadow $5.50. Other, equally newsworthy cosmetics, all with encapsuled moisturizer: Revenescence Lipstick $5.00; Revenescence Cheekglow $5.00; Revenescence Powderglow (loose $7.00, pressed $5.50).

Available at very fine stores.



Charles of the Ritz



Pears Natural Transparent Soap–
so clear your beauty shines through.

English women discovered Pears™ Natural Soap almost 200 years ago. Pears is made from precious glycerine. Cedar. And thyme. Then slowly aged and mellowed to a sheer transparency.

So Pears cleans gently. Naturally. *Without* harsh detergents.

As Pears cleans your skin—its fine herbs and oils moisturize it, too. And help keep your skin soft and smooth.

Learn why generations of English women let nothing touch their faces but water and Pears.

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Pears Natural Transparent Soap

Introductory offer: For regular size bar, send name, address, and 50¢ for postage and handling to Pears Offer, P.O. Box 2345-V, Bridgeport, Ct. 06608. Limit one per family.



VOGUE READY **BEAUTY**

CHALLENGE

A new scent to make you think.... A new chance for a new look



KEITH TRUMBO

"Non-confusing, easy, quick—this is what a woman wants from her beauty products"

"Looking great doesn't have to be complicated. . . . Clothes shouldn't 'wear' you; they should be easy, comfortable, and alluring, made of soft, uncrushable fabrics."

It's Diane von Fürstenberg *(above)* speaking, who three years ago whirled into the fashion business with a suitcase full of designs based on that simple philosophy. Her designs—eight, to be precise—sold immediately like the hot new items they were. Now, employing the same down-to-earth reasoning, Diane has launched her first line of beauty products—ten for makeup (with nifty half-cream, half-powder eye shadows) and ten for treatment (introducing a new type of cleanser, good for all skin types). Sun products will be next on the agenda.

On the basis that women are confused by the barrage of different products available, Diane's small but compact line will, for the time being, be available only at Diane's new shop, located, as she says, "at the best bus stop in town—681 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C." There, she will be on hand as much as possible to give advice when needed, along with five trained beauticians and Nicholas Guercio, who made a name for himself as a makeup artist at the Charles of the Ritz Salon. He will give makeup lessons and makeovers, too. As if beauty wasn't enough, Diane is particularly proud of her first fragrance, named Tatiana after her daughter. "It's a substantial one that I know will be a success. . . . I've been wearing it, and taxi drivers love it. . . ."

How do you know it's a Gucci when you can't see it, can only smell it?

The latest place to wear Gucci is . . . **on your pulse,** for the first perfume to bear that name is here after two years in the making. **Why did it take so long?** Because, like everything carrying the Gucci name, **performance** had to be extra-special, the reason that today any Gucci store is an **island of attraction,** offering merchandise that is **not only good looking but practical and hard wearing, too.** Behind the quality-above-all concept is Dr. Aldo Gucci *(below)*, head of the firm and, as he's first to admit, an exacting man. Embarking on the first Gucci perfume became **one of his most difficult creative jobs.** "It started as a joke," he says, "then came the confidence to develop it." Then, too, came the long wait for the right combination of essential oils and fixatives to achieve what every perfumer longs for . . . **an instantly recognizable scent . . .** it doesn't happen very often.

Dr. Gucci set out, as he says, to "create **a classic of consequence** or not do it at all." According to his nose, he has succeeded; and Gucci Parfum 1 is certainly **distinctive,** not for any whisper of leather or suède but because it's one of the most floral scents we've ever smelled, the top note leading the way to a big buildup of the sweetest-smelling buds you can think of. ▽



PETER SIMON


COLONIA
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ORGIA
The perfume that brings him closer... and closer
MYRURGIA
Barcelona Spain

WHAT TO SEE, READ, LISTEN TO, AND WATCH FOR . . .

VOGUE-RATED
TIP-OFFS

Upfront

movies

★★**The Night Porter** is a ridiculous film about corruption, or the romantic saga of a sadist and a masochist, or an examination of a totally phony situation. Imagine a concentration camp as the breeding ground for (no, not bone and ash alone) strange passions between a Nazi and a girl-child he tortures (she adores him!); imagine a white-tiled crematorium as an impromptu cabaret in which the half-starved but privileged girl inmate entertains the officers à la Marlene Dietrich and is presented (as a tip) the head of one of her fellow inmates; imagine the girl-child grown up, but not much different, registering at the same hotel in which her former torturer/lover/Nazi is the night porter. What happens? I can't say. But Dirk Bogarde, who plays the night porter with the right obsessional, sadistic physicality, is awfully good (chains, anyone?); and Charlotte Rampling (whose name is as wild as her appearance, and invites you to play with it: Rampant Trampling, or Ample Lingling) is simply overwhelming as the panting pantsless victim (her thighs don't look starved at all). There is something wrong with this film; I think it's the film. Maybe it should have been black-and-white with funny subtitles like: "Mind if I grind your hand into the broken glass on the bathroom floor, my love?" *The Night Porter* was directed and partially written by Liliana Cavani, whom I am interested to know more about.

★★★**Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full,** a French film by young director (twenty-eight years old) Pascal Thomas, is altogether charming, calm, and sweet. Life in a bucolic setting with the generations coexisting in harmony, as we like to think nature planned it. As a feminist I should object to the mother's sole activities: forever washing clothes by hand, cooking, serving, having sex . . . but . . . it did seem wonderful out there in the provinces under the trees, and her husband did call her "the boss." The movie is full of tenderness and humor. I particularly liked Bernard Menez as the deflowering swain (who is funny enough to be another Jacques Tati in a few years) and Annie Colé as the fifteen-year-old girl. They were adolescence personified with their self-absorption and flirtations. A film to take the kiddies to.

★★**Lancelot of the Lake,** a Robert Bresson film, is about men in tin cans who go about gushing blood after they have been stabbed. One of them, called Lancelot, is in love with Guinevere and spends his time kissing the hem of her gown, which drags in the mud. Nobody can sneak around in this medieval romance because of the sound of clanking metal. Even the color of the film is metallic and grey; day is always about to dawn; and, when it does, there are dead knights piled one upon the other in the forest of Robert Bresson's feudal dream.

—ROSALYN DREXLER

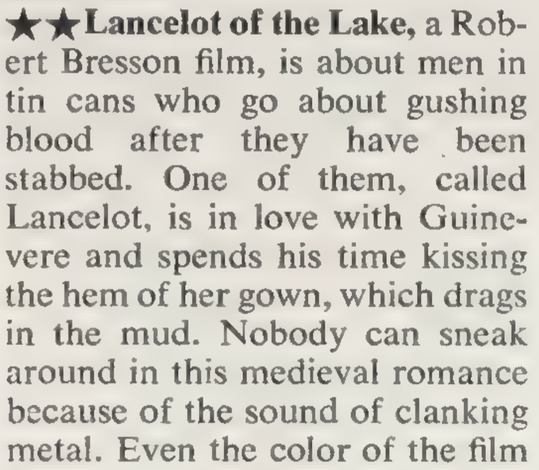
art

★★★★**Bargains and Benefits:** Stuck for last-minute gift ideas for special people? Sometimes you can do well by doing good. Try buying a portfolio of prints, giving an individual piece to your favorite connoisseur. One example: the just-published *Merce Cunningham* portfolio—signed and numbered prints by the artists who have designed sets and costumes for Cunningham—appropriately mixed-media works by such current luminaries as Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Bruce Nauman, Robert Morris, Andy Warhol, and John Cage. Johns's contribution, a die-cut profile of Duchamp, commemorates with pointed elegance the late Dada master's collaboration with Cunningham. Project benefits not the artists, who generously donated their works, but the Cunningham Dance Foundation, making possible further dances and tours by our leading avant-garde choreographer. The whole project is an inspiring example of American artists, whose works have been translated into dollar signs in these uncertain times, lending their support to brother artists—performers whose "product" is ephemeral, untradable, and consequently in jeopardy in a society that esteems only that art which results in profit. The portfolio was published by M C Productions and is available at Multiples, Inc., 55 East 80th Street, New York City 10021, and at Castelli Graphics, 4 East 77th Street, New York City 10021.

Some of these same artists (Stella, Johns, Rauschenberg, Warhol) have also joined such other esteemed modernists as Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, Claes Oldenburg, Alexander Liberman, Robert Motherwell, Saul Steinberg, André Masson, and Stanley William Hayter to produce a varied, lavish, and beautiful portfolio of prints to honor *Meyer Schapiro*. Sales will endow a chair in art history at Columbia University, named for the revered scholar, retiring this year, who bravely introduced modern art into official academic curriculum when such studies were not only unpopular but often ridiculed. Realizing that art history, like the performance arts, must be subsidized to endure, artists who see their work as part of history have produced an exceptional group of works. Portfolios available at $6,000 from Columbia University, 304 Low Library, University Development and Alumni Relations, Broadway and 116th Street, New York City 10027.

Two other artist-supported print offerings worth noting: the E. A. T. portfolio to benefit *The New York Collection for Stockholm,* a variety of artworks by the artists whose paintings and sculptures went to Sweden's Moderna Museet as the largest bequest of contemporary American art in Europe. Among the works in the smartly boxed collection (available from Experiments in Art and Technology, 49 East 68th Street, New York City 10021, who put together the show and portfolio) are contributions by Pop artists Claes Oldenburg, George Segal, and Jim Dine; sculptors Mark Di Suvero and Richard Serra; minimalists Sol LeWitt, Donald Judd, and Robert Morris. Altogether, thirty works are part of the $3,000 package, which might make thirty terrific Christmas presents.

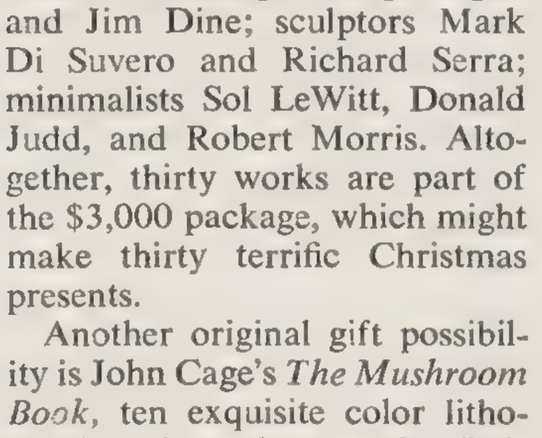
Another original gift possibility is John Cage's *The Mushroom Book,* ten exquisite color lithographs of mushrooms by Lois Long accompanied by ten Cage calligraphic prints, to delight mycophiles and art lovers alike. An edition of 100; $1,000 each at the Leslie Rankow Gallery, 108 East 78th Street, New York City 10021. —BARBARA ROSE



theater

Elizabeth Ashley, *right,* in Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,* is a firecracker slow-burning to glory.

Roy Dotrice, *left,* in *Brief Lives,* is a magician-actor who moves you centuries backward in time until you rub noses with Shakespeare.



MARTHA SWOPE

★★★★In the twenty years of its existence, Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* has utterly shed its sensationalism and now is revealed, in a flabbergasting new production directed by Michael Kahn for The American Shakespeare Theatre, as an intensely noble, deeply poetical drama of neo-O'Neill family life. Today's *Cat* is more true than it was in those mid-1950's when worldly Manhattan audiences gasped at its dark passions, its cataclysmic revelations. The play was Southern Gothic twenty years ago: today, it pulsates with evidences of personal, psychological, emotional chicanery . . . a family world mirroring in miniature the greater national world. The production—which opened in Stratford, Conn., last summer, should be (Continued on page 88)

**** Do anything to hear, see, or read it *** Definitely worth your time and money ** Good work, deserves attention * Take note, if it suits your taste —* You have been warned

The gift of love.

(and how it all began 450 years ago)

Provocative. Delicious. Italy's rare liqueur of love in this beautiful new veloured gift box.

Historians tell us that this original Amaretto di Saronno was created as a gift of love in 1525. A young widow gave it to Bernardino Luini, the artist who immortalized her in a famous church fresco in Saronno, Italy.

Her name is lost to history. But the intriguing flavor of her love potion remains—for you to taste tonight. Here's a very seasonal way:



The Bowl of Love

Stir 1/2 bottle of Amaretto di Saronno with each quart (non-alcoholic) egg nog. Add ice cubes. Sprinkle with crushed Amaretti cookies or nutmeg.

Italy's rare liqueur of love is imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc., 98 Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck, New York 11021. For a free recipe booklet, write Dept. VO2.

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The original: Amaretto di Saronno®

56 Proof.

playing in Manhattan when you read this and is scheduled to tour nationally—makes every intention of Tennessee Williams abundantly clear. Never before has *Cat* been acted with such clarity, such nuance.

Elizabeth Ashley, the "Cat," is intensely interior, dazzling in technique. She becomes epic. Keir Dullea, as Brick, is lost, with such determination to be sick, sick, sick. Fred Gwynne, Big Daddy, is ruthless but so human, so multidimensional a man—here is acting reminiscent of Walter Huston, Fredric March at their best. And Kate Reid, Big Mama—anyone who knows a certain kind of Southern woman will recognize that woman here, in all of her sad awfulness. . . .

Here, then, is one of Tennessee Williams' masterplays in a definitive production for these 1970's. Great plays change with the times.

★★★★*Brief Lives* is a one-man show without peer. The unique man who is this show is Roy Dotrice, an English actor who is relatively unknown in this country, although he has appeared here, even playing *Brief Lives* some years ago. Now he has again brought us Patrick Garland's adaptation of seventeenth-century biographer and gossip John Aubrey's *Lives of Eminent Men*, familiarly known as *Brief Lives*. And what happens when Roy Dotrice, disguised as ancient John Aubrey, wanders about Julia Trevelyan Oman's fantastic set is miraculous.

Mr. Dotrice *is* Englishman Aubrey, in that long-ago brilliant black night that was Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan London. Dotrice makes you laugh, cry, sit on the edge of your seat because of his magnificent invention. Ultimately Dotrice does what only the greatest of actors can do: he makes you believe that he is that sweet, natural, garrulous, tattle-tale-tongued ancient who did know men who knew Shakespeare intimately. Dotrice, this transient, fragile player, pushes you back in time until you stumble terrified, delighted midst ghosts made palpable by high theatrical art.

★★★A fascinating performance, not onstage but in the pages of a revealing, almost-too-easy-to-read book, is Broadway producer-director Hal Prince's theatrical tote-up, *Contradictions: Notes on Twenty-Six Years in the Theatre* (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Prince produced and/or directed twenty-five theater pieces. Some of these were worldwide triumphs such as *West Side Story* and *Fiddler on the Roof*, some recent delectables such as *Cabaret, Follies, Company, A Little Night Music*, and for The New Phoenix Repertory Company, most recently, Congreve's *Love for Love*.

This Prince of the theater is, without doubt, the most imaginative producer-director on the Broadway scene. What a bonanza, then, to follow Prince as he goes meticulously about his business of getting his shows on the stage. And that is precisely what you get to do while reading *Contradictions*. You also get to probe, in profound detail, what makes Prince so intensely passionate about the theater. And more than in any other book, you get an inside view of how our on-Broadway theater really works. A book for angels and other earthly creatures who've been bitten by the bug. —LEO LERMAN

books

★★★★**"I Am Not A Crook,"** by Art Buchwald (Putnam): At heart a moralist, in practice a showman, Buchwald in his eighteenth book magically teams cleverness with naked truth. He sometimes dazzles, sometimes bombs, sometimes delivers a valid yock. In one essay he suggests adding Secretariat, the Triple Crown Winner of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes, to the White House Staff. His credibility is unquestioned, says Buchwald, adding the skeptical view of a friend in the press corps. " 'We've had horses in the White House before.' 'Aha!' I said. 'But this one has a head.' "

In another scenario, "Listening to God," Buchwald follows Richard Nixon's advice to the people, urging them to find out "what He wants us to do." Buchwald tried it. God says, " ' . . . Americans seem to be violating the Ten Commandments left and right.'

'Which one did you have in mind?'

'The specific one is "Thou shall not bear false witness against thy neighbor." '

'I imagine you're referring to Watergate now.'

'You have to admit, Arthur, that someone is lying.'

'It seems that way, God, but then again we don't know all the facts, do we?'

'I do.' "

★★**Hollywood:** *Stars and Starlets, Tycoons and Flesh-Peddlers, Moviemakers and Moneymakers, Frauds and Geniuses, Hopefuls and Has-Beens, Great Lovers and Sex Symbols*, by Garson Kanin (Viking): Almost as fertile as a fruit fly, (Continued on page 90)



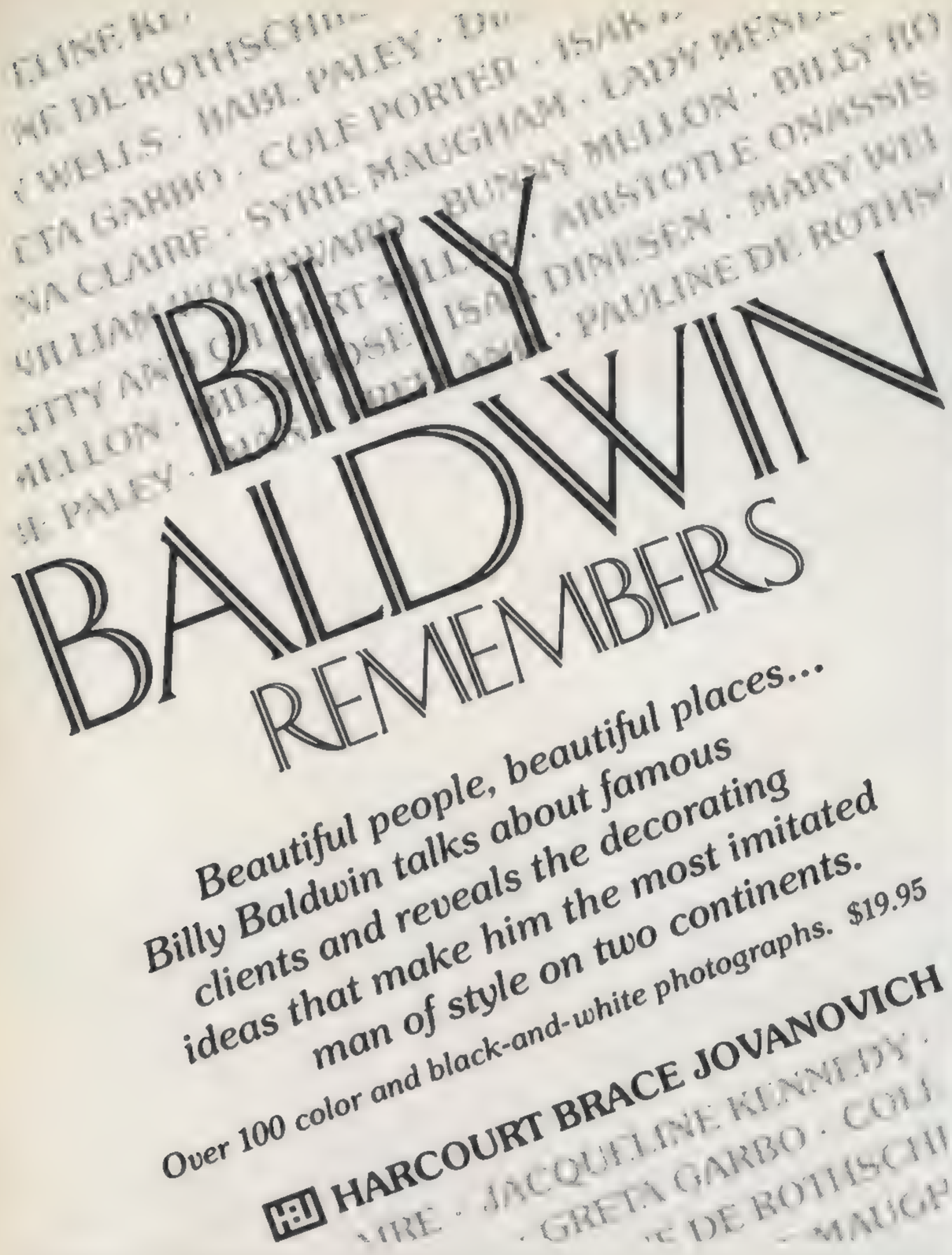
When you're stepping out on a Saturday night remember...

Sheer elegance
every step of the way.

Hanes
ultra sheer pantyhose

Gentlemen Prefer Hanes.

Available at finer department and apparel stores. Suggested retail price: Ultra Sheer $3.00. Hanes Everyday $1.95.





Garson Kanin wrote nineteen books and plays before *Hollywood* plus thirteen films, four of them with his wife, Ruth Gordon. (He adapted, directed, and she plays in the new comedy *Dreyfus in Rehearsal.*)

A small, homely man, compacted of charm, Kanin at twenty-four went to Hollywood in 1937, learned, listened, became as pervasive as fog. Part of the book's effectiveness lies in Kanin's way with Samuel Goldwyn, gentle, admiring, staggering, excited, fastidious, exact. Kanin believes that Lillian Hellman explained Goldwyn best. " 'To understand Sam,' she said, 'you must realize that he regards himself as a *nation.*' "

Kanin has a feeling, concerned and terse, for dimmed stars; like Mrs. Patrick Campbell, that lustrous marvel of the English theater whom George Bernard Shaw delighted in. By the time she reached Hollywood in the early 'thirties, Mrs. Campbell had reached the end of her lovers and her career. Given a form to fill, she filled in "her name, the color of her hair and eyes. . . . Then, on the sheet headed 'Experience,' she wrote, 'Edward VII.' "

★★**Dancing in the Dark,** *Words by Howard Dietz* (Quadrangle): In this endearing, funny autobiography, Howard Dietz who wrote the words for thirty-two musical adventures, including *The Band Wagon* and *The Little Show,* tells about the talented people he knew, some of them as nutty as they were famous. It is, however, the Dietz Twist that gives his stories their crackle. In 1942 when Dietz, the chief of advertising and publicity of MGM, became a vice-president of the company, his failure to send out a press release bothered his secretary. He explained the situation to her: " 'It would be too embarrassing to say I'd been elected a vice president when everybody thinks I'm president.' "

In his office, Dietz hung a sign, borrowed from Harold Ross, the founding editor of *The New Yorker.* It said: " 'Don't be famous around here.' " Dietz, now seventy-eight, relished his double career, his wit splashing, his laughter, happy as a grig.

★★★**The Palace Guard,** by Dan Rather and Gary Paul Gates (Harper & Row): At last I know how the tapes got to the White House. According to Dan Rather, then the CBS News White House correspondent, and to Gary Paul Gates, a staff writer at CBS News, H. R. Haldeman—who had the loyalty to Nixon usually reserved for dogs—believed that "Richard Nixon deserved to be thought of as the greatest President of the century . . . envisioned the taping of each and every Nixon conversation . . . a sort of electronic answer to Mount Rushmore . . . the potential was there for the tapes to be used as a secret weapon, one more way to keep in line those who claimed to be friends and to hurt those who were or might become enemies." The obsessed Haldeman preferred in his young staff short hair and a noticeable amount of cringe, truckle, and foot kissing.

Although Haldeman had the closest tether to Richard Nixon, John Ehrlichman, of course, was almost as powerful. An obscure zoning lawyer from Seattle, he managed Domestic Affairs for the President disastrously, mainly because, said Rather and Gates, "of his total lack of experience in Washington he didn't understand how Congress worked. What made the situation infinitely worse was that he chose to compensate for his ignorance by adopting an attitude of arrogant disdain toward Capitol Hill." (Goethe wrote: "There is nothing more frightful than ignorance in action.")

To complete the catastrophic trio, there is John Mitchell, a Wall Street lawyer whose specialty was state and municipal bonds, a constricted field. As the Supreme Court and other courts, too, kept repudiating Mitchell's legalisms; "it became fashionable," wrote Rather and Gates, "to contend that John Mitchell's arrogance was exceeded only by his incompetence, and his apparent ignorance of the law."

Fanatical teetotalers, Haldeman and Ehrlichman ran a rumor mill on those in the White House, on the Hill, and in the Administration who liked a drink. They took on Rose Mary Woods, Robert Finch, Daniel Moynihan, and, especially, Martha Mitchell —"it became imperative that she be dismissed as a lush and a kook." Although they despised John Mitchell, they could do nothing about him. He liked Dewar's Scotch and kept at home a gallon jug "near his desk mounted in a wooden frame for easy pouring."

In the view of Rather and Gates, the horror figure is Haldeman. They tell of the Secret Service man in the White House who said: " 'Come the revolution, be sure to save two bullets: one for Haldeman and one for Ehrlichman.' " If, however, only one bullet remained? " 'Haldeman.' "

Rather and Gates explore Mitchell's, Haldeman's, and Ehrlichman's minds and those of their colleagues, intensely scrutinizing their stupidities, their cryptic brutalities, their fanaticism—beset, hating. A good book. —ALLENE TALMEY

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By Francesco Waldner

From December 1 through December 31

VOGUE

HORO SCOPE

IF YOU WERE BORN WHEN THE SUN WAS IN SAGITTARIUS: Many difficulties are disappearing but until the middle of March you must be careful with anything connected with money; don't rely on promises. Use your judgment, and be clear in your ideas. Beginning in April, an excellent Jupiter influence will be with you for a year, making it possible for you to stabilize your finances and your private life. Venus will help you to achieve your ambitions from the end of February-March 20th, June 7th-July 9th, September 3rd-October 4th, and November 10th until the end of December.

Aries MARCH 21—APRIL 20

Your courage and tenacity will now be rewarded. The first two weeks of this month, try to settle matters that seemed critical in the spring and summer so you can make a clear start in January. Jupiter enters your sign then, making a change for the better. Good days for shopping and visiting are the 12th-14th. A favorable Venus aspect gives you a happy emotional life and good times on New Year's Day and the 4th, 5th. Use patience to solve a problem on the 8th and 9th. **My advice:** Avoid discussions and don't overspend.

Taurus APRIL 21—MAY 20

Minor difficulties will be overcome about the 10th. You will have good luck in business matters after the 15th and an improved financial outlook with promising plans for a new project. All in all, the year will end well. An important appointment on the 6th, 14th-15th, or 17th. From the 22nd, you have a very good Mercury influence for practical matters, writing letters, making new contracts. Happy days are the 14th-16th, 29th, and 30th. Avoid arguments and take extra care on the 4th, 5th, 10th, 11th, 17th, and 18th. **My advice:** Make the most of the 19th-21st—days with good Moon and Jupiter aspects—for financial matters.

Gemini MAY 21—JUNE 21

You have too much work for one month; organize everything carefully, and remain calm. Don't be too hasty or bad tempered on the 6th, 7th, 12th, 13th, and 19th-21st. You have good ideas that should turn out very well; but, for the moment, don't speculate or take business risks that you could lose money on. Good Moon aspects for your emotional life on the 8th, 9th, 17th, and 18th. Plan ahead for Christmas and New Year's Eve; they will be most enjoyable. **My advice:** Don't become involved in legal matters.

Cancer JUNE 22—JULY 22

Interesting developments occur the first two weeks of the month. Later, there would be opposition to your plans for the year ahead, or family difficulties. Don't worry. You have a very good Jupiter influence that helps your plans until the middle of March. Use this time to concentrate on all your enterprises. Happy hours in your emotional life on the 10th and 11th; a most important new influence on the 19th-21st. Good days for shopping are the 6th and 7th. **My advice:** Avoid changes and upsets at home on the 8th, 9th, 14th-16th, 22nd, and 23rd.

Leo JULY 23—AUGUST 23

This month you will have every opportunity to use your talents. You will make improvements at home for a perfect Christmas. An unhelpful Mars aspect ends on the 10th, and you won't be worried with minor accidents. Plan for the future and make quick decisions in December. Your best days will be the 12th-14th, 22nd, and 23rd. Your emotional life will be happy with the smallest clouds on the 10th, 11th, 17th, and 18th. An unwanted visitor may upset your Christmas plans. **My advice:** Go ahead with your holiday plans and consider a winter vacation with the person you love.

(Continued on page 96)

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VOGUE HOROSCOPE Continued from page 94

Virgo AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

In spite of minor difficulties, the year will end successfully. An older person is very helpful. Don't overwork; let others take more responsibility. Expect some trouble with your home and family, but try to create a pleasant atmosphere for Christmas. Don't discuss disagreeable matters on the 12th, 13th, 19th-21st, 27th, and 28th when Mars and the Moon will be unhelpful. You have a very good Venus influence for the second half of the month. **My advice:** Watch your health.

Libra SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

A successful time for business, financial matters, and buying and selling. If you have money to invest, consult an expert. In your emotional life, the first half of the month is the best; afterward, Venus becomes unhelpful. Concentrate on the 17th-19th, 27th, and 28th; and don't neglect the person you love most over Christmas. Unexpected presents on New Year's Eve: invitations, pleasant meetings, new people, and business contacts. Sudden success as a result of your quick intuition. **My advice:** Don't take needless risks on the 1st-3rd, 14th-16th, and from the 22nd to the 31st.

Scorpio OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

An interesting period begins with new opportunities and possibly important changes. Your good luck in financial matters and advantageous agreements make a good basis for further success. Consolidate your position and concentrate on the first three months of the year ahead: they will bring you great satisfaction and many Scorpios will be promoted before the year ends. Promising days in your emotional life are the 1st-3rd, 19th-21st, 29th, and 30th; your stars are very favorable to romance. **My advice:** Discuss new plans with your family, but not on the 4th, 5th, 17th, 18th, 24th, or 25th.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

A successful month: you should be able to see ahead clearly and can make up for past losses, but adopt a strictly realistic attitude toward financial matters and future plans. Be cautious with legal matters on the 6th, 7th, and 19th-21st. December will be a month of happy surprises, presents, and invitations, with lovely days for your emotional life on the 4th, 5th, 7th-9th, and 12th-14th when the Moon and Venus are both helpful. Peaceful days over Christmas and an amusing New Year's Eve. **My advice:** Don't start a new project without making the necessary preparations.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

Many things take new and satisfactory directions. A disturbing problem that held you back during the last few years will soon be out of your way. Good opportunities during the next three months when you'll work hard and be rewarded for it. From the 14th, Venus in your sign brings good luck to your emotional life. This may be the start of a new love affair and important changes in your private life. Make appointments on the 6th, 7th, 24th-26th, 29th, and 30th without upsetting your family. Be diplomatic on the 8th, 9th, 22nd, and 23rd. **My advice:** Enjoy life, the general outlook is excellent.

Aquarius JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

A new, important friendship is begun. A change of job or house is not unlikely; but, if you're planning to travel, don't set off before the 11th or 12th. You get useful information on the 8th and 9th and meet influential people on the 27th and 28th. Projects planned with close friends are well suited to your independent and courageous outlook. Be very careful what arrangements you make on the 10th and 11th; certain people might not be entirely honest. Your emotional life will be happy and peaceful. **My advice:** Consider a very promising project.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20

Keep calm and don't exaggerate matters or you will be in danger of a nervous breakdown by the year's end. Control your inclinations to be rash on the 6th, 7th, 12th, and 13th, and don't mix up your private life and your work. A minor family difficulty that isn't worth worrying about and slight worries in your emotional life, on the 14th-15th. You will have a very happy Christmas and the year ends in high spirits. You will be successful in your professional life, and your financial situation will improve. Concentrate on plans for the start of the year which will be most promising. **My advice:** Take extra care of your health.



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VOGUE **FOOD**

By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

COOKING IN NO TIME FLAT

Quick-time dishes, other ways to speed-feed guests

The most elegant quickly prepared meals we've ever had were at the Princess O.'s in Paris. In her ritual green-and-gold Fortuny dress, she would greet her guests and immediately grant one of us the intimate privilege of serving as barman, a little task we all vied for. The duties were, after all, fairly discreet—as the one drink before dinner was invariably iced vodka in a small silver tumbler; its invariable accompaniment, pearl-grey Iranian caviar served on mother-of-pearl shells edged with silver and eaten with small mother-of-pearl spoons. Nothing so plebeian as toast, chopped eggs, or onions!

The princess herself would delicately pick at Greek feta cheese subtly perfumed with oil and herbs from Provence. Like an exquisite ringmaster, she would put her friends through their conversational paces, managing, in her magical and infectious way, to make everyone more amusing than he actually was.

At our very first dinner *chez la princesse*, since we were poring over an album of fascinating photographs taken at the family château in 1900, we hadn't noticed that she had disappeared and, after what seemed like only a few minutes, were amazed to see her gracefully gliding back into the room to ask us all to join her at dinner. Amazed, because it had been whispered to us that Princess O. always did all of her own cooking but only *after* her guests had arrived. Doubly amazed, because when dinner appeared, it was a splendid and copious meal. Gingered scallops, paper-thin steaks in wine sauce, whole mushrooms so hotly peppered that the cold salad of cooked peas and dill which followed came as a welcome and refreshing relief. A banana parfait made a subtle liaison between the beginning and end of the meal, as it, too, was flavored with ginger.

Gingered Scallops

four servings

6 tablespoons butter
1½ pounds bay scallops
2 tablespoons finely sliced fresh ginger
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley

Heat the butter till sizzling. Sauté the scallops and the ginger for just a minute or so, just long enough to heat the scallops through and brown them lightly on the outside. Season, sprinkle with parsley, and serve.

Instant Steak

four servings

Have your butcher slice round steak as thinly as possible on a ham slicer. After you have persuaded him to do this, ask him to pound each slice with the blade end of the meat cuber.

¼ cup red wine
2 shallots (or scallions), finely chopped
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
Squeeze of lemon
1 teaspoon meat glaze *(glace de viande)*, optional
4 tablespoons butter
8 very thin slices round steak, sliced on a ham cutter

Combine wine and shallots in a saucepan and boil till reduced by half. Add parsley, lemon juice, salt, pepper, and meat glaze. *(Glace de viande*, meat glaze, is available at specialty food shops, such as the Maison Glass at 52 East 58th Street in New York City.)

Heat butter in a large heavy skillet till bubbling. Cook steaks 5-10 *seconds* on one side, turn and cook 3-5 *seconds* on other side (just long enough for the red color to disappear). Remove to a warm platter.

Pour sauce into the hot skillet and heat, scraping any brown bits that may be clinging to the skillet into the sauce. Pour the hot sauce over steaks and serve immediately.

(Continued on page 100)


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Mushrooms Sautéed, Whole and Hot

four servings

12 large whole white mushrooms
1 large clove garlic, finely chopped
1 teaspoon hot red pepper flakes
Salt to taste
4 tablespoons butter

In a heavy skillet, heat butter till bubbling. Add mushrooms, trimmed of a bit of the stem; garlic; pepper flakes; salt, and sauté 5 minutes or till mushrooms are cooked but still firm.

A perfect hors d'oeuvre if you are the kind of cool cook who enjoys having your friends watch you in the kitchen while you're all having a drink.

G. and F.'s Tip: *Thin slices of zucchini fried in oil till golden and cooked in exactly the same way as the mushrooms are another wonderful hors d'oeuvre for the same kind of kitchen occasion.*

Cold Dilled Peas, Markevich

six servings

as an accompaniment to cold roast meat or chicken, chicken salad, or as part of a buffet

1 large can tiny peas
1 cup sour cream
½ cup chopped fresh dill (or chopped chives or a combination of both)
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
½ to 1 teaspoon curry powder (optional)

Drain the peas of all liquid. Mix together very thoroughly other ingredients. Combine with the peas, mixing together very lightly, using two forks in order not to break or mash the peas. Put in a glass serving bowl, garnish with more chopped dill or chives if desired, and serve. Chill in refrigerator for 10-15 minutes if desired.

Banana Parfait

six servings

1 cup heavy cream
3 teaspoons Amaretto di Saronno liqueur (kirsch, rum, or brandy can be substituted)
3 ripe bananas
2 tablespoons finely chopped crystallized ginger

Whip the cream till stiff and stir in 1 teaspoon of the Amaretto. Put the bananas, broken into pieces, and the remaining Amaretto into the blender and blend on high speed till pureed.

In parfait glasses or tall stemmed wineglasses, put a bit of the banana puree, top it with whipped cream, then a sprinkle of ginger. Repeat the process so that you have 2 layers of banana, cream, and ginger. Put the glasses into the refrigerator at the beginning of the meal and chill until the end of the meal. Excellent accompanied by Betty's Cosmic Cookies (recipe on page 111).

G. and F.'s Tip: *Sprinkle each parfait with chopped Italian macaroons (Lazzaroni brand amaretti), easily chopped in a blender, or chopped almonds.*

After dinner, the handsome young butler, rumored to be the Princess's lover, handed round small glasses of white raisins steeped in old, potent Marc de Bourgogne. We ate the liqueur-soaked raisins and drank the raisin-flavored liqueur (recipe below) while the Princess, reclining on an Empire chaise longue, for all the world like Madame Récamier, fingered the amber beads of her rosary and spoke of polo, pâté, and Proust.

Raisin Nightcap

For non-dessert-eaters or as a novel after-dinner liqueur.

Grappa, Marc de Bourgogne, or Calvados
Seedless raisins (sultanas can be used)

Put a heaping tablespoon of raisins in each small brandy glass; fill ¾ full with one of the liqueurs. Let soak for several hours. Serve with small spoons, such as demitasse spoons.

Eat the liqueur-soaked raisins and then drink the raisin-flavored liqueur. Heady and delicious!

(Continued on page 103)

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VOGUE

"Buy food that needs no cooking at all"

Perhaps few of us can hope to attain the recherché refinement of the Princess's instant dinners, served on Saxe porcelain with Louis XV silver in her Bérard-frescoed dining room; but we can all follow her example and cook exquisite meals in little time.

Of course it makes life easier if one can find a few moments earlier in the day to make a few preparations. Chop shallots, onions, and herbs and slice any vegetable needed in the cooking. Marinate fish, chicken, or meat to flavor it and make it more tender. Buy, ready-made, one or two courses of your meal, marvelously prepared dishes from your local specialty food shops, or serve things that require no cooking at all.

What could be more delicious than to begin a meal with iced **melon and bresaola,** dark paper-thin slices of dried beef, the Swiss counterpart to Italian prosciutto, or ripe pears and capocollo, highly spiced Italian pork available at your Italian-import grocer.

Serve **smoked sturgeon** with lemon halves, oil, and freshly ground black pepper. **Oysters or clams** on the half-shell can be sent in, opened and ready to eat, with a squeeze of lemon and thin slices of heavily buttered dark bread. Since time is money and you have saved so much time, be extravagant and put a dollop of black caviar on each oyster.

Imitate the Princess O. and prepare what she called a *"fait accompli":* **feta, the Greek white cheese,** drained of its brine and marinated for three days in a glass jar in olive oil to which you have added a clove of garlic, cracked pepper, and a generous amount of fresh dill, chives, or whatever other fresh herbs are in season.

For dessert, buy **meringue shells** and fill them with whipped cream and any fruit or berries or with canned, sweetened chestnut puree into which you have stirred a bit of your best brandy. Serve the best **vanilla ice cream** you can find with a spoonful or two of hot espresso coffee poured over it. Buy fresh **ricotta,** mix sultana raisins and a spoonful of rum into it, grate bitter chocolate over it. A delicious instant pudding!

All the necessary ingredients for these quickly prepared dishes can be found all over the country: **Jim Jamail & Sons Food Market** in Houston will provide you with miniature quiches, stuffed mushrooms, wonderful cheeses, or, for that matter, complete lunches, in which case you would quite literally be cooking in no time flat.

The Stop & Shop in Chicago, the **Farmer's Market** in Los Angeles, **Goldberg Bowen** in San Francisco are all marvelous and have their equivalents in many other cities.

In New York, don't miss the Pheasant Pâté in its own earthenware baking dish and the sausage baked in a crust *(saucisson en crôute),* at **Château France Le Notre,** 125 East 59th Street. **More New York sources:**

Merveilleuses, delicate cookie squares with lemon or mocha filling, are as marvelous as their name would lead you to believe. They can be found at **Colette's,** 1136 Third Avenue, where you can also find a fine *coq au vin* and an excellent *blanquette de veau.*

A great treat at the newly opened bakery **Bonté Patisserie,** at 1316 Third Avenue, is the classic tarte Tatin, the French caramelized apple upside-down tart.

A dazzling selection of German and Hungarian sausages is available at **Mertl,** 1508 Second Avenue. Try their sausage stuffed with rice and pork.

Schaller and Weber, 1654 Second Avenue, has the tasty light sausages made of veal, pork, and parsley called *weisswurst.* Nothing is better! Boil them, broil them, or fry them, and serve them with pureed potatoes.

Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street, is a place where you can have lunch and where you can quickly assemble and take out your own *smörgåsbord.* Don't overlook their extremely buttery butter cookies and their extremely Danish Danish pastries, or their Sand Cake, which will keep fresh for weeks.

Tarallo, at 239 East 59th Street, is the original friendly, rough-and-ready Italian food store that can provide you with prosciutto, capocollo, and many another delicacy.

So can **Manganaro** at 488 Ninth Avenue. Try their marvelous imported cheeses, the "amaretti" macaroons, and the Frutta in Mostarda, an exotic relish of fruits preserved in a sweet mustard syrup, perfect with cold meats.

Fraser-Morris, 872 Madison Avenue, or **Barney Greengrass,** 541 Amsterdam Avenue, can provide smoked sturgeon and smoked salmon.

(Continued on page 104)



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VO19DO

Mme. Zinaida Winnitschenko, at 25 Central Avenue, Lakewood, New Jersey, makes on order several Russian delicacies: piroshki, meat-filled pastries to be eaten hot with soup or with drinks, and *pilmenyi,* the original frozen food and the Siberian equivalent of ravioli.

One of the few delights of traveling on the Trans-Siberian Railroad in Czarist Russia was to eat *pilmenyi* at the railway stops. When the trains pulled into the station, peasants would plunge *pilmenyi,* frozen in lumps of ice, into caldrons of boiling broth. Today's *pilmenyi* can be heated in chicken broth and eaten in the soup or served separately with vinegar, sour cream, mustard, and chopped dill as accompaniments.

If you are in the mood for an instant trip to the Mediterranean and the Near East, wander up and down **Ninth Avenue** between 37th and 40th Streets.

Or if you are in the mood to make a complete meal in a very short time, try the following recipes:

Instant Quiche Paysanne

four servings as a first course; two as a main luncheon dish

1 cup of white bread that has been trimmed of crusts and broken into bits
¼ cup milk
2-3 tablespoons oil
1 tablespoon finely chopped shallots (or scallions)
1 clove garlic, put through a press (optional)
5 eggs
A 2-inch ribbon of anchovy paste
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste (use very little salt, remember the anchovy paste is very salty)
½ cup grated Swiss cheese (easily grated in blender)
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese (easily grated in blender)
2 medium-size tomatoes, peeled, seeded, squeezed *very* dry, and coarsely chopped
1 tablespoon chopped fresh basil (or 1 teaspoon dried)
1-2 tablespoons butter

Fill a glass measuring cup with bread, pour in the milk, and let the bread soak. Heat oil in a 7-inch omelet pan and fry shallots and garlic over low heat till lightly browned; remove with a slotted spoon, but keep the oil in the pan. In a large bowl beat together eggs, anchovy paste, salt, and pepper with a fork, rubbing anchovy paste with back of fork against sides of bowl to help it dissolve. Drain bread, squeezing out all milk, and add it to egg mixture along with cheeses, shallots, garlic, tomatoes, and basil; mix together thoroughly.

If oil in skillet is burned, discard it; wiping the skillet clean, add 2 more tablespoons of oil. Otherwise just reheat oil in skillet. When oil is hot, pour in quiche mixture, reduce heat, and cook covered for about 10 minutes or until top of quiche is set. After about 5 minutes of cooking, lift sides of quiche gently with a spatula. If more oil seems necessary, add it by dribbling a little along the sides of pan and lifting quiche carefully to let oil run under it. When quiche is set, invert a plate over pan and turn out the quiche upside down. Add butter to pan and when it is hot slide quiche in, uncooked side down, and cook 2 minutes to brown lightly. Serve hot or at room temperature.

Stracciatella di Spinaci (spinach egg-drop soup)

six to eight servings

Stracciatella, meaning "rag" in Italian, is the name given to this soup because of the rag-like effect caused by dropping the egg-cheese mixture into the boiling broth.

3½ cups combined beef and chicken broth (You can use 1 can each of condensed chicken and beef broths, such as Campbell's, plus 1 cup water.)
1 10-ounce package frozen chopped spinach
1 egg
3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
Freshly ground pepper to taste

Boil 1 cup of the broth in a pot with a cover; add the spinach and cook over high heat till spinach is just cooked but still bright green. Remove spinach with a slotted spoon to a bowl. Add remaining broth to the pot and bring to a boil.

Meanwhile beat egg lightly with a fork; beat in cheese. When the broth is boiling, pour in egg-cheese mixture, stirring constantly until the egg-cheese mixture cooks into "rags." Add the spinach, season, cook 1 minute, and serve.

Continued on page 108



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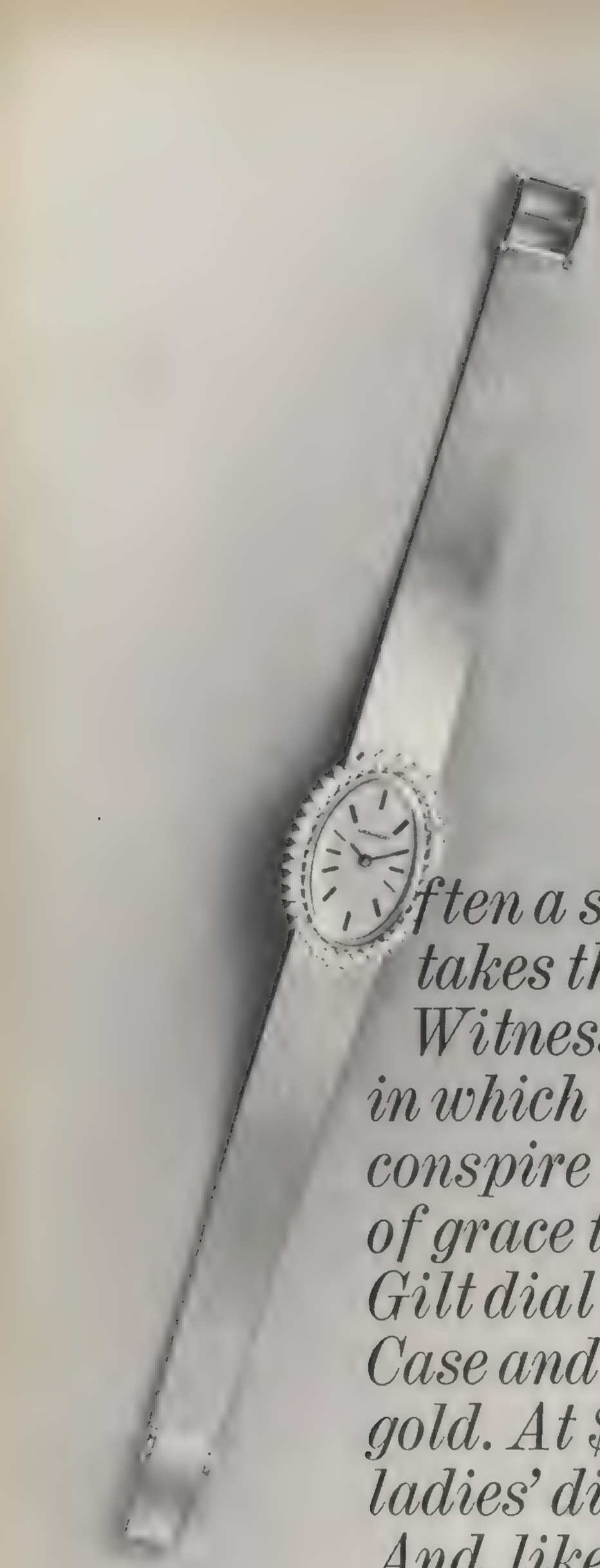
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Now share the secret benefits of this singular cream, benefits sought after and appreciated by a fortunate group of women in many parts of the world who continue to achieve their youngest possible appearance. Olay Vitalizing Night Cream is particularly beneficial for the special dryness problems of older skin. A wealth of ingredients makes wrinkles less noticeable by softening and soothing away aging dryness. And as those aging little wrinkles and other unwelcome lines become less noticeable, you almost inevitably look your youngest.

A single touch tells you that Olay Vitalizing Night Cream is meant for you. This night cream is thick, rich, concentrated. No frivolous, fluffy, lightweight to apply so casually you'd hardly know it was there. Moisturizing ingredients, emollients and soothing unguents, especially appropriate for the very real dry-complexion problems of your mature skin, combine to smooth and cherish your complexion, to ease away dryness. Your complexion grows smoother and softer, beginning with the very first nights of use.

Olay Vitalizing Night Cream was created to be massaged on faithfully, thoroughly, carefully every single night of your life. Use firm but gentle upward strokes of your fingertips, beginning at the very base of your throat and working upward to your forehead. Pay particular attention to the skin around your mouth and eyes, areas where little signs of age can show themselves far too soon.

Be sure, too, to leave a light film of Olay Vitalizing Night Cream on your skin. This acts as a protective barrier that helps keep your skin's own vital moisture from escaping into the night. These silent hours of sleep are a most propitious time for skin enrichment.

Look in your mirror carefully tonight and answer honestly. Can you afford to wait much longer for this very special night cream?

Beauty Hints

If you always want your husband to see you at your very best, so that he thinks your youthful good looks "just happen," then you may want to use Olay Vitalizing Night Cream in total privacy. Massage on before your bath and let the cream work its beautiful magic while you soak luxuriously in a warm tub.

* * *

Your elbows, knuckles, knees and even your heels will respond gratefully to the soothing ingredients of Olay® Vitalizing Night Cream. Why deny them softening and smoothing?

(Advertisement)

Mushroom Snails

six servings

6 very large mushroom caps (reserve stems for another use)
1 stick butter, softened
2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
4 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
2 tablespoons finely chopped chives
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
6 ¾-inch slices French bread
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon peanut oil, such as Huilor

Preheat oven to 400°. Mash together butter, garlic, parsley, chives, salt, and pepper, and use this mixture (which, of course, is the classic stuffing for snails) to fill the mushroom caps. Bake on a buttered baking sheet 7-10 minutes or till mushrooms are cooked but still hold their shape and filling is melted.

Meanwhile, fry the bread slices in the combined heated butter and oil till browned on both sides. If they are ready before the mushrooms, put them into the oven to keep warm. Serve one mushroom and one slice of bread to each person. A fine dish for those who won't eat snails but who love garlic butter.

Variation: For an attractive presentation that takes just a few more minutes, scoop out just enough of the crumb from each slice of bread so that you can set a filled mushroom cap into the hollow in the bread. In this procedure, fry the bread first, frying the flat side till brown. Then brush a little melted butter (or a little of the garlic butter) on the scooped-out side and set into the oven to brown while you are baking the mushrooms. When ready to serve, put a slice of bread, hollow side up, on each plate; place a filled baked mushroom in each hollow.

Calves' Liver with Raisins

two servings

¼ cup wine vinegar mixed with 1 tablespoon water
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons raisins
1 teaspoon dried sage (or 4 fresh sage leaves)
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
2 tablespoons butter
4 very thin slices calves' liver
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

In a saucepan, heat vinegar, sugar, raisins, sage, salt, and pepper to the boiling point and boil for exactly 1 minute. Meanwhile heat the butter in a heavy skillet and sauté the liver for about 1 minute on each side. (It should be brown on the outside but pink inside.) Remove to a hot platter.

Bring vinegar-raisin sauce to the boil once more and pour it into the skillet in which you have cooked the liver. Stir, scraping the brown bits that may be clinging to the pan into the sauce, and pour it all over the liver. Sprinkle with parsley and serve. Delicious with mashed potatoes.

Skewered Shrimp, Sauce Piquante

four servings

20 uncooked shrimp, shelled and deveined
16 bay leaves
Salt and pepper to taste
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 cloves garlic, peeled
6 tablespoons butter
½ cup brandy (or Pernod)
A few dashes of Worcestershire sauce
4 anchovy fillets
Juice of half a lemon

Preheat oven to 350°. Thread shrimp on 4 skewers with bay leaves separating the shrimps. Season, sprinkle with oil. Lay them in an oiled flat baking dish and cook 10-15 minutes, basting often.

In a heavy skillet fry the garlic in 3 tablespoons of the butter until golden; discard the garlic. Add brandy and Worcestershire sauce and reduce by half. Mash together remaining butter and anchovies, mix in lemon juice; add to the skillet and stir until heated through. Pour the heated sauce into a warm flat serving dish, lay the skewers in the sauce, spoon the sauce over the shrimp, and serve.

(Continued on page 111)

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 Continued from page 108

Skewered Shrimps and Ham
four servings

20 uncooked shrimp, shelled and deveined
20 1-inch squares of ham (¼ inch thick)
6 tablespoons butter
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
2 lemons, cut into halves

Thread shrimp onto skewers, alternating with pieces of ham. Melt butter and stir in salt, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce. Pour the seasoned butter into a flat baking dish and lay the skewers on the dish. Bake in a 350° oven 10-15 minutes, turning the skewers occasionally and basting the shrimp very often. Serve with lemon halves.

Algerian Shrimp
four servings

2 dozen shrimp in their shells, uncooked
Coarse salt
Salt and freshly ground pepper
2 lemons, cut in halves

In Algiers we've been served delicious shrimp in their shells prepared in the quickest way imaginable. Amusingly enough, they take longer to eat than to cook.

Heat a large iron skillet over high heat for 5-10 minutes or till *really* hot. Be very careful not to touch the handle without a protective pad. Sprinkle the skillet lightly with coarse salt as soon as you put it on the heat so that the salt becomes very hot. Spread shrimp in their shells in the hot skillet. Cook 3 minutes, turning occasionally till they are nice and pink. Serve in their shells with lemon halves, salt and pepper, and plenty of paper napkins.

Escalopes de Veau Henriette
four servings

4 veal scallops, about 4 inches square and as thin as possible
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
1 egg, lightly beaten
Bread crumbs (you can easily make your own in the blender with bits of leftover bread)
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon oil
½ pound mushrooms, thinly sliced
¼ cup beef broth (or 2 tablespoons each broth and red or white wine)
¼ cup grated imported Parmesan cheese (easily grated in blender)

Have the butcher pound veal scallops as thin as possible; then ask him to pound a bit more! You should have pieces about 4 inches square which you can then cut into 2″ x 4″ rectangles; season. Dip each piece in beaten egg till lightly coated on both sides, letting any excess egg drip off. Then coat lightly on both sides in bread crumbs.

Heat butter and oil in a large heavy skillet and fry veal scallops over medium heat till browned on both sides (about 2 minutes on each side). As each piece is browned, place it in an ovenproof casserole with a lid. When all the veal is in the casserole, fry the mushrooms in the same skillet in which you fried the veal, adding more butter if necessary; season and add to the casserole. (The mushrooms should cook only for a minute or two.) Pour in the broth and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake at 375°, covered, for 5-7 minutes. Serve with buttered noodles.

Betty's Cosmic Cookies
about 40 cookies

1 stick butter, softened
½ cup plus 1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup plus 2 tablespoons flour

Preheat oven to 400°. With a wooden spoon, mix butter and sugar together thoroughly; stir in vanilla. Add flour and stir till well combined. Chill in refrigerator for 30 minutes. (Can be frozen till ready to use and then defrosted until soft but still cold.) Drop by teaspoonfuls far apart on buttered cookie sheet and bake till brown around the edges but still pale in the centers (about 7-10 minutes). Remove carefully with a spatula. Cool on cake racks and serve or store in airtight metal containers till ready to use.

Variations: Stir 4 tablespoons grated almonds into the batter before chilling. Or substitute 1 teaspoon lemon juice for the vanilla and add the grated rind of a lemon to the batter before chilling.





The unhurried uncrowded holiday



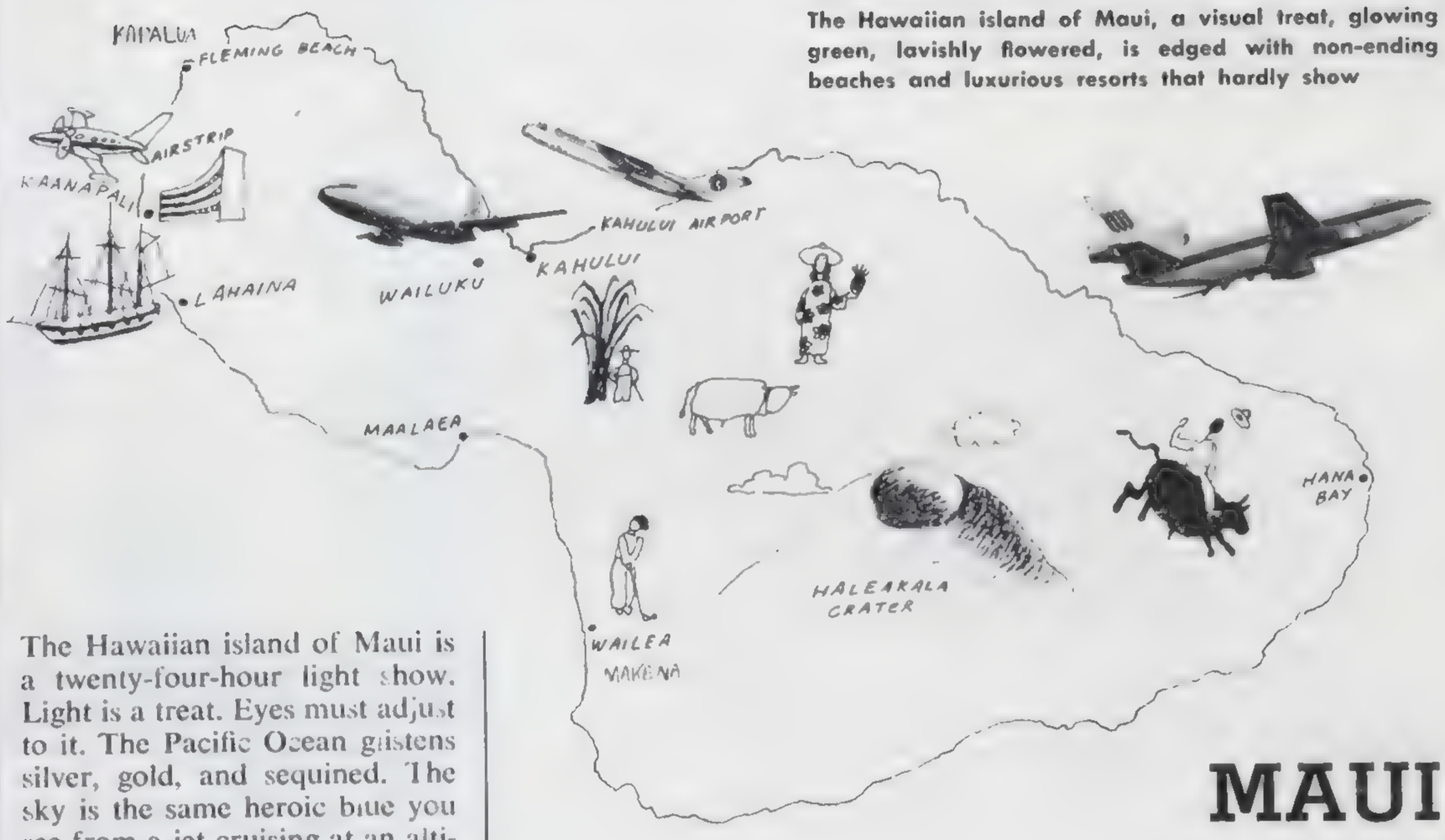
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CAPE ELEUTHERA BAHAMAS

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HAWAIIAN FLASH

The new-news and next-news —on Maui, Molokai, and Lanai



The Hawaiian island of Maui, a visual treat, glowing green, lavishly flowered, is edged with non-ending beaches and luxurious resorts that hardly show

MAUI

GUY BILLOUT

The Hawaiian island of Maui is a twenty-four-hour light show. Light is a treat. Eyes must adjust to it. The Pacific Ocean glistens silver, gold, and sequined. The sky is the same heroic blue you see from a jet cruising at an altitude of thirty-three thousand feet above the weather.

Ten-thousand-foot mountain peaks wrapped in mist seem to hold secrets. You know the gods are still living on Maui, named after a Hawaiian Prometheus, a demigod who snared the sun and discovered fire. Sharply defined rain clouds skittle across sickle-shaped beaches, water them, and float away. Nights are warm and blue.

Thick flower smells—plumeria, pikake, ginger—fill the air. Baby orchids decorate everything from fried eggs, French fried potatoes to steak and float on top of drinks and Coca-Cola. Newcomers begin by collecting each flower, but in no time toss them away. Orchids are the litter of Maui.

Maui, the second-largest island in the Hawaiian chain, has that rare star quality that makes you feel like a "stranger in paradise" even if you've been there before.

Where else do you land at an air terminal, round as a Life Saver, with a tall tree (birds twitter in the branches) shooting up through an opening in the roof? It happens at Maui's jet airport, Kahului, a cheerful landing pad in the valley. The cozy and unhurried airport restaurant, Gate 21, pulls even non-passengers.

A spread of hotels—Maui Palms, Maui Beach, and Maui Hukilao, each with pools and palms, rooms with lanais, and a soothing South Seas ambience—is only ten minutes away from the Kahului airport. (The Landing, a new bar, is a vintage railroad diner.) Built around Maui's two basic industries—pineapple and sugar—Kahului, a new port city, has the bustle of big business.

A short distance away (five miles), the quiet town of Wailuku, backed by velvet green slopes, looks like a New England movie set: steepled church built by missionaries in 1837; shaded streets lined with sun-bleached wooden-slatted houses. Next to a filling station with a marriage-license sign stuck on the gas pump, a simple diner run by Chinese serves superb pumpkin pies and foaming sodas. Wailuku, the county seat of Maui, also covers the two "Neighbor Islands," Molokai and Lanai.

From Wailuku, a cul-de-sac road leads to the lush green Iao Valley. If you like tropical flowers, trees, shrubs, the gurgle of a stream, the powerful smell of ginger in a tranquil setting, this is the place.

Driving clockwise from Kahului to the western end of Maui, the road slashes through fields of tasseled cane bending like ostrich plumes, under canopies of monkey-pod trees. Beyond the tortured skinny trunks of feathery kiawe trees—Hawaii's mesquite—body-surfers romp like porpoises in the blue sea.

Lahaina, a beguiling seaside town, blends Hawaii's past—lovingly preserved by the Lahaina Restoration Foundation—with a tropical St. Tropez cachet. Tombstones, mauve with jacaranda petals, in a small cemetery report silently that the town was once the playworld for Hawaiian royalty, the springboard for missionaries, and the resort for raucous New England whalers.

Lahaina, a friendly town with sailors, tourists, and islanders, is great for shopping and eating. On Front Street, the lineup of small shops with backrooms hanging over the Pacific and facades draped with merchandise billowing in the breeze looks like a Moroccan souk. Good buys: unbleached cotton drawstring pants with matching little tops; bikinis; Japanese straw sandals; crêpe-de-Chine (Continued on page 114)



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"Comb Maui for puka shells—latest rage"

kimonos; hats—fine-woven peanut-colored straws and coconut straws. Stop at Ed's Garden to pick up an orchid for a dollar. Like fresh perfume, the orchids on Maui have a potent flower smell.

The rage for pukas—small, round, white shells with natural holes in the centers—has hit Hawaii. People spend hours combing the beaches of Maui for puka shells, but most visitors generally give up and end by buying them. One, two, or three strands, strung alone or with silver beads, around the neck are new status markers.

Where to eat, stay, shop, revel

Lahaina's landmark, the Pioneer Inn, a revitalized whalers' hangout—green, white, and balconied—gets rolling for breakfast. Try the hotcakes with coconut syrup.

At the Lahaina Broiler, all rope and wooden railings above the sea, the teriyaki steak is marinated with fresh ginger. At the Lahaina Tree House, it's dinner and quiet guitars. At the Whale's Tale, the specialty is fish.

Nick's Fishmarket on Front Street, a twin of the well-known restaurant in Honolulu, is definitely *the* place—new, elegant, candlelit, sparkling crystal and silver, tremendous view of the islands Lanai and Molokai, expensive but worth it. Women dining there dress up prettily. Superb food: lobsters flown in from the East Coast, salmon from Seattle, abalone from Mexico, excellent cellar.

The Food & Beverage Co. (on the ground floor below Nick's Fishmarket), new and tops in its class, is easy and peaceful. Open from 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.—one of the few places open for late dining. Barefoot waiters in shorts look like boat crews. Familiar, well-cooked dishes presented on enormous wooden platters trimmed with slices of papaya, pineapple, a heap of baby-bean-sprout puree, an ear of corn, and an orchid look like tropical still lifes. Out-of-this-world: French fries, waffles, Kona coffee ice cream topped with fresh macadamia nuts. Don't miss it.

Dining at the Yacht Club on a terrace above the lap-lap of the sea is a feast of food and view. Chicken with rosemary, aromatic spaghetti. (Open to guests of members and to members of other yacht clubs.)

Nine o'clock on the map and three miles from Lahaina, the young Kaanapali resort softened by bursts of trees, shrubs, and vines barely dents the seascape—three miles of lion-gold beach.

At Kaanapali, you may never want to leave your hotel, complete as a ship at sea, except here you roll out of bed into the warm peacock-blue sea or onto velvet golf greens. Among the hotels, there is the Sheraton-Maui, an architectural cliff-hanger. All rooms have mesmerizing views. The favorite outdoor lunch and dinner terrace has almost doubled in size.

The green of the championship Royal Lahaina Golf Course meets the grounds of the Royal Lahaina Resort, a spread of cottages, a great hotel, a huge new annex, plus a John Gardiner tennis ranch: daily clinics, video replay, ten courts, six lighted for night play. New, a Carol & Mary Ltd. shop airlifted from Honolulu, its home base; and Brasserie by the Sea, which is just that, opens only in the evening.

Kaanapali Beach Hotel—sea on one side, greens on the other—has a new six-story wing. The Maui Surf Hotel stands a "chip away" from the executive walking course. Its new nightclub, Kapa (quilt) Room, puts on big-name shows.

For people who like to play house on a tropical island, the Kaanapali Plantation and the Maui Eldorado, edging golf greens and views not one bit like home, have attractive, quiet apartments.

Whalers Village in Kaanapali, a knockout architectural complex, spread over eight acres but so well done you don't notice the mileage, blends an outdoor museum focusing on old whaling days with shops, restaurants, ice-cream parlors, and popcorn machines. Fresh additions are a movie theater showing first-run films; Whaler's Prime Rib House; Liberty House's new shop called Gear Up; and, opening in February, H.S. Bounty, a seafood restaurant.

Doers swear by the Kaanapali Activities Center which provides you with everything you want to know about sports fishing, sailing, scuba, boat charters, and makes the arrangements. A green jitney bus cruising around the hotels stops (Continued on page 116)



When you get this far into Tabu, there's no turning back.
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"A Hawaiian suntan is like no other"

to pick up guests going to or returning from the Village, only a short beach-walk away.

Bruce Brown, director of *Endless Summer*, a documentary surfing film, calls Honolua Bay one of the two best spots for waves in the world. Some seven miles north of Kaanapali, Honolua Bay is just one of ten bays in the exciting new Kapalua Development. Spread over six hundred and sixty acres and two miles of coastline, the Kapalua resort includes the loved and well-known Fleming Beach opposite two rows of noble Cook pines. Although the hotel won't open until 1976, the Arnold Palmer golf course will be in action by next summer and the tennis courts, now being readied, will be sunken and come only in pairs.

Visitors going to Fleming Beach regularly stop at the Teahouse of the Maui Moon, a restaurant in lava rocks dripping orchids. It's lovely for breakfast.

On the south coast of Maui along that long tract of dry, raw land edged by kiawe trees and glorious beaches—the best known is Makena—the buzz is the promise of Wailea, a new resort in the making. Already in play is an eighteen-hole golf course designed around poincianas and golden shower trees, built-in hazards to golfers. The clubhouse with its pleasant restaurant is built of rough-hewn woods and concrete softened by masses of ferns. By spring 1976, the Wailea resort will have two inns along a beach, tennis, and a shopping center.

In the vibrantly tropical green and easternmost end of Maui, Hana, a small Hawaiian village, dozes. The shock is the luxurious bungalow complex of Hana Maui, a transplanted bit of civilization where you can do everything from riding to strumming a ukulele or succumb to Polynesian Paralysis as some celebrities do. With only fifty-seven units, superbly arranged with screened lanais, dressing rooms, Chinese lamps, regulars often book a year ahead for their "Hana Therapy" stay.

On Maui: Kapalua Bay's palm- and pine-fringed Fleming Beach



CHRIS MEADE

SUN NOTES

Hawaiian sun is sneaky, you can easily "fry." Use Hawaiian Tropic Professional Tanning Oil geared to the island's sun and air and made from coconut oils. The sand can burn, too; wear sandals to the sea's edge. Always have something to protect the sensitive parts of your anatomy—shoulders, legs, feet—sitting on the beach, lunching by the sea, or, even walking along Lahaina's Front Street. Always wear a hat and sunglasses. The color and quality of a Hawaiian suntan are like no others in the world.

Racing with the clouds—to a Maui crater

To appreciate Maui thoroughly, people should go to the Haleakala Crater, a totally different slice of the island. On the road, you pass split wooden fences, horses and cattle grazing, rolling meadows, fields of morning glories, carnation farms, but the best stretch is through the tall, ancient eucalyptus forest. After driving through clouds rising like blown smoke, suddenly you are surrounded by barren rocky slopes. From the rim of the crater, the vast bowl —large enough to hold all of Manhattan—is all cold pinks, creams, sulphur yellows, and bleached-bone whites. The winds blow, clouds blow. It is cold. (Walk slowly, wear a heavy coat.)

To fortify yourself on the way up to the crater, breakfast at the Kula Lodge at some thirty-two hundred feet up. Don't linger long over eggs with Portuguese sausages nor by the fireplace, remember you are racing the clouds to the crater. On the return, warm up at the Silversword Inn by an enormous central fireplace under a copper hood; try the waffles with pecans and bananas.

Going down, warm air and gentle greens greet you. You welcome the hot sun and orchids. It's like coming home. (Continued)



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"Two 'sleeper' islands about to be roused"

Two islands that enrich the view from Maui's western coast: Molokai and Lanai. When the dawn mist rises, Lanai, smooth as a whale, turns pink, mauve, and silver; Molokai, all green craggy peaks, shines like the first day of the world. These are "sleeper" islands, about to be roused to the twentieth-century.

MOLOKAI

On Molokai, rust-red paths slash through grey-green pineapple plantations. Along the eastern shore, time-worn coral walls circle ancient Hawaiian fishponds. Kaunakakai, the capital city, has the simplicity of an old West town. To explore Molokai's beauty—deep valley meadows with Charolais cattle, waterfalls, cliffs, beaches—a four-wheel-drive wagon is the answer.

In the chiaroscuro woods, you glimpse axis deer, tawny with white polka dots, a gift from the Emperor of Japan to King Kamehameha, who summered there.

The thunderous rumble on the western half of Molokai—7,500 acres taken over by the Kaluakoi Corporation—is a start-from-scratch development. As a nice prologue, a vast nursery has already been planted with tropical trees for future landscaping.

The new hotel (a complex of low buildings planned to open early in 1976) will stand on fantastic, unpeopled Kepuhi Beach. Already safe in a two-hundred-acre park are endangered animals —giraffes, ibex, Nubian goats, antelopes—from all over the world.

Now the place to stay in Molokai is the seashore bungalows of the Hotel Molokai. Under rackety palms, simple rooms with good plumbing open on shaded lanais with wicker swings—a symbol of the island's pace. Pool swimming; a crusty beach for walks; riding, Jeeps, fishing.

For a drink, drive to Banyan Court, a beachcomberish, friendly bar under a huge banyan tree.



GUY BILLOUT

Within Hawaii, America's fiftieth state, Molokai and Lanai—the trendy two—with Maui form a three-island county

LANAI

"There's a Small Hotel" is the song for the Lanai Lodge on Lanai, a different but indelibly Hawaiian small island. Roughly nine miles from either Maui or Molokai, Lanai has a Swiss crispness (sweaters necessary) and, at night, the air smells of kiawe wood burning in fireplaces. At about fifteen hundred feet above the Pacific, the simple chalet (eleven rooms) stands among dark Norfolk Island pines. In the forseeable tomorrow, Lanai will have a new hotel, beach parks, and boat moorings—the first phase of a new project. The Lanai Company, a division of Castle & Cooke, owners of almost the whole island, plans to use one sixth of the island's unused land to build a second hotel, country houses, a shopping center—without changing the low-key charm of the island.

Lanai has the romance of a treasure locked up (although the people never lock up houses or cars). Life is easy. First you hear the plane, then drive to the airport. Lanai City is a small town of pastel houses in gardens, a bank in a mustard-yellow cottage, three shops selling insurance and soda pop, a police force of six (just big enough for around-the-clock shifts), and two service stations that rent out four-wheelers for maneuvering the rust-red trails. Another good way to travel: on horseback to isolated, marvelous beaches.

Sportsmen from Maui often cross over to Lanai for the day to beachcomb, scuba, and snorkel. The trip—about three hours on a sailboat, forty minutes on a motor cruiser—carries you years back in time. (Continued on page 120)

Halston by Hartmann

or how to take the excess out of baggage.



The new Halston Ultrasuede™ Collection by Hartmann is unconstructed yet well-constructed.

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Good to know about the I.T.B. fare: you are permitted two free stopovers in any city on United's direct routing to Honolulu—Chicago, Denver, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

If you prefer to let someone else put together a trip to Hawaii for you, a good tour choice would be the one-week "Hawaii Bonanza à la Carte" run by Hawaiian Holidays, Inc., combining four nights at the Ala Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach in Honolulu with three nights on Maui—either at the Royal Lahaina Resort or the Sheraton-Maui. Included in the package: round-trip air fare from New York on United, the Honolulu/Maui round trip on Hawaiian Air, lei greeting at the airport in Honolulu, airport-hotel transfers, baggage handling, escorted tours on both the islands of Oahu and Maui.

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For further information on Maui, Molokai, and Lanai, write Vogue Travel, Dept. HW, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.



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By Marianne Greenwood

BY MEXICO POSSESSED

Odd passions for jungles, jaguars, stars

EDITOR'S NOTE:

A writer and photographer born in Sweden, Marianne Greenwood looked at life in Lapland and France; traveled indefatigably in Europe and both Americas; published many photographs, some writing in articles and books before she fell in love with Mexico and—without the camera's mediation—produced this unstinting confession.

There is so much to see in Mexico that it is enough to fill one's eyes for the rest of one's life. Mexico is a country of great contradictions and great dimensions. Here is everything, but more of everything: it is blacker, whiter, the colors are gaudier, it is more beautiful, crueler, grief is more harrowing, joy more delirious. Mexico is exuberantly rich and frighteningly sterile, passionately wild and immoderately lovely. The Mexican himself, on the surface carefree but full of complexes and weighed upon by a bloody history, is a being more spiritual than physical. He is romantic to the point of sentimentality, reckless, sometimes comically touching, always noble and incredibly handsome.

One may fall in love with a country, and with an incurable, passionate love I am bound to Mexico. First of all it is the country itself, then I love the Mexican men, no, the children! and then the women, and finally the Mexican dogs, the donkeys in Mexico, the sun—Mexico's hot sun—the mariachi music, the pigs, the ants on the paths of Mexico, the parrots in the trees in the Mexican jungle, and well—since I love people—I love the tourists in Mexico!

Everyone looks for and finds his own Mexico, unique and unlike anyone else's. But no one can visit the country without being deeply affected. Enchanted, embittered, annihilated, afraid but delighted. One feels helplessly drawn into an embrace that is as ravishing and at the same time as terrifying as a night in Chiapa's jungle, the forest that never sleeps.

Nothing is so fascinating as a night in the jungle with its mystique; the somehow ubiquitous murmuring from animals you do not see, the sharp but indefinable sounds of plants eating animals, wild beast devouring wild beast, animals eating plants. One feels the death agony, the death struggle, the feeling of lust and treacherous embrace, and one knows that a thousand eyes are staring at one while one is drawn deeper and deeper into the unknown. The smell of wild beasts is palpable, and is blended with the perfume of orchid and mold. The call of the tropical birds—at once indecent, delightful, hesitating and shy, viciously raucous, enticing and lisping—fills every eventual pause in the jungle concert.

PALENQUE, OH! PALENQUE!

Night has fallen over Palenque's temple ruins. We are sitting, a group of people from the world's great family, on the topmost step of the Palace and watching one constellation after the other appear in a deep blue night sky. The ensnaring, chokingly moist jungle, that for centuries has taken possession of everything, envelops us like a cloak. The elegant lords on the stucco fresco, in tulle and embroidery, stand in line behind us, and their mysterious presence enhances the mood of unreality. In the streaming moonlight the pyramids of the temple buildings seem like dream pictures on the point of dissolving, to merge into the black rain forest and vanish into the recesses of history as mysteriously and without trace as their builders, and without giving us the clue we need in order finally to interpret their message.

"Scientists consider that the pyramidal form acts like a magnet to, or collector of, natural

(Continued on page 124)

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"A Swedish lady heard the jaguar calling her"

radiation. All natural forces are also collected and active in each one of us," says Moises Morales, a noble Mexican from the high plateau of the Aztecs but dedicated for life and eternity to Maya. He is Palenque's "soul" and the friend of the Lacantun, the last Mayas. Moises has knowledge. Moises loves. He gives his knowledge with love and a good spice of humor into the bargain.

"The great man whose bones rested in 'The Temple with the Inscriptions' just opposite doubtless knew of these truths. He had the pyramid built during his lifetime and arranged for his magnificent sepulcher for his eternal rest—without forgetting a channel to the fresh air so that he could breathe, or perhaps send communications to the outside world! There he lay, guarded by the Nine Lords of the Night in Mayan mythology, as undisturbed as an Egyptian Pharaoh, until twenty years ago, when a fellow named Alberto Ruz found him. However, before anyone could pose a single question the mysterious king was transformed into red cinnabar dust and a heap of jade ornaments."

Who was he, this ruler of Palenque, do we find him on any of the weathered frescoes, do any of the hieroglyphs tell us about him? Was he perhaps the noble prince on "The Beautiful Relief" ("Relieve Hermoso") of which Count Frederick Waldeck made a drawing at the beginning of last century, though the original has since been completely effaced by time and the all-devouring rain forest? Like a highborn Indian prince from a tale in the Arabian Nights he sits on a throne borne by two roaring jaguars and holds court. "Listen to me!" says his gesture. We listen. We hear nothing. We understand nothing. His whole appearance is witty and refined; he carries no weapons, nor is his countenance covered by any mask of religious significance. On his head wave light feathers. He is evidently a learned man and a product of an incredibly cultivated community.

What was Palenque, so unlike all other Mayan cities? A cultural and artistic center? A metropolis for magic and occult powers? For astrology? A winter residence for kings, a Mayan Susa? Or a Mayan Olympus? A counterpart to the equally mysterious Teotihuacán, the sacred city in Mexico's valley, "where the serpent miraculously learned to fly"—that is to say, where by cultivating his soul man attained the right to be regarded as a celestial being, and where death was only an awakening from the dream of life and the beginning of an eternal life as god! Thus a burial place! A sacred cemetery with mausoleums!

We sit in silence and look at the stars, each lost in unspoken musings and guesses. Venus is shining like a sun.

"In contradistinction to other old civilizations the Mayans knew that the evening and the morning star were one and the same celestial body—Venus! However, the secrets of the cult of Venus were only for the initiated priests and scientists. They had a deep knowledge of cosmology, mathematics and other sciences . . ." begins Enrique, an erudite Palencófilo whose studies keep him constantly traveling from one place to another, lost in the historical labyrinth of his country, which has neither entrance nor exit.

"They had a more accurate calendar than we," he goes on. "What of such importance does astronomy do now? It was so important for the ancient Mayans that we know that an astronomical congress was held in Copán in 503 A.D. The result is engraved on a stone altar there."

"In order to get maize to grow in this tropical jungle the priests had to have a deep knowledge of astronomy, as the planting of maize is not conditioned by the seasons but depends on rainy periods which are in their turn dependent on the shifting influence of the moon. The Lacantun still sow their maize according to the old Mayan calendar," says Moises.

"I believe in astrology! And in the influence of the planets upon us humans, too," declares a young American woman. "Do you see the Pleiades up there? Those tiny stars in a single cluster?" She points and explains to her female friend, who appears, however, to have her doubts about both stars and people.

"I shall show you," insists the first speaker, and before we know where we are she has flung off her clothes and cries:

"My hands and feet are stars and my head is a star. Now I lie in the same direction as the constellation—now!" and suddenly the "Rattle of the Rattlesnake," called *tzab* by the Mayan astronomers, has fallen down at our astonished feet on the temple

(Continued on page 126)



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MEXICO Continued from page 124

stairway. Thus our American woman is transformed into a fireworks of celestial bodies arranging themselves in well-known constellations, one after the other.

"The 'Great Bear'!" she announces. "But with too short a tail, that you must imagine projected from my right hand. And if you bind my star-feet and prolong the line you come to the polestar."

"The polestar was one of the Mayan gods and the protector of travelers. He was married to the young Moon goddess. The Maya had many both subterranean and celestial gods, just hear: The Fat god, the Black god called Ek Chuak, the god "The Lizard's House" with his spouse, the Rainbow lady, the Bat god, the Bee god. . . ." Enrique muses without taking his eyes from the "Great Bear" on the temple stairway.

"Come and help me, I haven't enough stars for 'the Virgin'" cries our naked teacher in stellar interpretation; but before some willing pupil has had time to volunteer the moon disappears behind a ragged cloud. The lords on the stucco frescoes withdraw into the darkness. The performance is at an end and the stars guiltily resume their places in the sky. A cold current of air makes me shiver. Strange noises like the murmur of voices and sighs come from the interior of the temple and mingle with the jungle symphony.

"Are there still jaguars in the jungle round here, Moises?"

"Listen, perhaps you will hear it!" says Moises. "When the jaguar roars, all the other animals fall silent. His fearful roar still hovers, as it were, in the darkness for a long, long time. And his roaring is heard over great distances. Even to Sweden!"

"To Sweden?"

"Yes, even to Sweden," he repeats. He is silent; but we all know he is preparing a fresh narrative. After some minutes of pregnant silence to heighten the tension he begins:

"Why just there, in your strange country at the Pole, where the sun shines uninterruptedly day and night in summer and never peeps over the horizon in winter, did a lady suddenly hear that a jaguar was calling her to Palenque?"

"The jaguar has a magical significance in all Indian religions. We all know of the mysterious Ólmec's jaguar-god with the face of a baby. The jaguar is the nocturnal image of the sun. The sun's shadow, so to speak," says Enrique. "The flying dragon of the Maya has a jaguar's head and his body consists of clouds. . . ."

Moises does not allow himself to be disturbed and goes on:

"In any case this Swedish lady heard how the jaguar was calling her hither urgently, demandingly, and with such persistence that she had no choice but to betake herself headlong to Palenque as if to an assignation with a lover. Just after she arrived, she began to wander about in the jungle around these ruins and the river, seeking her jaguar. He called her. She answered. His voice was now quite close. She was sure it was she he was calling and she was completely deaf to our mockery and joking.

"One day news came that the spoor of a jaguar had been found near the ruins. I tried to warn our friend against wandering alone without arms, but she only smiled and assured me that she was not afraid. He was her friend. He did not wish her any harm."

Moises falls silent and appears to be listening. Do we not all hear a distant roaring from the forest? We are all agog. But all we can distinguish is a gentle rustling, the purling, lapping sound of the little river, the song of the cicadas and the croaking of frogs.

"So one day the jaguar had been right up to the outskirts of the village. Never in living memory had a jaguar been found so near to an inhabited place. Without informing my Swedish friend, who was still straying about in the forest like an unhappy Ophelia, a party set out on a jaguar hunt. I will not weary you with an account of how such an expedition is planned and carried out. The point is that they succeeded in killing the animal.

"When the Swedish lady returned from the jungle and was walking down the village street she met the cortège with the jaguar, which had already been flayed and was being carried on a pole between two of the hunters. It was the biggest specimen I have ever seen. When she saw the jaguar, she uttered a frightful shriek, so heartrending that I still have it in my ear. She flung herself over the creature's body, embraced it, wept and accused herself loudly for the animal's death. We had at last to tear her away from her dead darling by main force. For three days and three nights we heard her incessant weeping and lamentation, which filled our hearts with grief and pangs of conscience; and then one day she was gone, without leaving a trace. Palenque has never heard more of her. I miss her. She was a real Maya, although she had the misfortune to be born a little far away."

Moises falls silent. The moon takes the opportunity to peep out again and light up the lace embroideries on the temple roof of the sun. ▽

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VOGUE **POLITICS** By Allene Talmey

HIGH-LEVEL BAFFLEGAB

Today's politicians "talk the terminology" —language contrived for un-communication

Arthur Burns, head of the Federal Reserve Bank in Washington, said we are in a recession. President Ford at a press conference said: "I do not think the United States is in a recession. We do have economic problems, but it's a very mixed situation." I saw a few days later this bumper sticker: "Let's Keep Recession a Secret." Alan Cranston of California said: "Recession isn't completely bad: It has allowed every American to live in a more expensive neighborhood without moving."

What that proves for President Ford is that it is dangerous to use tapioca words, that clear thinking leads to clear words and clean sentences. Although the late Senator Everett Dirksen had a rolling delight in verbal elegance—so did Adlai Stevenson—Midwestern politicians now dislike such elegance. They have pitiful vocabularies. The President speaks with a vigorous, accented voice, often extending his arm, his right index finger bent for emphasis but not aggression; his words, however, are not as sharp as mint-flavored Crest. To a reporter's sloppily phrased question on school busing in Boston, the President gave so indolent and meandering an answer that it immediately threw him into trouble with the mayor of Boston.

Tall, healthy, the color of maple sugar from hair to his neck, President Ford said without much pause for choosing exact words called for by his position: "I deplore the violence that I have read about and seen on television. I think that's most unfortunate. I would like to add this, however. The court decision [Federal] in that case, in my judgment, was not the best solution to quality education in Boston. I have consistently opposed forced busing to achieve racial balance as a solution to quality education." For the next few days President Ford kept clarifying that statement, took some of it back, bewildered by the shock in Massachusetts and other states. Innumerable editorial writers remembered how President Eisenhower twenty years ago took care of such a situation in Little Rock, Arkansas.

It doesn't do to think in sloppy ways in the White House. Following the unfortunate sliding phrases of Alan Greenspan, the chairman of his Council of Economic Advisers, President Ford sometimes slides in his speeches; but at least they are in English. According to James J. Kilpatrick, Jr., the careful, conservative columnist, Greenspan "speaks no English, and the rest of us speak no Greenspan." To prove his point, Kilpatrick gave this quotation from Greenspan: "If you extrapolate the strains that we now already see as a consequence of what we have for an extended period of time, the institutions—economical, financial, structural—begin to break down because they are essentially constructed or have been developed over the decades in the context of low, single-digit inflation. . . ."

I can't go on. Thirty-eight words later Greenspan came to a period. Mist all the way. What he meant was we'll have to change our ways.

At least President Ford, now not quite as much at slippered ease with the national press as during his Vice-Presidential days, never learned the lunatic jargon, the special Esperanto of his predecessor's White House. Then you heard "zero-defect system" and "information opportunities" and "hard-nose it out." In those days President Nixon looked you not in the eye but at your earring or Adam's apple. President Ford looks you smartly in the eye, sees you, and smiles—comforting, attractive, his words hovering, unwary, less innocent than perhaps naïve. ▽


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By Melva Weber

VOGUE HEALTH

Vitamin E: doctors who like it... Christmas blues: precanceled... cancer: stopped before it starts

Vitamin E... what doctors say now

Though health and nutrition experts still argue about vitamin E's benefits (many doctors say E-capsules are a useless fad), it is a recognized dietary essential. It is also used for medical treatment in a number of serious conditions; certain types of anemia, dermatitis, and circulation problems. Doctors have suggested that people who switch completely to polyunsaturated fats in order to avoid cholesterol problems should also take added vitamin E.

Most recently, vitamin E was put to work preventing eye problems in premature babies who must have added oxygen in hospital incubators. "Preemies," who need the oxygen to breathe, are in danger of blindness when the oxygen damages tiny blood vessels in their retinas. Dr. Lois Johnson of the University of Pennsylvania now gives vitamin-E injections to premature babies and places them on oral doses as soon as possible. She's still gathering scientific data to validate this treatment, but results so far show less eye disease in E-treated infants, much faster recovery in those who do have oxygen-affected eyes.

While vitamin E-takers' belief that their favorite vitamin can slow down aging has not yet found scientific proof, here's a hint from superscience: *Chemical & Engineering News* reports that the University of California's Dr. Lester Packer uses vitamin E to keep human cells alive and replicating longer, so human genetics can be studied at the cell level. Laboratory-grown human lung cells, given vitamin E, will go on dividing for 120 generations. Without it, the cells stop dividing at about fifty generations.

Those Christmas-at-our-throats-again blues...

Making some useful resolutions *before* New Year's Day can spare you a case of the holiday blues, advised Dr. Zigmond Lebensohn, clinical professor of psychiatry at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. He commended a firm determination to get enough rest, to eat regular meals, to avoid overdrinking. More cases of depression occur during the Christmas-New Year holidays than at other times, Dr. Lebensohn said. One cause, besides neglect of health rules: unrealistic expectations. It's important not to expect too much joy and excitement during the holidays and even to expect a certain normal letdown sometime during the festive season. Being *aware* of possible holiday emotional stresses and strains is your best guard against them, said Dr. Lebensohn.

Dr. Lilian Winer, a Georgetown University psychiatric social worker, thinks holiday "downs" can be handled through understanding your own mood changes. "Remember, you don't always have to feel happy," she said. "You shouldn't, if you've 'had it for the day.'"

Good food against bad habits

Nutritional protection against the ravages of hard drinking and heavy smoking may be possible. Dr. Herbert Sprince of Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia has found evidence that a combination of vitamin C, vitamin B_1, and the amino acid cysteine may combat the body insults of chronic drinking and smoking, which produce a substance called acetaldehyde. When laboratory rats were given the vitamin-amino-acid combination, then injected with an otherwise lethal dose of acetaldehyde, they survived. Dr. Sprince's "interesting finding" can never justify excessive drinking and smoking but may produce useful knowledge on the pharmacologic effects of the vitamins and amino acids.

Rough stuff to fight disease

The natural-foods crowd has been cheering for lots of roughage in the diet for a long time; now the surgeons, gastroenterologists, and other physicians have joined the chorus. Writer Charles Marwick points out in *Medical World News* that evidence is building up in favor of bringing back fiber and bulk in foods. The smooth, low-residue diet that we prefer in the Western world may be to blame for a wide variety of disease—diverticulosis, hiatus hernia, gallbladder disease, appendicitis, colon cancer, heart disease, hemorrhoids, thrombosis, obesity, and diabetes.

England's famed Dr. Denis Burkitt pointed out that lack of diet fiber prolongs the transit time of feces in the intestine, allows bacteria to develop, and exposes the intestinal lining to toxic materials for a longer time. Other doctors found that fiber deficiency may be a cause of cholesterol buildup, resulting in one type of gallstones as well as heart disease. The combination of high carbohydrate and low fiber in the diet is associated, according to epidemiologists, with increased diverticular disease along with gallbladder and heart disease. That whole wheat bread and fresh fruit you've been eating may be doing more for you than you thought.

How wide the yawn

Physicians have differing theories about yawning, but they generally arrive at the same conclusion: They're in favor of it. In *The New England Journal of Medicine*, doctors swapped opinions about the purpose of the yawn. New York allergist Dr. Sheppard Siegal notes that during yawning, the sense of smell is enhanced; so perhaps animals and primitive man developed the habit of yawning before sleep and upon waking, to scent enemies more easily. Dr. Melvin Twiest of Ann Arbor, Michigan thinks the yawn is intended to ventilate the lungs and prevent collapse of the tiny air sacs after a time of inadequate breathing. Dr. Aaron Friedell of Minneapolis, Minnesota, points out that yawning restores oxygen to the blood. And Dr. Kulwant S. Bhangoo of Buffalo, New York, says that contracting and stretching muscles in the jaws and the diaphragm squeezes blood out and in, stimulating circulation. But why, then, oh why is the yawn so contagious? And aren't you yawning this minute?

Brace up your teeth—invisibly

Braces may make teeth beautiful, but metal braces themselves don't do much for your smile. According to Middletown, N.Y., orthodontists Arthur M. Gensior and Russell Strauss, many adults yearn to have their irregular teeth straightened but can't bear the thought of facing the world for many months in "tinsel-tooth" metal braces. Now, thanks to the advance of chemistry, those necessary bands that go over the front teeth can be made of clear polycarbonate plastic, virtually invisible when you smile. A single fine wire that crosses the teeth being corrected is all that can be seen; and enthusiastic wearers say the tiny wire is truly unobtrusive. If you are one of those doing without orthodontia because of the big steel braces, ask your orthodontist about the direct-bonded plastic types.



RONALD KAJIWARA

"While visions of perfect teeth danced through their heads"

To sidestep cancer: pre-Pap testing

Scientists at the Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital in Philadelphia are at work developing a test to catch cervical cancer before it happens. Dr. Richard Gutekunst explained that the vaginal smear taken in the doctor's office may be tested to detect early antigens to herpesvirus type two, a virus related to cervical cancer. If clumping happens when the sample is mixed with certain antibodies, it would show that the patient might soon develop cancerous cells. The Philadelphia research team's aim: a fast, reliable pre-cancer test that physicians may use in regular gynecologic examinations.



Current Attraction. A famous beauty steps off the silver screen. It has all the shape and shimmer of an evening gown. But you buy it in the sleepwear department. For only about $15. Wedgwood Blue (shown), Melonette, Buff, Sugarplum, Black or Heaven Blue Satin Ravissant® of anti-cling Antron® III nylon. Sizes 32 to 40. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

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Both are available in numerous forms of perfume and perfume-strength cologne plus bath and beauty products.

And all are wrapped shining and festive for the holidays in monogrammed foil.

The Germaine Monteil Beauty Consultant…at your favorite department or specialty store everyday…will introduce you to Christmas presence…that lasts a long time.

Germaine Monteil

VOGUE BOUTIQUE

DECEMBER TREASURY...Deliciousness for Christmas!



PURE-ALLURE LOOKS to wrap into SPLENDIDLY for At-Home Gorgeousness . . . 1. From the 'thirties, ebony satin "Chinese" pyjama, hand-embroidered in silk colored cyclamen, citron, teal, and mandarin red on a border of ivory . . . edged again in black ostrich! $450. From a one-of-a-kind collection at Zoé, 329 No. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif. . . . **MULTI-PERFECTION** . . . 2. Black cashmere knitted kimono and narrow-legged matching pants—to wrap closed with a ribbon of black satin for the *ultimately seductive* evening pyjama . . . (wear *endlessly* for day with pullovers and silky shirts . . . AND . . . the mid-thigh kimono is the Perfect-Covering for crêpe de Chine dressing in warm places!) $450. Halston Ltd., 813 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. **JEWEL** . . . 3. Thinnest ivory silk-chiffon kimono, the back design, a gently painted tropical bird—shades of pale peony, rose, citron, chartreuse, and turquoise. To wrap over ivory chiffon trousers, $750. By Jim Reva. Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., and Reva's, 9612 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, Calif. **TREASURE** . . . 4. One-of-a-kind Chinese top from the '20's. Exquisitely silk-embroidered. Perfect over velvet trousers for dinners à deux . . . a delicious covering for a bias nightgown. . . . Peach jacquard silk, edged and embroidered in shades of teal, $95. Zoé, 329 No. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.









Pleasure Places

VIENNA: C. Demel & Sons, former Viennese court caterer, for 180 years Vienna's Pastry-Paradise! Across from the Imperial Palace, Demel's is *the* place where Viennese nobility enjoyed the ritual afternoon "cup of coffee and almond puff." . . . Today as 180 years ago, the same pastry recipes, the same Empire decor of marble-tabled, brass- and crystal-filled rose-and-cream colored tearooms! Collectors' trove . . . their turn-of-the-century bonbon boxes filled with marzipan, "Les Orangines," "Les Cyclamens" . . . THEY *WILL* SHIP TO THE U.S. Write for their list of chocolate flavors, *shippable* pastries, prices. . . . C. Demel & Sons, Kohlmarkt 14, Austria-1010, Vienna. **WASHINGTON D.C.:** Le Sorbet, 3212 "O" St., Georgetown. Branch of Paris' La Sorbetiére (Fauchon is their customer). . . . Incredible pure fruit sherbets in flavors of fruits of the season. . . . FOR CHRISTMAS: chestnut, mango, cassis, tangerine, passion fruit—a special sorbet—Buche de Noël. . . . They will ship. Quart, $4.10; half-gallon, $7.65. They have gift certificates too . . . a flavor a month?!!!

Last-Minute Pleasure Presents

● Lilies-of-the-valley in wooden greenhouse flats ($20); potted cyclamen (from $10); white calla lily plants, the N.Y. super-chic flower (from $10 to $15) . . . Tony's Flower Store, 33 E. 68th St., N.Y.C. Tel. (212) 249-8807. ● Boxwood Christmas trees hung with fresh fruit or children's toys . . . Jean-Jacques Bloos, 1025 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. Tel. (212) 861-0575. ● From Tom Krön NOT ABLE TO BE MAILED: Fruit Plate: semi-sweet chocolate "plate" covered with fresh raspberries or apples! . . . Whole bunches of seedless grapes covered with dark chocolate. . . . ABLE TO BE MAILED: Giant Fruit Logs—apricots, prunes, brandied raisins ground together, covered with chocolate. . . . Krön Chocolatier, 764 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Tel. (212) 472-1234. ● Anything from E.A.T. is owned by Eli Zabar. . . . A Garland stove—the best according to those who know about cooking. $1,095. . . . E.A.T., 1064 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. . . . CALIFORNIA DELIGHTS! ● Gift certificates for beauty treatments at Aida Thibiant, 353 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif. Tel. (213) 278-7565. Facial series, $108; massage series, $81; a beauty day, $43. ● Chocolate mousse pies ($10 per pie)—from La Mousse, 8020 West 3rd St., Los Angeles, Calif. Tel. (213) 651-2575. PERFECT WRAPPINGS (below) . . . tissue paper—colored aubergine, terra-cotta, teal, etc. Tie with narrow, colored knitting yarn, cord, satin ribbon. . . . Add découpage or old postcards (Brandon's Memorabilia, 1 W. 30th St., Room 202, N.Y.C.) OR . . . wrap with fabric—batik, Provençal cotton . . . or handkerchiefs that become part of the present . . . or brown paper, mauve satin ribbon, and one fresh flower!

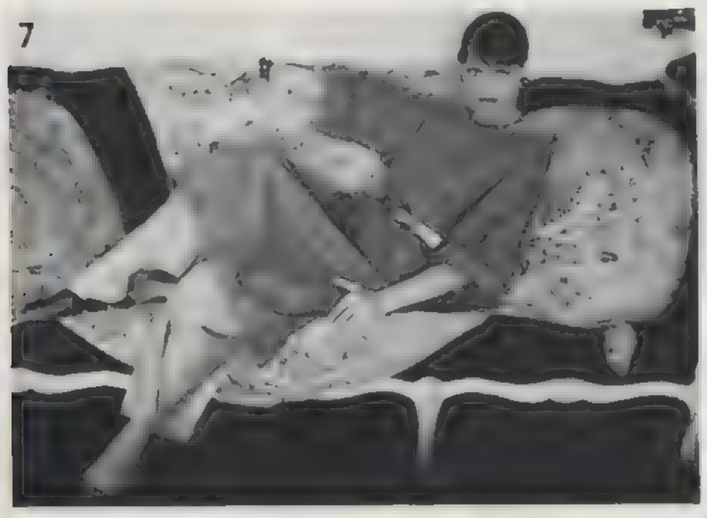
stars...





THE SHOE FOR DECEMBER: 5. Fuchsia satin paper-flat mule, $50. By Herbert Levine, Bonwit Teller, N.Y.C. **THE EVENING BAG:** 6. Tiny black satin (evening) pouch to knot your "necessaries" in . . . $75. Bobby Breslau for Halston Ltd., 813 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

to know!





It began in Paris . . . the shop that created the SUMMER-EASY look of thin cotton "smock" blouses and dresses—LA MAISON BLEUE, 12, Rue Pierre Lescot. FOR WINTER-EASY: 7. Caramel "baby" flannel kimono-sleeved pullover dress (wear belted over toast pyjama, $12; D.D. Dominick, 220 E. 60th St., N.Y.C.). 8. Deliciously ample oatmeal wool pullover shirt, $58, belted over toast baby-flannel mid-calf circular skirt, $38. All, LA MAISON BLEUE, at Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.

BARBARA BERSELL





London



TO KNOW ABOUT—Morton's Restaurant and Bar, 28 Berkeley Square. Peter Morton's new private dinner club . . . a Georgian house decorated early '40's flamingo-pink and ivy-green (shades of the Beverly Hills Hotel), and everything to eat from peanut butter and jelly sandwiches to caviar . . . 'til 1:30 A.M. . . . where all those amusing and super-attractive people go when in London—definitely THE LONDON PLACE!

Embellish your ego.
Or your alter ego.
Wear diamonds on anything you love.
Wherever you roam.
Morning, noon or night alleys.

A diamond is for now.

Your jeweler can show you many exciting diamond pieces starting at low as $100

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VOGUE BOUTIQUE

DECEMBER...For Hot Places...NEWS!

(Sun-Treasures from Cinnamon Wear) . . . The most modern, easy, breezy, and beguiling looks to collect in stacks for vacations now . . . and—to save for summer! (You'll not find better in June!) The new look of sun-clothes—simple, uncomplicated, touched with charm . . . skirts that wrap, blouses that "blouse," dresses that float over the body . . . blowy! Thinnest cotton, all, sun-colored—white, terra-cotta, bleached marine, washed peach . . . to wear with bare, bronzed skin, flat straw slippers, and sun-brilliant-Indian gauze scarves . . . SMASHING!!! The only severe problem . . . how to make a choice!!!






1




3

News . . . The Easy-Dresses!

1. Washed indigo cotton smock dress, long sleeves to roll—gathered yoke—to waist-tie or wear loose, $41. 2. Sun-washed-coral pullover-dress of Indian madras, low-square neck, short sleeved. Add a hat and sandals for summer-towns—easy enough to pull over a bikini, $39. 3. White madras "overall" sundress deeply-pocketed, to wear mid-calf with paper-flat sandals . . . for day or evening charming, $37.

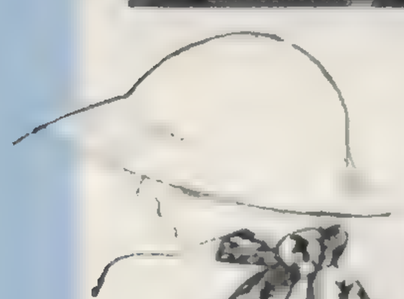
Sun-Classics

To Collect: 4. The shorts—perfect length, perfectly pocketed, cotton poplin (tan, white, terra-cotta, and Portugal blue), $15. The shirt—short-sleeved, mandarin-collared, madras cotton, $21. 5. The Drawstring Pyjamas—pocketed, straight-legged, thin Indian madras cotton, $21. The shirt—short-sleeved, button-front, collared camp-shirt in all colors, $21.



The Treat!

White Indian cotton "kimono" to sash or wear loose as the perfect "summer coat" over matching pants, skirts . . . or nothing. . . .
THE Summer dressing gown of all time! $35.


MARTHA VOUTAS


6 7

Sun-Touches!

6. The perfect scarves to wrap sun-heads (waists, necks . . .), in perfect sun-colors of violet, turquoise, tangerine, ocher, khaki, white, parrot-green, scarlet . . . all ebony-flowered! 7. The prettiest beach-head . . . a wrap of breeze-thinnest Greek cotton gauze—here, tangerine splashed with ebony. . . . Gauze, $8. Thinnest cotton, $10.50. Greek Island Ltd., 215 E. 49th St., N.Y.C.

Everything of Indian cotton available in the following colors: Natural, Moody blue, Coral, Peach, Cinnamon, Portugal blue, Black, White. Cinnamon Wear designed by Barry and Britta available at the following stores:

Asta de Blue 265 South 20th St. Philadelphia, Pa.	Paul B. 2900 N. Broadway Chicago, Ill.
Henri Bendel 10 W. 57th St. New York, N.Y.	Tootsies 506 West Heiner St. Houston, Tx.
Biba 2203 Bandywood Dr. Nashville, Tenn.	Oz 3532 No. Ocean Blvd. Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
Jackie Hayman Woodstock East Woodstock, Vermont	Bazaar C. M. 400 No. La Cienega Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif.

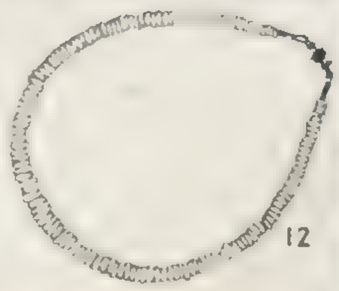

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News: Skirts and Blouses

Replacement for jeans and T-shirt dressing . . .! 8. **EASY-SMASHING** . . . black and white branch patterned, pocketed drawstring midcalf skirt, $29. White "Greek sailor" shirt, $25. 9. **SUN-CHARM** . . . Cinnamon pullover top, $27; matching wrap-skirt, $27—neck, sleeves, waistband gently branch-embroidered. 10. **SUMMER-UNIFORM** . . . white mandarin-necked pullover shirt, $21. The **Summer-Classic** skirt—pocketed mid-calf wrap of Portugal blue cotton. 11. **The "collect-every-color" skirt and top** . . . white thin cotton drawstring-waisted, pocketed mid-calf skirt, $27. Coral cotton V-neck slide of a "blouse", $17.

NEWS! 12. THE SUN JEWEL! Puka shell necklace. . . . The Hawaiian treasure-jewel! The most coveted are necklaces of the smallest shells . . . $125. Puka Jewelry Creations, Henri Bendel.


12



13. PERFECT SUN-SLIPPERS . . . The flatter the better with breeze-clothes!!! Nifty woven straw "mules" from the Philippines, $3. Banana, 246 E. 51st St., N.Y.C.


10


11


14


15

14. Woven rattan "Backpack" (a Northern Philippine tribal basket, to be exact . . . but perfect for summer food shopping, picnics, etc.), $35. 15. Chinese bamboo "hatbox"—the niftiest summer weekend bag yet! $30. Both, Banana, 246 E. 51st St., N.Y.C.

BARBARA BERSELL

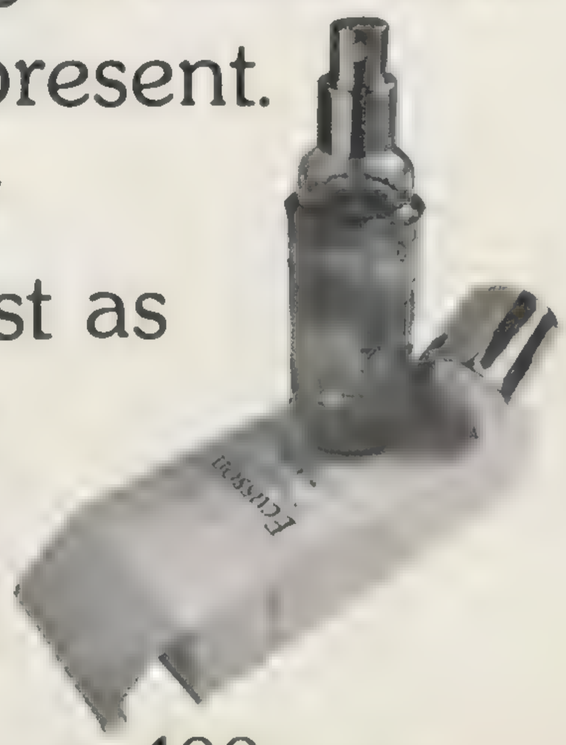


Ecusson has been creating a very special magic between men and women since 1572.

Its past is a richly textured tapestry of kings and queens, poets and artists, courtesans and casanovas.

But just as Ecusson will always reflect that past, so too must it also reflect the present.

So now a single drop of new Ecusson Skin Perfume Spray will last as beautifully throughout the day as it has throughout the past 400 years.



Ecusson

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Jean D'Albret • Paris • Londres • New York

We're here to entertain you—and maybe to inspire and surprise! Beat it, "loathéd melancholy." Let's hear it for "jest and youthful jollity" and all those happy conditions Milton hailed! And let's hear it, too, for joy—not just gaiety, true joy. For Christmas sometimes founders on gaiety: bounce, and bubbles, and lists, and spending—and fun, fun, fun until we cry. This year let's look for fewer ho-ho's and for more high hopes. In times of unease, with squalls of restlessness, drafts of doubt, the noble holidays stand clear, as if we had blown away dusts of "if" and "maybe" and even "so what," to find again the solid base of faith and love...and that's the only unshifting ground for joy.

The Holy Family

The Doni Madonna is Michelangelo's first major painting and the only easel painting definitely attributed to him. Its powerful three-dimensional forms anticipate the figures in the Sistine Chapel.



Emphasizing the circular composition of the painting, the great gold frame, designed by Michelangelo and embellished with the arms of the noble Strozzi family, was reunited with the Doni Madonna only in 1905.

SCALA



MICHELANGELO'S DIVINE CIRCLE

The Michelangelo year is 1975, the 500th anniversary of his birth. Even to his contemporaries the artist's gifts appeared so superhuman that they referred to him as "the divine." On these pages and the four following, we see Michelangelo's lifelong fascination with the symbolism of the circle.

The Doni Madonna is the only painting by Michelangelo in the form of a *tondo* or circle. The choice of a circular shape was not accidental; the circle appears frequently in Michelangelo's architectural modes and drawings as well. Michelangelo's interest in the symbolism of the circle may be traced to his early education in the Neo-Platonic school founded by his patron, Lorenzo the Magnificent. There, Michelangelo was first exposed to the idea that the circle was the most perfect form—because it was complete, without beginning or end—and consequently the form best suited to expressing the perfection of God.

Below, a provocative new interpretation of the Doni Madonna (left) by distinguished art historian Leo Steinberg, drawn from his extensive study of the painting.

MICHELANGELO'S DONI TONDO, BY LEO STEINBERG

The first of its latent meanings is private, involving the donor. A boyhood friend, Angelo Doni, husband to the young Maddalena Strozzi, commissioned the picture in 1506, following thirty months of childless marriage. And the Tondo embodies his name: the verb *donare* in its optative mood, expressing petition—*doni,* God give!

One turns from the private to the generic as one contemplates the indeterminacy of the action. Is the Madonna handing the Child to St. Joseph, or is she receiving it? Both views have been held and hotly defended—inconclusively, for the ambivalence is contrived with great skill. If the Mother's glance and the inclination of the Child's head foretell a meeting in her embrace, her hands tell the opposite; no woman takes a baby into her arms with furled fingers, so that she must have just let it go. As human progeny is both man's gift to woman and woman's to man, so the action is clued both ways. Michelangelo defines the gift in a functional ambiguity—a parental gesture precisely suspended in reciprocal giving.

The spiral of meaning takes a theological turn. Joseph, we recall, is not the Child's father, nor, according to the flesh, Mary's husband. Yet, in the Tondo, he possesses the Child more intimately than Mary does, and enfolds the Virgin herself with disturbing proximity; letting her lean back familiarly at his knee. A figure nestling in the open lap of another is either the child at the knees of the parent, or the beloved between lover's thighs. Michelangelo's art is too deeply grounded in body language to play wanton with such a motif and too Catholic to settle for either/or. These billowing knees argue a multiple kinship. Joseph is surrogate father and surrogate husband, acting both roles for the *Padre Eterno.* "Behold him now in the place of God!" exclaims Bernardino da Feltre (d. 1494). We are to see Joseph in his transparency, the All-Father, sphere of his head enskied at the summit, his hand over the heart of the Son, the sweep of his limbs embracing the mother, the daughter, the bride of God. Heaven and earth in reciprocity, and Salvation at hand as the Madonna renders the Son willingly to the Father. Christ is God's gift to Mary and is her Oblation.

It used to be claimed that each verse of Scripture signified on four levels of meaning; and Dante had claimed as much for every line of his poetry. Shall Michelangelo's painting amount to less? In a final fourth revolution, the Tondo's meaning turns Sacramental. "Mary is figured in the Church, and the Church is figured in Mary." Christian tradition made the Virgin's identity interchangeable with Ecclesia; and it made Joseph the *typus apostolorum,* protector and spouse of the Church, "guardian of the living bread for himself and the whole world" (St. Bernard). And as the maternal function of the Church culminates in the Mass, so in the Tondo, the hovering of the Child above the Madonna prefigures the Elevation of the Host, of the *Corpus Verum,* the Eucharist—literally, a "Thanksgiving."


ANNUIT COEPTIS



The Papal Circle of the Dome of St. Peter's

Looking up into the dome of St. Peter's Basilica in Rome; Michelangelo designed the spectacular circular windowed drum on which it rests.

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN





ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

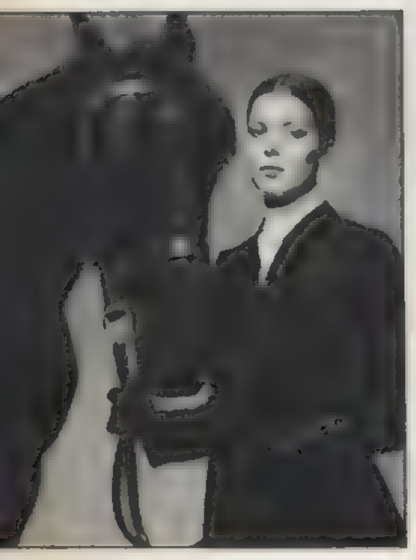
The Roman Circle of Michelangelo's Piazza del Campidoglio

An elaborate pattern, imitating Roman mosaics, of interlaced arcs inscribed within a circle decorates the pavement of Rome's noblest Renaissance plaza, the Piazza del Campidoglio, designed by Michelangelo in 1546.

Princess Caroline:

1975 Rising Star





Young, smart, beautiful, nice, good at sports, and a Princess—if you had it to do all over again, wouldn't you? Especially if you could be eighteen without problem skin or puppy fat. Fortunately for the rest of us there is just one of the kind in the world: Princess Caroline, older daughter of Their Serene Highnesses Prince Rainier III and Princess Grace of Monaco, that sun-and-sparkle principality on the Mediterranean. What do you say about a dream child? That she likes tennis, swimming, ballet, and is a cracking good rider. That she is happy in blue jeans and loafers and a big blue-and-white striped shirt of her father's (with a small "R" and crown on the pocket). That she cares a lot about animals in a more knowledgeable way than just "Aren't they cute." That she is brainy and disciplined enough to be studying international politics in Paris. That she loves to eat, doesn't need to diet, can't cook much except cheesecake, and washes her hair with baby shampoo. When you've said all that, what have you got? Someone curiously new, without mannerisms from the past; a girl who is a template for the girl of 1975—charming without coyness, efficient without aggression, friendly without effusiveness, confident without brashness; a girl with a more classic caliber of reserve than the 'sixties bred. "Each season brings a newness," said an acquaintance. "She moves like a champion filly . . . classy, racé. She can tell guff from the real. She has poise—and she's still so young. Caroline is tomorrow's girl." Carefully chaperoned, raised with old-fashioned caution and manners, with old-fashioned strictness and propriety, Caroline outshines her times. She is a rising star. As a young thing at a young and attractive party said, "Caroline just walks into the room, and everyone else looks—and seems—out-of-date."



CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



THE SUPER-WHAMMOS

!Wow! Entert

Shazzam! Shazzam! Alakazam! Presto chango!
It's show-biz divine-time and the new, new, new Hollywood all the way.
Read all about it in these pages: in an up-to-the-next-minute;
love-that-glamour-place report by Blair Sabol; see the super-whammos
jubilating, even being their own gorgeous
Hollywood-star selves.

Anita Loos kissed it all goodbye; Nathanael West left it wallowing in ennui and "locusts"; Joan Didion dismissed it as stagnant and said its only redeeming element is that she "can go shopping in Sunset Strip's Ralph's supermarket in an old bikini." Architects, city planners, and jaded tourists have winced at its topless drugstores, hippie hideouts, "sinless joy and joyless sin," restaurants built in the shape of bowler hats, insurance offices built to resemble Polynesian temples, all silhouetted against the famous blanket of acrid and steamy smog. For other "has-beens," it's where the "shape of dreams to come" came and went. A real star-spangled no man's land. Once the home of super-whammo success (when success meant heart-shaped lavender swimming pools, three-car garages, air-conditioned doghouses, a Mexican gardener, and a "live-in" Japanese cook). It's the only place where once you could go to see a new "Queen for a Day" be crowned daily at the Earl Carroll Vanity Theatre (now it's the Aquarius) and then go around the corner to the Hollywood Cemetery—called The Sheikh Cemetery, because Valentino's buried there—to view some faded star-turn manicurist go out in style.

What horrendous hell does all this represent? And how on earth could I possibly think of throwing everything up in "captivating" New York to descend into such a "stinking sewer" where "baked brains" is served up as the normal state of mind. Why, it's Hollywood of course. And I'm here to give it the Hooray it deserves. Hollywood is making a comeback (or am I just saying that 'cause I have to rationalize my new life in Tinsel Town?). The television industry is doing to Hollywood in the 'seventies what movies generated in the 'thirties. But even the up-and-coming movies seem to be using Hollywood as a base as well *(The Day of the Locust, A Star Is Born, The Wild Party)*. And François Truffaut has moved out here along with a whole canyon claque of young American *cinéastes*. That includes Martin Scorsese, Ralph Bakshi, and Julia "The Sting" Phillips (who's working on the script for *Fear of Flying*). All of these talents found the characteristic "laid-back mellowness" of actually living in old glamorous Hollywood a happy climate to create in. People have beaten this town down to its bare backdrop and have left it an empty stage. "Now's the time for this place to return and make a killing," says one breathless new screenwriter with Mickey Rooney overenthusiasm.

Los Angeles and Hollywood in particular have always represented the classic "dream." Movies made fantasies a fact. The studio lots became actual city boroughs, and people came out here to live that romantic illusion. No question Hollywood has been the home of the most extravagant myths, all having to do with private gratification and self-realization. I soon learned that everyone still lives above his means here. You don't own a "modest pad"—you own a magnificent mansion in the hills with a pool, and a view, and a fireplace, and a tennis court, and a spa and... a debt claim you wouldn't want to know from!! And all your "overdrawn" bank statements are printed on stationery with the bank's letterhead floating in a sea of gold stars, or a sinking sunset, or a cluster of silver clouds. You see, in Hollywood even debt and death notices come in a fantasy of your choice.

So we all know that Hollywood is strictly a Street of Dreams and its theme song is The Thousand and One Strings arrangement of "When You Wish upon a Star"—and who cares? But I feel we need to sail down that Street of Dreams again. We've had it with Main Street and the nuts and bolts of hard-edged wallet-wrung living. Why not take an intermission from reality for a bit. Let's "dissolve" into "HOLLYWOOD." And let's start building a fresh star system. Only recently have we found a Gable in Redford or a Cooper in Nicholson. But the 'seventies stars will have a whole different individual cast to them. For women there's the meteor rise of a "Cybill" or a "Liza." Then there's Liz Taylor making her own celestial comeback as a "lady of forty" and looking better than ever. And where did Liz decide to "come back" to... not London or Rome or Puerto Vallarta or Zurich or even New York. It was Hollywood. Perhaps she wants to regain her roots and retrench herself in a little of that "star stuff."

Personally, Hollywood has already taught me one thing. If you believe it, then you can make it happen. Kind of like Peter Pan inciting you to believe in fairies to revive Tinkerbell (by the way, give credit where credit is due... at least Hollywood never got *so* flaky as to film Mary Martin in the role of Peter). Garson Kanin speaks of this in his book *Hollywood*. I can't help but draw a parallel between the current migration and the time he arrived (along with Fitzgerald, Parker, Hellman, and Kaufman) in the "Promised Land": "It was 1937 and along with the rest of my generation I was still groggy from the slugging we had taken during the desperate Depression years. Further, having spent years in the hit-or-miss theatre, which offered possibilities of glory, but no security, the idea of a weekly paycheck throughout the year was intoxicating." Likewise lots of today's talent are receiving weekly paychecks here. Of course not all are the "super novas" of celluloid. Some are streaking the cosmos in commercials. The other day I sat in Schwab's drugstore (in a tight sweater with a Frederick's of Hollywood "Hot Crossed Buns" brassiere on underneath. Well, why not? I wanted to get into the act) at a whole table of "voice-overs." (Continued)

★ UPCOMING FOR LIZA MINNELLI: her own show at the Riviera Hotel, Las Vegas, Dec. 6-12; *Lucky Lady*, a new movie vis-à-vis Burt Reynolds. For FRED ASTAIRE: super-flick, *The Towering Inferno*.

Halston dress



AVEDON

ain ment!



BLAIR SABOL ON LIZA, ASTAIRE:

"He's the top. She's the Tower of Liza. Strutting their stuff—that's a gala sign of the times. Here New Hollywood meets Old Hollywood, and even Fred's overwhelmed."

THE SUPER-WHAMMOS

(Continued) Each of them was earning more than $30,000 out here, whereas in New York they were barely surviving in their Avenue A apartments and eating tomato bisque out of a can. Incidentally they were paged at Schwab's (the demand for their tonsils just never ceased) on the average of three calls apiece. Actually, I was told that it's very "Old Hollywood" and passé to page yourself at Schwab's, or even at the Beverly Hills Polo Lounge and pool. The "New Hollywood" is to get paged at the House of Pies or at the Sunset Strip Car Wash. But better still is to carry a Star Answering Service "beeper" on your belt.

Kanin also emphasizes the idea that "Part of your job [in Hollywood] will be to *make* yourself a job." This city doesn't make you—*YOU* have to make *IT*. And as I said, the dream and the promise and the space (physical and mental) are there—it's up to you to get the goods and make it happen. It's why Hollywood living is such a test of self-discipline. You have got to like the allure of happiness; to wake up with the sun in the morning (even though your frame of mind is in an overcast state); you've got to like the honest-to-goodness hummingbirds propelling their wings and beaks in the jasmine juice; you've got to like the islands of palm trees for street dividers; you've got to like the idea of feeling like June Allyson while you sprinkle down your lemon trees; you've got to like the soundtrack of crickets every night; you've got to like the look of the fresh produce in the markets—fruit that LOOKS like fruit is *supposed* to look and not as if they swept the linoleum floor with it the night before. You've got to like the temptation of the beaches and the tackiness of the Tijuana dwellings in status-saturated Malibu Colony (where whatever leftover rich folk there are fork over $64,000 for a one room and unflushable bath on stilts). You've got to take all that pleasure and love it.

At the same time you have to get a kick out of Sunset Strip's kitsch and Hollywood Boulevard's ersatz sidewalk stars. Fight the fantasy factor and rebel against the town's "tastelessness" and you destroy the dream. You might as well pack up your five stars and your rhinestone tiara and go home, baby. You have to find a lotta love in your heart for a culture that doesn't read newspapers but still thrives on *Modern Screen* and *Photoplay* and even sneaks peeks at Rona on television or Joyce in the *Times*. They'd never admit to it and "New Hollywood" says Rona is for campy glam and gutter glitz, while Joyce's mere existence should not be acknowledged at all. And by the way, gossip is not a "New Hollywood" art form. The School of Hollywood "mega mouths" no longer rules the celestial kingdom. They are considered comic relief. Movie critics are also on the skids except when they do an "in depth" investigative report on the industry at large. Pauline Kael is queen right now (with New Hollywood) for her "Woodward and Bernstein" disclosure on "The Biz." But even "New Hollywood" still hungers for that Wednesday *Variety* sheet and particularly Friday's *Hollywood Reporter* (with the Beverly Hills apartment and mansion rentals listed).

As for me . . . admittedly I'm swept up in Hollywood's glitter. Mainly 'cause in New York I was sick of the Big Apple's hard core of reality. However, I'm not going to bad mouth New York or even start to compare the two cities like some diehard transients do. Both places have their marquee attributes and deadly drawbacks. One is no better or worse than the other. But I did desire some glamour in my life and not necessarily nostalgia. I didn't arrive in Hollywood to live out the past. I haven't sat in the Bel Air Hotel patio with Baccarat glasses of Dom Pérignon and Cartier cups of caviar hoping that Fred Astaire will whisk me away into the pond of swans and call me his own. No, nostalgia isn't what makes Hollywood for me. Although star gazing is a big rush (and you do have to be a bit of a fanzine to appreciate part of this city). Shopping in the Safeway at midnight the other night, I actually saw Desi Arnaz, senior, doing a price comparison between Tidy Bowl and Lysol. Desi Arnaz, mind you, is not one of my heart throbs. Matter of fact, I couldn't have given a hoot if I saw Desi Arnaz walking on Madison Avenue or even shopping in Bloomingdale's gourmet department. But that's in "sophisticated" New York. Seeing Desi in his natural setting (in polyester pink pants and an avocado Qiana knit shirt open to the waist with exposed tufted grey chest hairs and white patent-leather shoes and . . . NO SOCKS) was something stunning indeed. It was so wonderfully surreal. And all of this at midnight. All I could think of was how terrific it was to be viewing a Late Late movie *live* and *in color* in the detergent aisle of my local market.

And yesterday I really did bump into Fred Astaire in the hardware store. In MY around-the-corner hardware store. Can you believe it? He was buying metal hooks while dressed in a plain old safari suit and a perfectly groomed and glued toupee. He wasn't wearing his taps and didn't do an arabesque out to his chauf- (Continued)

ELIZABETH TAYLOR: "The mightiest of them all. Now that this Queen Elizabeth's Hollywood home-based again, Movieland's definitely boom-zoom hurrah-hooray!"

★ UPCOMING FOR ELIZABETH TAYLOR: made-in-Rome *The Driver's Seat;* Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird,* being filmed in Leningrad, George Cukor directing this first American-Soviet production, and our Liz playing The Fairy and Light.

Hair by Ara Gallant

AVEDON



THE SUPER-WHAMMOS

(Continued) feured *café-au-lait*-colored Rolls. But it was something to write home about and it certainly made my day. Again, it wasn't like battling my way through my New York neighborhood hardware with a lot of sweat-stained armpits and hostile-eyed housekeepers. Out here the stars are my neighbors, and you can't help but feel their life-style proximity—some of that star-shine—rub off on you. Suddenly you are as a part of the glitter and as Oscar-award-winning as they are.

And indeed everyone *IS* here. It's that factor that some people find destructive about "hanging out in Hollywood." The idea that you end up hanging yourself by leading a scenario and not a life. But I would love to "play a scene" at some point in my life. It's why I believe everyone should live and work in Hollywood once (for a short time) in their earthly existence. There's something about the momentary magic that is so character building. Even when I left New York, all my friends were in a state of shock. "You're going out there?" *OUT THERE*. That's Hollywood —divorced from everything and suspended way up and out there. (Don't forget they didn't call Los Angeles "the City of Angels" for nothing.)

But, as I said, I wanted to live out the dream. Actually I wanted to move into La Ronda (the place where they filmed the *Chinatown* interiors), but it was located in the Strip's "red light" district. (What part of the Strip isn't red light nowadays?) The other idea was to camp out in one of the letter "O"s in the huge "HOLLYWOOD" sign on the hill; but "roughing it" was not one of my Hollywood fantasies. So I ended up in a furnished apartment decorated in beige-on-beige; with a beige-on-beige shag rug and a beige phone with a thirty-foot beige extension cord that takes me from my beige-on-beige bathroom and my beige-on-beige shag-covered toilet seat to my beige-on-beige porch overlooking the GREIGE cement scene of downtown Hollywood. (Actually I overlook Mann's [Grauman's] Chinese Theatre... how perfect.) The plants on my terrace are plastic and painted in dusty degrees of "purple passion" (that's what they call dark purple here). Believe me it's every set they ever used in a Doris Day/Rock Hudson movie. Even the Clearasil-pink "pouf" pillows are straight from Western Costume Company. The first day I drove (the people here do look like their cars and not like their dogs as in New York) in my beige rented car to Frederick's to get some pomponed gold spiky Spring-o-lator mules to wear when I answer the door. I wore them the day the Sparkletts Water delivery arrived. And the boy looked at my shoes with his eyes wide and refused to carry the water bottles into my apartment. Obviously he was [illegible] a foot fetishist or maybe he was allergic to the color beige. So much for living the life of Cyd Charisse. And I haven't even invested in a gauzy marabou-feathered negligée yet!

Sunset Boulevard's barrage of billboards are boring to me (Continued on page 156)

★ UPCOMING FOR JACK NICHOLSON (left), WARREN BEATTY (right), STOCKARD CHANNING (the girl in the middle, page right): one howl of a movie, Mike Nichols' *The Fortune*. And Beatty's the hairdresser in *Shampoo*.

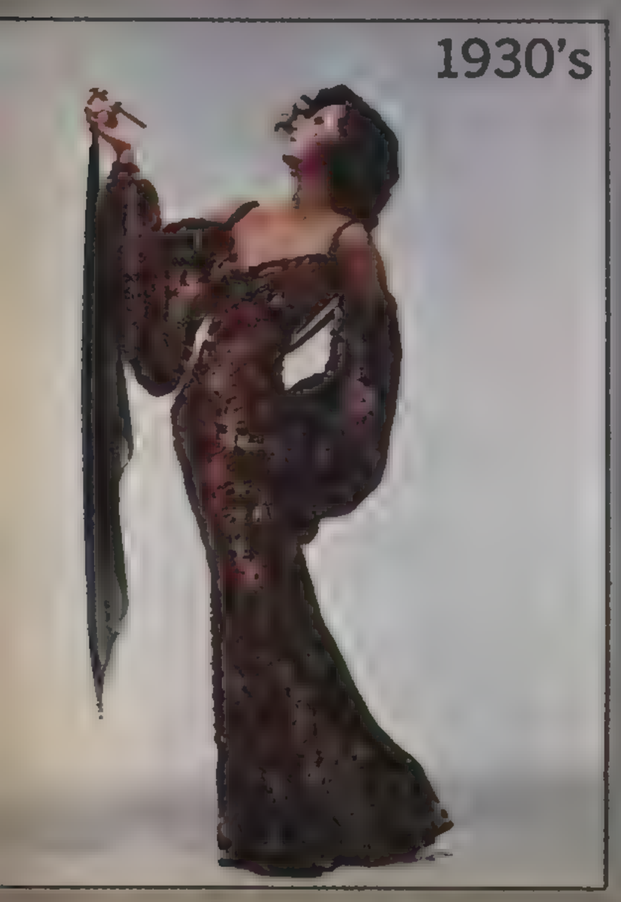
AVEDON



NICHOLSON, STOCKARD CHANNING, BEATTY: "Tripping their comic talents fantastic for fun and fortune, proof perfect that touch-dancing is back for whatever kinds of celestial couples or trios there are."

60 years of Cher





THE SUPER-WHAMMOS

Cher is not of the moment. Cher would have been Cher at any time in history, especially Hollywood history. Gorgeous confirmation: Cher splendiferously time-traveling the 1920's-1970's, on these four pages. For this unprec-edented star-trek, great Hollywood designers Bob Mackie and Ray Aghayan designed glorious one-time-only costumes, to interpret each decade; Ara Gallant devised the period-enhancing makeups, hairdos. Says Cher, "I loved doing it. For the first time I really had to act!" Wow, Hollywood!

★ COMING UP FOR CHER: An on-her-own series-heralding CBS-TV special; a new LP; touring the top-spot night club, concert route. Blast-off time: January, 1975.

1940's



AVEDON

1950's

60
years
of
Cher



THE SUPER-WHAMMOS

"Nothing was happening with Cher until she got in front of the lights, the camera. Then — magical! She was a reincarnation from each period." —Aghayan and Mackie

1970's



Bob Mackie, *above right*, and Ray Aghayan, *left*, came to snow-wiz fame designing glitter-costlies for onstage, onscreen superstellars Carol Channing, Diana Ross, Barbra Streisand, Carol Burnett, and, of course, Cher. They also super-costumed Las Vegas' *Hallelujah Hollywood* (over 700 costumes). The quintessential Bob and Ray: they reinvent period so fabulously that you believe the Bob and Ray way is now it really was. And they think—spectacular and funny. Coming up for Mackie and Aghayan: Cher's TV special, Streisand's *Funny Lady* movie, and always *The Carol Burnett Show*.

AVEDON

THE SUPER-WHAMMOS

(Continued from page 150) now (especially when they consist of larger-than-life mediocre unattractive trash rock talent), so I drove down Hollywood Boulevard and marveled at more "wigaramas" (I guess I'll have to silver streak my hair or at least "Coppertone" it while I'm here) and eternally "Going out of business" storefronts and, yes, still those damn incense and vibrator head-shops (residue of hippie days) and signs of "Wild Bill Hickok available for Polaroids." As Hollywood journalist Liza Williams says, "Hollywood, Hollywood Follyglued. It's a permanent Forty-second Street with a tender climate and nowhere to go except off the edge and swim to Japan."

Matter of fact, a lot of native Hollywooders can't stand the recent onslaught of Easterners (even though all the "native Hollywooders" were born and bred New Yorkers). They say Hawaii is their next stop—an even further reach for some "side of paradise."

Most of my California friends presented their thumbs down when I told them I was living in downtown Hollywood. It seems that the rock stars still settle for the Laurel Canyon communes; the television types head for Bo-Peep bungalows in Benedict Canyon or haciendas in the Hollywood Hills; while the vagrant "extras" hit Santa Monica and Malibu beaches. All of these people have come out here with the idea of "making a home." Home owning is a new and old Hollywood dream. Most of them have lived in apartments all their lives, and their Hollywood "appearance" gives them the chance to have an actual lawn, a garage, and in some cases an adjoining guest home (!) of their own.

Hollywood has gone through its changes. From the exciting times of Thalberg and Mayer to the Debbie and Eddie 'fifties to the succulent scandal of Johnny Stompanato and Lana and Cheryl to its sagging 'sixties. The creepiness of the Manson murders (the time when we all said we "always knew" that Hollywood and Beverly Hills were the decadent Mecca). People have warned me that fame and death go hand and hand in Hollywood. The fact that no one walks the streets here and you are always alone in your car is supposed to make you feel identityless and nonexistent. People say it's why Marilyn died in a Seconal snooze and Janis Joplin was found O.D.'d, wedged between her motel night table and bed. And Dory Previn sings of screaming solitaire down the highway. But I haven't sensed death or decay out here... yet. If anything, I feel a new sensation... one of joy and celebration because of the new talent that has arrived over the past six months and is arriving every day. Everyone is ready to renovate Hollywood.

This place still means "cash, climate, and courage," but it also means stimulation and new expression, too. Recently I heard the new (Continued on page 214)

SHEPHERD, REYNOLDS: "It's high High Hollywood, this teaming of Cybill's heavenly body with Burt's Burger King brawn."

★ UPCOMING FOR CYBILL SHEPHERD, BURT REYNOLDS: Peter Bogdanovich's production of *At Long Last Love*—all dancing, all singing, all talking. For DONALD SUTHERLAND (far right): John Schlesinger's Hollywood-in-the-'30's movie, *The Day of the Locust*.

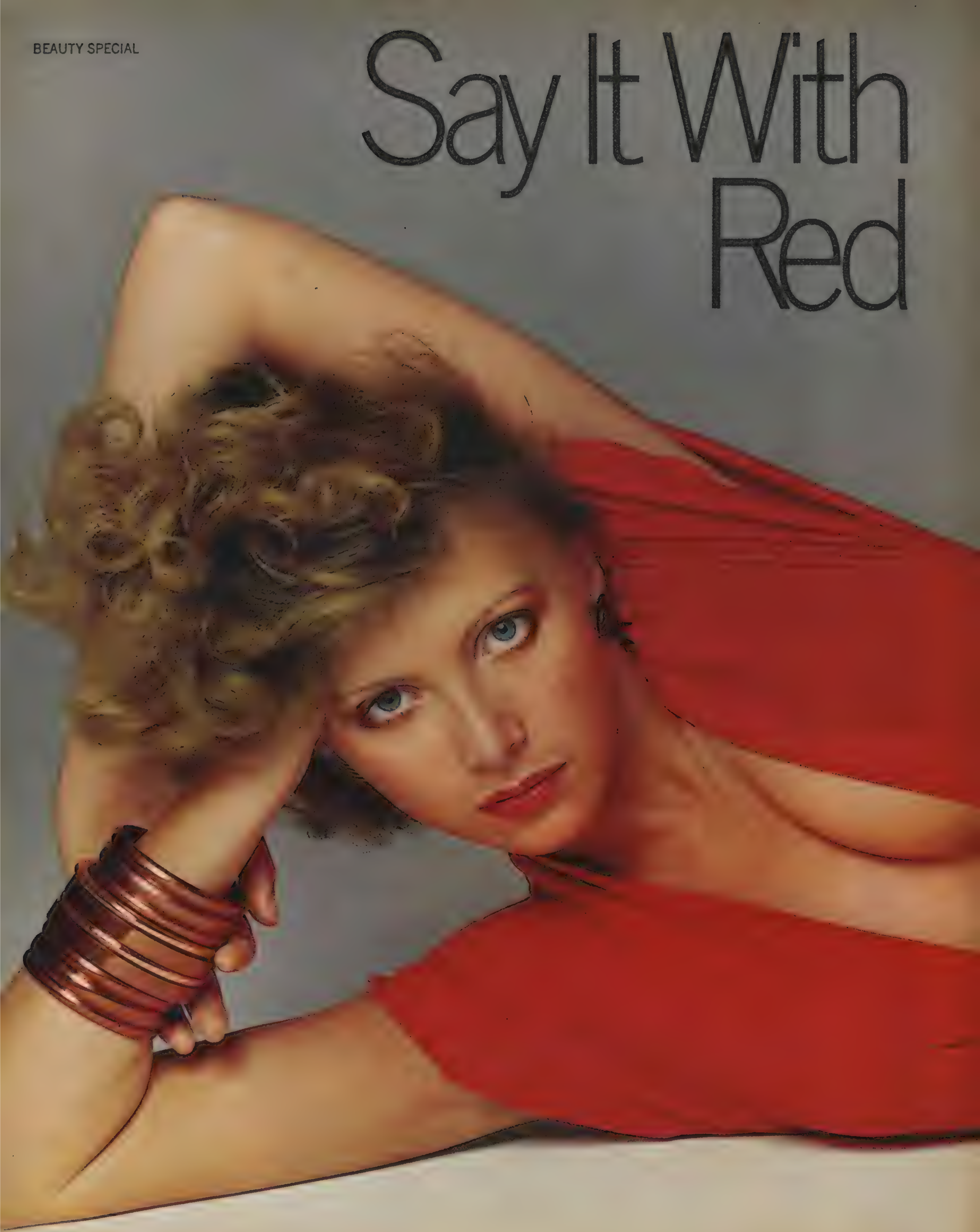
Blouse, Geoffrey Beene; hair by Carrie White

AVEDON

SUTHERLAND:
"His star-gazing eyes
are focused on pie-in-the-sky
acclaim—what with
The Day of the Locust, which
will make him a genuine
top-star super-whammo."

BEAUTY SPECIAL

Say It With Red



AVEDON

the fashion and beauty color that makes people look and listen... worn by Aurore Clément, newest star of the French cinema



If red is neutral, everything else is game...and that means your skin, your mouth, your eyes, and hair all benefit from its *volcanic* glow. As makeup maestros testify, "Red can enliven...worn near the face, it can help everyone's look"; but as Ara Gallant neatly points out, "If you're going to wear red-hot red, you must put your makeup on when you're dressed....Guesswork about how the red of your clothes is going to affect the colors on your face won't do, for red is still the most *uncompromising* color of all. It can do marvels, providing makeup is totally guided by it; otherwise it can drain your looks away." Once, straight red on the mouth was considered too flagrant to be wearable, while on the cheek it was totally *taboo*. Now, as Aurore Clément shows here, red can be worn *undiluted*, with *triumph*...for it has traveled far in beauty and clothes. Revolutionary new textures have brought a *lacquered* gloss and *luminosity* to lipsticks, creating a *moistness* as well as a shining *brightness* to make very red lips believable, even vulnerable....Aurore Clément, who wears our choice of red with such élan here, in her first movie, *Lacombe, Lucien*, has become the sort of stellar who, even if she chose never again to appear on screen, will not fade....Here, vivid red lips work with her natural pallor—a pallor that Ara Gallant did nothing to hide, plus a warm brown eye makeup with thicker shadow applied *beneath* lower lashes, rather than above top ones on the lid.



Red to keep the at-home fires burning, above—Stephen Burrows' ankle-length slink of jersey with barely enough jacket to go around, and his signature lettuce-leaf edging. Extra sensational to wear with a crush of bronze kid belt and a jangle of copper bangles (they may not ward off arthritis, but they look—and sound—terrific!). Two-piece dress: Stevies by Stephen Burrows; of Encron Golden Touch polyester by American Enka. About $80. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.

Red to take South, top—the dress with a narrow, wrapped waist—*the* shape news at Halston, for resorts, for spring. Here—to get while the getting's good—one of the prettiest versions (one of the prettiest dresses *anywhere* this year): ankle-length red crinkle cotton with full-blown sleeves, wrap-waisted in softest leather. About $260. Mid-December, at Martha; Rich's; H. & S. Pogue; Jacobson's; J. W. Robinson. All accessories, next to last page this issue.

Say It With Red

the beauty and fashion color that can change your looks for the better... worn by Aurore Clément

The urge to own something red hits every woman from time to time ...whether it's a pair of red shoes, a sweater, or —more and more—red hair achieved easily with henna or Clairol. As an "up" color, you can't beat it, but you have to watch your makeup carefully to see it counts, too. Ever since Max Factor introduced in 1947 three reds to work "with every feminine coloring," (clear red, blue red, and rose red), the color has developed a number of new identities. The latest move is to metallize it, browning or bronzing red with a metallic touch of bronze, gold, or copper so that, as Aurore Clément shows here, it glints sharply on the mouth, yet—being more a combination of colors —is easier to wear, working in perfect accord with any true red worn on the body. Red is not to be overlooked or avoided. Wear your red dress, hat, or scarf, then apply your makeup to work with it and know that red does matter.

The New Metallic Reds we recommend: Earth Brown by Charles Revson for Ultima II, Quiet Currant by Estée Lauder, Goldfrost Wine by Coty. Iced Claret by Elizabeth Arden, Copper Laser by Scandia.

Red for the evenest tan on the beach, right: Calvin Klein's show-stopper terrycloth monokini. More baring—more daring—than the String. But Calvin gives you an option—a perfect little cardigan to cover up with. Both, of cotton terrycloth (Gloversville Continental Mills), about $34. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

AVEDON

Red for every day, anywhere, right: Bill Blass's ultra-soft sweater suit in the clearest of clear reds—hand-knitted wool cardigan and skirt, crinkle-silk scarf blouse with ruffled edges—the lift everyone's looking for in winter (and spring! And fall!). About $990. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The Party, and it's not political this time, (praise the Lord and pass the pasta, please) but the going-out-to kind, or, conversely, the staying-in-for variety—if *you* are giving it. It's a national phenomenon; with invitations zipping to-and-fro months in advance. And baked macaroni never had it so good.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The flip-quip revival of that hard-lipped '30's sum-up, "I say it's spinach and to hell with it!". . . **The Best of Groucho,** tube reruns of that '50's quizzy *You Bet Your Life*—"And here he is, the one, the only—Groucho!" And the Marxist manifesto we love best: "I have two French phrases I'm working on. *Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?* and *Vive le Beaujolais!* I went all through France once with a car and a chauffeur and those two phrases, and occasionally threw in *Ooh la la!*". . . **"Anything Sexy,"** a unique shop, at least in Washington, D.C., which, to quote a bemused native, "is the first store here that has a good line." Such as love oils. Could be they'll have to add a stock of WIN buttons.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Missiles of October,* a huge (some 125 actors involved) TV special that attempts to square-shoot its way through the 1962 Cuban missile crisis and has actor **Howard da Silva,** as Khrushchev, detonating, "You ask how Kennedy will respond when we reveal in a few weeks the new situation in Cuba. The answer is that . . . he will grow accustomed to the smell he doesn't like, the smell of Soviet missiles, Soviet rockets, Soviet strength, and the Soviet presence in Cuba.". . . The no-neck monster who referred to her Ma as "superficially uncomplicated.". . . **Callas,** a plushy but meticulously ungushy assessment, in words and photographs, of "La Superba." Said a hard-eyed colleague, "Dar-ling Maria—she's as cozy as a tigress in a pussycat suit."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The British invasion of our theater—at least a dozen plays from over there, over here. And the greatest of these is Peter Shaffer's **Equus,** in which a boy is obsessed with equines. "People," says Shaffer, "can understand boys' sexual interest in girls, and, today, boys' in boys, but boys with horses?" "But what's the play really about?" asked a viewer, inexplicably shattered by it. "Animal husbandry," snapped his wife. . . . **Zee Cooking School,** a TV how-to-cook show for kids, remarkable because it's so addictive to everyone. Gallic-comfy, quietly antic Colette Rossant, the cheeringest cooking lady since Julia Child, teaches seven-to-sixteen-year-olds onscreen. Confronted by an artichoke, a seven-year-old would-be *grande toque* said, "I don't like it . . . but I think I'll cook it for my boy friend." Colette: "*Your* boy friend?" Kid: "I've had him since kindergarten. I'm very faithful."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The "For Sale" sign on Hitler's Ziegenberg Castle, near Frankfurt. London real-estaters are seriously thoughty about buying. What with London Bridge gone U.S.A., is Hitler's fourteenth-century roost to be a Third Reich nostalgia funhouse on the Thames? Dibs on Versailles for Fort Lauderdale. . . . *The Phantom of Liberté,* seventy-four-year-old **Luis Buñuel**'s surreal masterpiece in which this mysterious, determinedly crotchety master filmmaker hilariously dishevels his most elegant moments to make us shudder with laughter, gaup with sudden shocks of self-recognition. . . . **Eskimo rock** jiving hotly south from Baffin Island and the subarctic Cape Dorset Music Festival where the sizzling star was an Eskimo wailer, and the Icebergs, a local top-pop group, did it the way we did it before we all went '70's romantic. Beat it out, Daddy, but in Inuktitut.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **Arthur Miller**'s *After The Fall,* the self-probing drama that made audiences wild with surmise about wasn't that Marilyn and such. Conjecture gets another chance when Miller's "Fall" turns on via the telly, with the "Marilyn" character (Faye Dunaway) laying it heart-breakingly on the line. "I'm a joke that brings in money," she says. And, "You'd think somebody'd come to me and say: 'Look, Maggie, you made us all this money, now we want you to develop yourself, what can we do for *you?*' " . . . **Tepees,** the American Indian kind, now being bought up, put up by other Americans who plan to fun in them, holiday in them, even live in them. Rent-controlled tepees?

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **Boris Godunov**—Modest Mussorgsky's bell-clangorous, blood-maniacal, awesomely grand opera—mounted with a misty fog-grey-to-golden splendor by the Metropolitan Opera Company, everybody singing out in Russian. "Gorgeous," sighed an early listener. "A bloody bore-us," murmured another. . . . **Coluche,** the new French haw-haw, bitter-laughing Paris café goers. Says our woman on that scene: "He's twenty-six, kind of the French answer to Lenny Bruce, down-east style. He comes on very garbage man, cherubic in oversized overalls, big round-toed yellow shoes. His *specialité:* ethnic jokes, put downs of various French milieus. He's a riot."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . What else? Noel! Noel! And what Alan Ayckbourn has a sunderingly honest woman say about it in his play **Absurd Person Singular,** "I don't know what it is about Christmas but—I know it's supposed to be a festive thing and we're all supposed to be enjoying ourselves—I just find myself remembering all the dreadful things—the dreadful things I've said—the dreadful things I've done and all those awful hurtful things I didn't mean—oh God, I didn't mean them. Forgive me, I didn't mean them." That's what else, **Noel! Noel!**

—LEO LERMAN

CLASSY, SASSY

Geraldine Page



In Alan Ayckbourn's very English-funny, now SRO on-Broadway Absurd Person Singular, *very great American actress Geraldine Page —a woman who in "real" life can manage to look like a fugitive from a rag bag—plays a classy, sassy-tongued rich-bitch shrewdly, hilariously hooched to her diamond-studded gills.*

This veddy toffy lady is merely the newest evidence of the glorious Geraldine's gorgeous way with illusion. She can make you believe whatever she wants you to believe about her. She hallucinates audiences into swearing that she is a giantess with enormous tigerine eyes or a hollow-chested, lackluster mouse. In upcoming The Day of the Locust, *her twelfth movie, she's got advance screeners believing that she, as an evangelist, can herd them firmly to whatever god she chooses. "I do it," she says, "in one, tiny scene."*

AVEDON



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

THE 100-YEAR SPECTACULAR

Impressionism



BY BARBARA ROSE

In yet another brilliant coup of summit *savoir-faire,* globe-trotting Metropolitan Museum of Art director Thomas Hoving has negotiated with Moscow to bring to New York Claude Monet's seldom seen but much celebrated youthful masterpiece the "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" (detail reproduced on the facing page). Since its sale to the fabled Russian collector of modern art Schchukin, this remarkable early painting—anticipating the bright highlights, green and blue shadows, and dappled foliage of Impressionism—has been lost to the West and has never been exhibited outside Moscow's Pushkin Museum. Seen for the first time in Paris since Monet's dealer Durand-Ruel originally purchased it, the painting was one of the major attractions of the centennial show organized jointly by the Louvre and the Metropolitan in celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the first Impressionist exhibition. Like an earlier cooperative effort between the Louvre and the Metropolitan—which reunited the Unicorn tapestries from New York's Cloisters with those from the Musée de Cluny in Paris—the Impressionist exhibition brings together related masterpieces never before juxtaposed, such as the Moscow "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" (or "Picnic on the Grass") with the Metropolitan's own extraordinary "Terrasse à Sainte-Adresse," in which Monet continued his exploration of the theme of pleasure-seeking contemporary figures in a sunny landscape. Considerably more successful in the Metropolitan's painting at integrating figures into landscape, Monet, an impulsive youth in his twenties, obviously quickly matured between the painting of the forest "Picnic" and that of the "Sainte-Adresse" family terrace. His rapid progress toward a freer, more fluid style was undertaken basically under the tutelage of his heroes Courbet and Manet, whom he esteemed—much to the disgust of contemporary critics—above the Old Masters.

But for the ambitious, arrogant young Monet, Manet was not only a hero but also a rival. During the summer of 1865, while painting outdoors in the forest of Fontainebleau not far from Courbet, Monet decided to undertake a huge "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" as a challenge to the "Déjeuner" by Manet that had caused a sensation in 1863. The Moscow "Déjeuner" that will hang in the Metropolitan beginning December 13 was the preliminary sketch for Monet's most ambitious and most catastrophic painting, a giant, over-fourteen-by-nineteen-foot "Picnic" he planned to submit to the Salon. Courbet, who posed for the figure of the reclining man in the large painting, advised Monet to brush in a dark background before beginning to apply lighter tones. Following the advice was disastrous. Monet was never able (Continued on page 210)

Claude Monet (top left) *painted the "Terrasse à Sainte-Adresse"* (top right) *in 1867 from his family's beach house, while living off the charity of the relatives who posed for him, having left his pregnant mistress Camille, penniless and alone, in Paris. A hundred years later, the painting was purchased by The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York for over one million dollars.* Right: *Detail, "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe."*

PHOTOGRAPH OF MONET, TOP LEFT, MUSÉE MARMOTTAN, PARIS; "TERRASSE À SAINTE-ADRESSE," TOP RIGHT, THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, PURCHASED WITH SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS AND PURCHASE FUNDS GIVEN OR BEQUESTED BY FRIENDS OF THE MUSEUM, 1967; "DÉJEUNER SUR L'HERBE," RIGHT, PUSHKIN MUSEUM.





Mum Charlotte,
Son Barnaby

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

THE SEXIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

Charlotte Rampling

Who's sexiest in the '70's? Charlotte Rampling—tall, almost lanky, a cool-to-coldly grey-eyed, intensely self-searching, fined-boned, twenty-eight-year-old, banked-fires English beauty. She's zooming to sex-slave, sex-symbol global notoriety with a single, plangent, sadomasochistic movie, *The Night Porter*.

What's making Charlotte the sexiest woman in the world? Her high-bred looks. Her don't-touch-me availability. Her great, hard stare. Her indefinable quality of being romantically of this current tough, baffling, '70's moment. She says, "...whatever I am giving out, people seem to want more."

What *she* wants is not so much to be a movie star but a marvelous movie actress. And motherhood is most important to her. (She is Mrs. Brian Southcombe; he is also her best friend, promoter.) Says a Rampling colleague, "She's very, very into bringing up Barnaby, aged two [opposite]. She wants him not only to be a free spirit but to be free in his body. She thinks dance, yoga are very important to everyone but especially to children. She feels that today people aren't physically free, that they don't show affection enough, don't touch enough, don't hug each other enough." In her upcoming movie, *Jackpot*, Charlotte Rampling should be doing all of those free-spirit things—with Robert Mitchum and Richard Burton.—L.L.

HELMUT NEWTON

POLA NEGRI
"FEDORA,"
1920

They called
this Polish
[illegible]
"The Magnificent
[illegible]
wild for
[illegible]o.

MARY PICKFORD
"SPARROWS,"
1926

This
marshmallow-
tough kid
was "America's
Sweetheart"
[illegible]
world's
for [illegible]

GRETA GARBO
"ROMANCE"
1930

"I'm a
woman who's
unfaithful
to a
million me[illegible]

CLAUDETTE
COLBERT
"CLEOPATRA,"
1934

[illegible]Happened
One Night"
she showed
her pajamas,
she became
super[illegible]

MARLENE
DIETRICH
"ANGEL,"
1937

"It took more
than one
man to change
my name to
Shanghai Lily."

JOAN CRAWFORD
"THE BRIDE
WORE RED,"
1937

They nicknamed
her "The Clothes
Horse."
[illegible]
quotes[illegible]
movie star

GINGER ROGERS
"LADY IN
THE DARK,"
1944

"Cigarette me
Big Boy."

KATHARINE
HEPBURN
"WITHOUT LOVE,"
1945

"The calla
lilies are
[illegible]

RITA HAYWORTH
"PAL JOEY,"
1957

"A girl is
a girl.
It's nice
to be told
[illegible]



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

THE MILLION DOLLAR COSTUME BASH:

Hollywood's Sumptuous Glad Rags on Show

There never was anything like it: those lalapalooza ladies in their lavish-lovely gowns. The glitter-glamour tide began its fabulous surge across the silver screen in those World War I years, crested in the '20's, '30's, '40's, '50's, oozed onto the telly screen in the '60's, and is now cherished extravagantly there, in these 1970's, by Bob Mackie and Ray Aghayan for Cher (see pages 152-155). The most talented costume designers in the world gave their fantasy all during those golden, glowing Hollywood years; and they were doing it for the most gorgeous glories of the moment, each star so stellar that the world was dazzled into believing that dreams do come true, especially in the movies.

Inevitable then that Diana Vreeland, Special Consultant to The Metropolitan Museum of Art Costume Institute in New York, should set out to gather some of the most evocative of the costumes that helped to create the Hollywood heyday legend and then to put them on show—about one hundred fascinators, many examples of meticulous craftsmanship, fortunes in furs, laces, jewels, plumes. "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design" runs through spring, possibly into autumn, may even go on tour!

We give you, on these two pages, a glimpse of the riches Mrs. Vreeland sleuthed, along with quotes from their star-wearers—*not* always from the same movies as the clothes. The clothes were found in warehouses, studio wardrobes, Mary Pickford's trunks, Edith Head's Travis Banton collection, remote attic hideaways—the DeMille family helped, and the Selznicks sent treasures from *Gone with the Wind*. Says Mrs. Vreeland about "Romantic and Glamorous": "It is about the *dreams*, the grandeur of Hollywood. It's Travis Banton taking you across the Sahara in flowing chiffon. It's Queen Christina dressed historically, romantically, the way you'd prefer history to be. That's the *idea* of Hollywood: Do it Big, Do it Right, Give it Class!"—L.L.



Above, *seated center*, sans *mask*, *Diana Vreeland surrounded by fifteen new models, actresses, could-be stars, arrayed in costumes assembled for the Vreeland-spectacular "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design" exhibit. Presented by The Metropolitan Museum of Art and Council of Fashion Designers of America through a grant from S C M Corporation.*

STAR-FACE MASKS CREATED FOR VOGUE BY RICHARD BERNSTEIN; PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO.

PLEASE SEE PAGE 70 FOR INDIVIDUAL COSTUME CREDITS.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

BELLE OF THE NIGHT

Régine

Dancer, singer, nightclub owner and inspirator, Régine punched up new life after dark with her joyous, Everyone-goes clubs in France and, now, Monaco. Her twinkle, twinkle little feet put diamonds in the sky. Next, the U.S.A.?

BY FRANÇOISE DE LA RENTA

She danced herself into fame by "twisting" her feet in a cave . . .! Her feet, her very small, agile, and light feet were the center of attraction: everybody looked at Régine, who looked at her feet! So she danced her way through life from the age of fifteen and it brought her where she is now. Dancing and dancing people she loves, they are the ones who made her and her nightclubs. Régine is many things: a "catalyst," a hard worker, a tough, sentimental kid, a Jewish mama, a determined Capricorn, a snob with a heart of gold, full of superstitions and a passion for shoes. She owns over fifty pairs, is obsessed by shoes; and if there were a fire, the first thing she would try to save are her shoes! But nothing was ever given to Régine. "To succeed," she says, "is to fulfill your childhood dreams," and one of her dreams was Monte Carlo. So, dancing as a hat-check girl (first big job) at the "Whisky à gogo," then in a discothèque (she really launched them), "Chez Régine," where thanks to the dancers of *West Side Story* (then onstage in Paris) who taught her "the twist," she becomes a phenomenon. The twist gets her name in the papers, she becomes RÉGINE, and the world starts coming to her. So now her great friend "the night" becomes her working partner, the night she always loved. In Paris, she feels good in it—the night is congenial to her nature. She knows that her friends are the night prowlers and that friendship at night is more understanding. But she is not there to dream until dawn with friends in search of tenderness, affection, and familiar faces. Yes, she sits with them, dances with others, but her eyes are everywhere. She knows and sees everything, everyone. She opens the "New Jimmy's" which is overcrowded every night, and who gets in is her decision. She cannot afford to be weak, the success of the place depends entirely on her. No holiday for Régine; without her, nobody dances. So to get some fresh air she opens a nightclub in Deauville in August—her crowd is there. The rest follows her to share her success. She gives, she is gigantically generous. But she wants more. She sings, her records sell. The biggest names write songs for her and her great hit "La Grande Zoa" makes her decide that Z is her lucky letter . . . that is when Monte Carlo sends for her. They need a night life—her friends, her followers, her persuasiveness. She will go, she (Continued on page 210)



Red-headed Régine, far right, *mad for the 'thirties, Art Deco, everything luxurious (food, too), photographed with a cigarette girl and the jazzy elevator doors at Régine's in Paris.* Above, left: *She performs in Monte Carlo in her new club,* above, right—*immense and cozy, open to the stars —now the best nightclub in the world. What else? Memoirs, a movie based on her career, a musical starring Régine that may hop to Broadway.*

HELMUT NEWTON



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

THE MOST GLAMOROUS MOVIE IN YEARS

Murder on the Orient Express

Take Dame Agatha Christie's forty-year-long best-selling blood-on-whose-hands thriller *Murder on the Orient Express* and you are gloriously on your way to making a glamour movie. But to make it the most glamorous, reconstruct that most exotic of all trans-European trains, the Orient Express. People it with a rich roster of fascinating travelers, each one played by a world-famous star and all save two of these mysterious travelers possible-probable murderers. Get Sidney Lumet *(Serpico)* to direct it, make it with "gaiety, humor and the very best fakery." Then give it to designer Tony Walton to dress 1935-ish superbly. Set the fabulous train, its starry voyagers hurtling from Istanbul to Calais until stuck monstrously in snowdrifts somewhere in the Balkans. Murder an American millionaire passenger who is skittering about the Continent with his spooky valet and male secretary. Pile on the mesmerizing clues: the door to the murdered man's compartment is locked and chained—from the inside; there is a lady's crumpled lace handkerchief, very expensive, initialed H, on the floor; the dead man's been drugged; the gold pocket watch in his pyjama pocket is broken: it has stopped at 1:15 A.M.; the door to the coach is locked promptly every night after dinner; the murdered man was stabbed twelve times. For additional clues, for who's sinisterly who, for the gory excitement, the glamour of *Murder on the Orient Express,* see these two pages and the two following.—L.L.



Martin Balsam

BIANCHI

Professionally smooth, concerned, this Italian director of the Compagnie International des Wagon-Lits, parent organization of the Orient Express, is on board. And he's the man who must, somehow, prevent scandal: under no circumstances must the police be involved. So he asks his cherished chum, world-famous private detective Hercule Poirot (also entrained), to solve the murder—fast. Is Bianchi strictly on the up-and-up—or is he...? Horrors!

Anthony Perkins

HECTOR McQUEEN

Always in a twit, Hector vibrates like a tightly stretched wire every time his "master" calls. Secretary to rich American Ratchett, Hector's the last one known to have seen the man alive. He readily admits that he hated Ratchett, worked for him only because of the salary. Query: why did Hector send a telegram from Belgrade on the day of the murder? If you know the answer to this one, you could be too damn close.

Jacqueline Bisset

COUNTESS ANDRENYI

The incredibly beautiful, exquisitely attired young wife of a handsome, deeply-in-love Hungarian Count, this Countess is obviously Troubled about Something. She says that she slept through the night of the murder, that she took a drug to insure sleep. Could that drug have somehow seeped into Ratchett's night draught? Could the ravishing Countess have been the woman in the white kimono with the red dragons on its back? No one saw the woman's face, as she flitted, on the murder night, through the coach's dimly lighted passageway.

SNOWDON



Richard Widmark

[illegible] TO JEFF

aggressive, rich, sinister, hat[illegible]ed Ratchett. He receives threa[illegible]ing anonymous letters. He offers Poirot $15,000 to guard him. Poirot refuses. At 12:37 A.M. Ratchett's heard to scream. Then didn't he cry out that he'd had a bad dream? To meet him was to hate him. Is that why he slept with a revolver under his pillow?

Albert Finney

HERCULE POIROT

The great Belgian-born master-sleuth Hercule Poirot is Agatha Christie's most famous creation. Dapper, his moustachios waxed to antennae points, imperturbable, worldly, deeply amused, he's always on the spot, always in a state of on-the-nose (or any other part of the anatomy) solution. This time he's really got a stunner, especially when he finds the mystery kimono, red dragons and all, in his suitcase.

Wendy Hiller

PRINCESS DRAGOMIROFF

This ancient, frail, wheelchair-enthroned Russian aristocrat is not only iron willed but, seemingly, ironclad. She is obviously rich, travels with her own maid. And she never smiles. She smokes small, thin, black cigars. In the murdered man's compartment, in an ashtray, are a cigar butt, two used matches.

Rachel Roberts

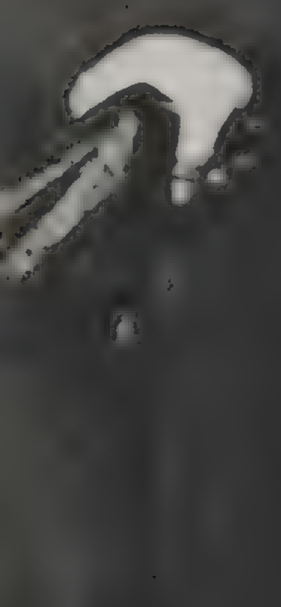
HILDEGARDE SCHMIDT

She's the Princess's maid and that redoubtable worthy is the center of her life. In her suitcase, Hildegarde finds a conductor's uniform—a button missing, a passkey in the trousers' pocket. And when she is reminded that the telltale lace handkerchief found on the floor is monogrammed H, she reprimands, "This is the handkerchief, not of a maid, but a great lady."

Ingrid Bergman

[illegible]

[illegible]







Murder on the Orient Express

The most glamorous train in the world roared through the night, then ground to a halt. Suddenly from a luxurious compartment, a groan, then a terrible scream. Then silence.

Vanessa Redgrave

MARY DEBENHAM

This aloof English beauty (left), who says she's a teacher from Baghdad, has an intense involvement with fellow-passenger Col. Arbuthnot (right). Poirot hears her say to the Col., "Not now. Not now. When it's all over. When it's behind us—then. . . ."

Sean Connery

COLONEL ARBUTHNOT

Lt. Col. R. St. J. Arbuthnot, 12th Gurkha Rifles, will do anything to befriend Mary Debenham. He even bursts into the room where Poirot is questioning her. Why did he and the murdered man's secretary hop off the Orient Express when it stopped at Vincovici? And why, when they returned, didn't they lock the coach door behind them?

Sir John Gielgud

BEDDOES

Beddoes (below) is a typical gentleman's gentleman, but his gentleman's Ratchett—and Beddoes disdains that monster. Beddoes is the one who gave Ratchett his customary sedative, Vulerian. Could Beddoes have overdosed the sleeping draught?



Denis Quilley

FOSCARELLI

This likable, voluble Italian-American (right) claims to be a car salesman. He blames the Mafia for the murder. His compartment-mate, Bedd[illegible] says that Foscarelli did not leave their room [illegible] during the dreadful night. [illegible] Foscarelli snoring.

George Coulouris

[illegible] Austrian, Greek, who is [illegible] a bona fide traveler, but does seem overready to accuse one of his fellow passengers of Ratchett's murder. Dr. Constantine (right) is the man who examines the blood[illegible]

Lauren Bacall

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD

Loud, vulgar, garrulous, extravagantly overdressed, this American widow (left) turns up a clutch of clues, swears she saw a man in her room the night of the murder. She even finds the murder weapon—a dagger!—in her makeup case. She's magnificently aghast. Note her initials.

Colin Blakeley

HARDMAN

A flashy dresser, this over-ebullient, gum-chewing American (above, top) wants everyone to think that he's a theatrical agent but confesses that he's actually a private eye, jobbing out as Ratchett's bodyguard. So how come wretched Ratchett got it—but good?

Jean-Pierre Cassel

PIERRE PAUL MICHEL

He's the contrôleur *on the Calais coach of the Orient Express. Pierre (above) knows everybody, almost everything about them, has a passkey to all compartments, and sits, on duty, the night through. Everybody likes this kind, efficient, alert man who is grieving for his wife and young daughter, dead these five years.*

Michael York

COUNT ANDRENYI

Paprika-tempered, but suave as vintage Tokay, Count Andrenyi (right) is the best-dressed man on the Express. This elegant *avidly protects his fabulously beautiful wife from possible world scandal because of murder most horrible on the Orient Express.*

SNOWDON

The truth about Gore Vidal -right from Gore Vidal

BY CURTIS BILL PEPPER



Breakfast on his villa's terrace (above) over Gulf of Salerno lets Vidal
America's decline or fall. Pulpit of the Duomo (insert, top) is the town of
1272 whirl of bright-colored marble (Romanesque, Byzantine, Arab-Sicilian
—is inscribed "In principio erat Verbum" ("In the beginning was the Word," John
Gore Vidal's "favorite space": a rocky ledge where he reads (right). He writes sitting
at a desk or slouching on a sofa. For photographs of villa, gardens, turn the page.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Conversing at his Italian villa, the author of "Myra Breckinridge" and the just-out "Myron"

- sneers at love
- steps on sex
- gossips about himself

On the day that Gore Vidal's novel *Burr* reached its fortieth week on the best-seller list, we joined him for a glass of wine on the terrace of his elegant villa at Ravello, overlooking the Mediterranean.

We'd come down to find out what an American author—a declared socialist-humanitarian—was doing in such a lovely hideaway. How was he able to stay a literary front-runner (four number-one best sellers in ten years) so far away from his own country?

It didn't seem at all unusual to Vidal, who sat comfortably in a deck chair looking through his glass of pink wine at some clouds of the same color.

"Look, practically every American writer of the main . . . uh, line has lived abroad, generally for rather long periods, starting with Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper, who lived up the coast at Sorrento. There were also Hawthorne, William Dean Howells, Henry James, and so on to the Hemingway generation abroad. In fact, Hemingway never wrote a novel about the United States until *To Have and Have Not,* which is Key West and that's practically Cuba. Mark Twain also came over, fell in love with Europe on a first trip in 1876, then fell out of love with it. He was certainly *out* of love with America when he came over. He used to refer to his fellow-Americans as 'animals.'

"I first came here because I was giving up practical politics and trying to avoid being drafted to run again for the House in '64. I knew that if I went on living up the Hudson, I'd be a full-time politician and never write again. You can't do both—Winston Churchill to the contrary. But then, what he did in the House of Commons and what he did on the page as a journalist were the same kind of self-serving rhetoric. The real writer must tell the truth, just as the real politician must never give the game away."

Vidal's cheerful iconoclasm seemed to be running on time. Within one minute, he had taken swipes at America and Winston Churchill.

"So I moved to Rome and took up my book *Julian* where I'd left off several years before, at the third chapter, and found I worked beautifully here. Living abroad gives me the distance to look at the United States and to meditate on it. Also, I go back constantly to lecture, to politick—which is best done by *appearing* to plug my own books. If I wanted TV time to discuss anything important, I'd never get it; but if I want to sell snake oil, the airwaves are open.

"As for those who think a socialist must live in barracks, there's no such thing as unilateral socialism. I'm for everybody's being involved, to change the whole society. I'm a social-meliorist, not St. Francis."

Howard Austen came onto the terrace to say CBS was calling from London. They wanted to do a one-hour television profile on Gore that would start in Ravello, follow him to the Rome apartment, then go on a lecture tour with him around America. Mike Wallace would do the interview.

"A miracle," said Austen as Vidal left. "The man on the phone sounded like next door, not like someone screaming in a frying pan."

Ravello is a dream place. The villa is an ideal place for Gore to work. Howard found it in 1972 through a classified ad in Rome's *Il Messaggero.* It has four bedrooms; servants' quarters; exercise room, sauna; seven acres of lemons, olives, grapes, flower gardens.

"It's heaven," said Austen, "except for the phones and the servants. You get a couple, and either the woman is crazy or the man's a drunk . . . or both. And the gardener, I'd rather not talk about *him.* He might have a cousin who reads English."

Austen has been Gore Vidal's companion for twenty-four years. They are just good friends, nothing else now. "We each have our own friends, and we each respect what the other does." Austen is in his mid-forties and looks younger. With a saving sense of humor, he runs everything so that Vidal can follow a near-monastic life of work. A typical day:

Vidal gets up at 10:30 and, after a cup of coffee, he reads or corrects proofs until close to noon when he takes two hard-boiled eggs and sits down at his plain desk to work for three or four hours. Novels are written in longhand; essays and plays, typed. In midafternoon, he drives an elegant old '67 Jaguar down to Amalfi for the papers, comes back, answers whatever mail (usually by postcard), then works out in the small gym (weight lifting) with an occasional sauna. Another hour of working or reading leads to drinks (wine only) around eight before dinner at nine—this alone with Howard or occasionally with such guests as Princess Margaret, Andy Warhol, Joanne and Paul Newman, Claire Bloom, Grace Stone. He retires around (Continued on next page)

LEOMBRUNO-BODI-LAMI



Late afternoon: Gore works out in his gym, sometimes saunas.

TRUE GORE VIDAL:

At villa Rondinaia, Vidal leads a "monastic" writer's life—but with all comforts...

(Continued) midnight, reads for two to three hours before dozing off. He needs eight to nine hours sleep.

Vidal, who always appears smartly dressed, gets his shirts in London (Huntsman), has a tailor in Rome, and is sartorially alert. With shoes, however, he's a disaster. "He had three pairs made in London twenty years ago. They're falling apart, but he's still wearing them," complains Austen with a groan which says—"What can you do with him?"

Sometimes Vidal goes into the kitchen to make a *pot-au-feu*. Or anything with peas. "He's crazy about peas, and he'll kill for baby potatoes and asparagus," said Howard. Food is a never-ending source of joy—and despair. Vidal, being a neo-puritan who equates fat with sin (a sign that the emotions have overruled reason), wages a never-ending war with his diet.

"I wouldn't recommend his diets to anybody," says Austen. "I think they're dangerous. He goes from gluttony to starvation. It's voluptuous and maybe auto-sexually satisfying, and his diets might be a sort of rebirth, but I think they're too traumatic for the body." The Vidal diet consists in shutting oneself in a room, ideally a motel or hotel with television, eating practically nothing, reading, and looking at old films. He can go in this way for fifteen days, bringing himself down to his normal 180 pounds, on a six-foot frame.

Vidal returned to say Mike Wallace would arrive within a month. One wondered if Vidal would have to slim down for this? Yes, he had just finished another book, *Myron*, a continuation of *Myra Breckinridge*, and the first seventy pages had been hell. "I wrote and rewrote . . . and didn't follow my regime." Despite this, Vidal moved with heavy animal grace as he crossed the terrace and sank back into his chair. His face is fuller now, yet young for forty-nine. He carries himself erect; and, even in sloppy red pants and sandals, he seemed to have a patriarchal air, perhaps suggested by the civilized elegance of his language.

The face, however, suggests the patriarch might have two lives—one for day, one for night. The mouth is generous and well formed, yet contains a near-petulant, rigid tightness—returning quickly from a smile or truncating a laugh to be ready for the next thrust. So his face seems to sit in isolation, on guard against the leak of emotion into reason, the loss of the body as a machine: the face of day. The eyes, brown with flecks of yellow, are those of a cat, ready to pounce, and they belong to the night.

Vidal seemed to look forward to Wallace and CBS cameras following him from his monastic lair to the American heartland—although he didn't have very flattering things to say about the place.

"Nixon was highly suitable for the period in which he was President. Most Americans are liars or crooks if they can get away with it, in exactly the same niggling, Protestant way that Nixon was. So I think he reflected in many ways a majority of the electorate. The fact that he's still a hero to one in four, after all that he's done, leaves you thinking, 'Well, he's a kind of monster; but so are the people who elected him.' "

Vidal, to say the least, didn't seem very sanguine about the American electorate: "Why should I be? The average American voter is forty-seven, blue collar, white, intensely racist, perfectly ignorant of politics . . . and what little he knows of the Bill of Rights he doesn't like. Take that for your average voter, and you can see we're in for rocky times."

What, then, was the purpose of his tours?: "You make waves. You drop pebbles into the black heart of the nation. I'm essentially a teacher, as was Aaron Burr, whom I resemble in temperament. What else is being an adult? Nature programs us more or less well to train children.

"But we live in decadent times. Families break up, generations turn against one another. The adult loses faith in the worth of his own experience. But for the artist, the purveyor of ideas—well, he acts out his maturity by sharing what he knows with others. At the least, he tells you the hole in the road needs fixing."

So this was a biological as well as a civic duty? "I'm sure it is. It's certainly no great joy to have to get up at four in the morning to get to Boise, Idaho. And then to make three more stops in the day, when you don't need the money. In fact, it costs me money by the time I've finished."

So what did he get out of it? "The response of audience. Two or three thousand people in a movie house in Yakima, Washington . . . with a great deal of interplay between me and the audience . . . that's very exciting. And I learn a good deal. Or, when I hit a town like Phoenix, I'm able to get attention for the liberal minority. Last year I met most of the young Democratic candidates for Governor, Congress, the Senate, and they're marvelous . . . really full of beans. They're out to crack the Goldwater machine, their attitude. So I think if I can rustle up a couple thousand people for them in an auditorium and make some money for them . . . and go on television and discuss their enemies, I do some good in a small way."

Vidal looked out across the sea at the setting sun and shook his head. "However, anybody who thinks he's having much effect in the U.S.A. is out of his mind. Only 3 percent read books. So you ask me why I do it. I don't know. Temperament requires you go on. I believe in acting, because I'd go crazy if I didn't."

Vidal's voice was calm and, for a moment, did not seem to be seeking an effect. In the night, he was speaking from his heart and not the mind—a rare moment. It linked all his works, his tours, his television appearances. He felt he was a teacher, and a surrogate parent. It was his responsibility as an adult; and if he did not do it, he would perish.

Yet Vidal was not alone. It was common to all men, and their problems remained a joint inheritance. This came after he was asked if he thought, at forty-nine, that his creative powers were as strong now as when he wrote *Julian*—twelve years ago? "Oh sure, but whether my will to continue is as great as it was is doubtful. You can't really be an artist if you have no sense of future time. As ridiculous and abstract as that is, it's still important to the maker of things. Well, I don't believe that in a century there'll be anything remotely like Western civilization as we have known it. The crack-up may come even sooner.

"All the arts reflect this state of mind, this waiting for the end. A kind of interior deterioration is taking place, a drive on the part of almost every artist to blow up his own art form, sometimes in the interest of novelty . . . to expode it, to shit on it.

"A lot of this comes from the dreadful effect of science on the humanist tradition. In the twentieth century, science has been everything and the arts almost nothing by comparison. As a result, many artists now pretend to be scientists. They try to imitate the strategies of science. Paintings that talk. Sculpture that swims. Books that turn to ash. New formulas—just like the scientist. But that isn't science of course, nor is it art. Just the end of the road."

What did he think was the aim of art? "It used to be perfection, whatever form you were working in. What is perfection? We don't know, but we certainly know what is *less* than perfection, so that's how you can, in a sense, be a critic. For the last fifty years, however, the aim of art has been novelty—which by and large, is repellent. So the result is a kind of vicious circle, with everybody trying to think up something that nobody else has thought up because they think that's the way Masaccio discovered perspective. They think he sat and thought and thought . . . and, by God he came up with perspective.

"Well, everybody knew about perspective. It just happened that in the evolution of Masaccio's way of looking at things—and in the situation in which he was when he was given a couple of walls to paint on—he made something of his own. That's how it happened, how it always happens. The great artist is original without trying to be."

It seemed a good moment to look at Vidal's life. For with the success of *Burr*, it had come to a curious turn which puzzled him: "How is it that for the past thirty years I've been saying everything that people are opposed to, yet I end up one of the most popular writers in the United States? A popular writer usually is somebody who shares the prejudices and aspirations of his readers. But I'm opposed to everything they've been taught to believe . . . yet here I am."

In his writing (thirteen novels, a book of short stories, three books of essays, six Broadway plays, plus uncounted teleplays and films), Vidal had variously said: homosexual and heterosexual acts are the same, of equal parity (this is 1948); the human race's chief art form is war; Christianity was founded on political compromise, and not the Divine Word; a new religion is on its way with emphasis on death; the American electoral system is so rigged that the best man can never win; and, finally, with *Burr*, that the Founding Fathers were the ones who first muddied those waters which so recently burst their gates.

Vidal felt his popularity had grown because people had begun to realize he was calling the shots ahead of time: "They are attracted to my writing because I'm sometimes able to guess the next move. (Continued on page 211)



Guests are invited to dining room (above) in small numbers.



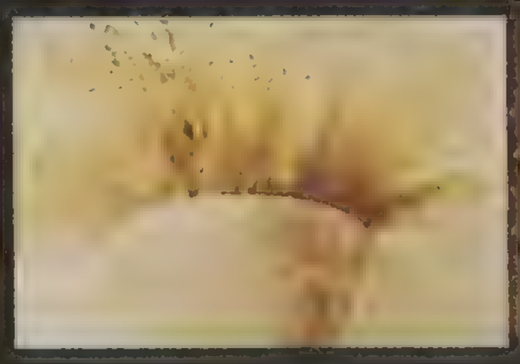
Howard Austen (above left, with Vidal) runs villa's life, Gore works at writing.



You proceed to the villa only on foot, through seven acres of lemons, olives, grapes, gardens of flowers.



Serenity is quiet-color rooms (sitting room, above), cliffed high (right, above).







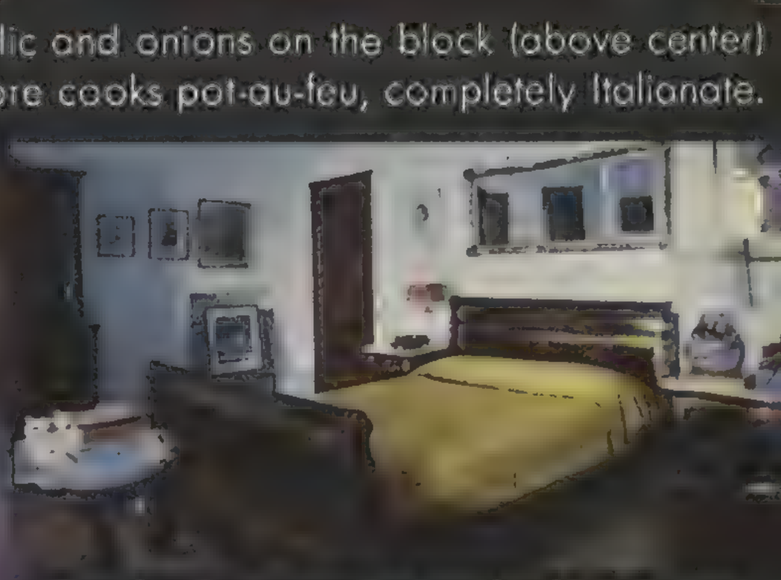
Details count: Dried grasses in sitting-room urn (above left); garlic and onions on the block (above center) for chop suey—cook is Filipino; kitchen (above right), where Gore cooks pot-au-feu, completely Italianate.



Gore Vidal, his library chair.



Work plan, 12:00 noon: two hard-boiled eggs, sit at desk to write.



Family photographs bracket Vidal's bed. Author (below) strolls, stops, sea-views.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI-LAMI

VOGUE, December, 1974

Maui, Hawaii*

12/1—This is the life! Sun, sea, romance—live in a bathing suit all day—especially Fantastic color—love it for everything—More to come....xxx

Roxanne maillot, of Antron nylon and Lycra (Beaunit fabric). About $28. At Bloomingdale's; B. Forman; Hutzler's; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Bullock's; Liberty House, Hawaii. The makeup: Max Factor's UltraLucent Whipped Creme Lipstick and Nail Color in Can-Can Red. His shell necklace by Puka Jewelry Creations, at Henri Bendel. Hair and makeup, these 18 pages, by Franklyn Welsh.

Hawaii-Adventures in Sundressing

18 pages photographed by Helmut Newton
on the island of Maui



•**Fleming Beach**—on the secluded waters of Kapalua Bay. Considered one of the most beautiful beaches in Hawaii, here with a perfect unobstructed view of Molokai Island in the distance.



Maui, Hawaii*

12/2—You can't tell the fashion from the flora! Bougainvillaea bushes spectacular (ditto garden-partying!) —and the orchids grow wild, like some gorgeous weed — can't keep them out of your hair! (Like the sprinkler system!?!)

Far left: Bikini-covering shawl in two shades of bougainvillaea. By Billon Frères, of rayon. About $15. Altman's; Strawbridge & Clothier.... *Near left:* The oversized overshirt in fuchsia cotton. Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique. About $275 (with matching pants, not shown). At Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Jacobson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.... Pretty makeup with fuchsia: Newport Red cheek tint and Porto Fino Rose lipstick—by Estée Lauder.

Above left: Super sun color, sun cover—long, tucked brick top and pink pants, in thinnest cotton voile. By Kappi. About $78. At Bloomingdale's; B. Forman; Kaufmann's; Montaldo's; Jackson Graves; Sakowitz. ... *Above right:* Tiny, shiny violet bikini by Cole of California. Of Antron nylon and Lycra (Charbert fabric). About $16. Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Bullock's; Liberty House, Hawaii. Hair and makeup, Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, next to last page.

***Wailuku** (both pages), county seat of Maui, Lanai, and Molokai islands, and home of Earl's Nursery, photographed here—a first stop for garden-growers!

HELMUT NEWTON



Maui, Hawaii*

The chemise and its fans!...12/3 – Some day, some dress (left) – it really worked!...12/4 – Hot spell (above) – glad I packed the fan & my cool cotton dress – the one that's slit up both sides – and lots of sun protection. Tomorrow – off to Lahaina!

Left: Fuchsia!—Geoffrey Beene's silk crêpe chemise, yoked front and back (with black pants, not shown). Of Premet Silks fabric. About $495. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Dayton's; Bullock's Wilshire; Liberty House, Hawaii.

Above: Fuchsia!—The easy cotton chemise from Calvin Klein, with a shirred yoke, long roll-up sleeves (Crantex fabric). About $78. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Higbee's; Jacobson's; I. Magnin. The makeup: Helena Rubinstein's Sun Country Bronzing Toner, in Deep Bronze. Accessories and men's fashions, next to last page.

***Kaanapali**—miles of sun-drenched beach resort lined with hotel after luxurious hotel. Great place for body surfing—a favorite Hawaiian pastime.

HELMUT NEWTON



Maui, Hawaii*

12/5 – How's this for a room with a view! (left) – big "loomers" in distance are West Maui Mountains...the rest is all me!... 12/6 – Beauty on the beach! (below) – everyone wears something long and fuchsia everywhere at night, including toes (with a little help from a friend!)

Opposite page: Fuchsia stretch lace nylon bra (about $7) and bikini (about $5), by ddduds. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Robe by Bill Tice ESP, a Sayour Company. Of silk (Beaunit fabric). About $250. To order, Saks Fifth Avenue....Extra glow for a tan: Rose Creme/Rose Lights Blush Creme—new from Maybelline. *Below left:* Bill Blass's fuchsia cardigan and camisole (both of Chinon; Beaunit fabric) and his stem of slit black silk skirt (Lafitte fabric). About $650. To order at Martha; B. Forman; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; Montaldo's; Dayton's; Liberty House, Hawaii.... On her toes (fingers, too!)—Christian Dior's Scarlet Magenta II nail enamel.

Below right: The Chinese pyjama from Morty Sussman for Mollie Parnis Boutique—fuchsia Mandarin jacket, fuchsia-striped black pants. Of satin-faced crêpe Chinon (Beaunit fabric). About $250. At Lord & Taylor; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Goldsmith's; Higbee's; Jacobson's; L.S. Ayres. Hair and makeup, Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, next to last page.

HELMUT NEWTON

***Lahaina** (left)—the royal capital of Kamehameha the Great, on the West Coast of Maui....**Kaanapali** (right) has some of the best hotels—and some of the best night life—on the islands.

Maui, Hawaii*

12/7-'Me in my "bird" dress-as dressed as any gets for real evenings-sensational with newly tan (eat your heart out!)....12/8-Carried cally skinny fuchsia maillot. Him in his find at Fleming Beach-everyone digging Molokai Island in bkgrnd.-you can't

Dress by Oscar de la Renta—layers of feather-printed silk chiffon (Kabat Textile fabric). About $595. Saks Fifth Avenue; Wanamaker's; Montaldo's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Balliet's; Sakowitz. Perfect makeup for fuchsia: Perfect Plum nail enamel, and C.H.R. Extraordinary Gel Lipstick in Radiant Pink. Both, Ultima II. Hair and makeup, Franklyn Welsh.

•**Kaanapali** on the island of Maui (left)—incredible Island at night.... **Fleming Beach** (right), lined for its puka-shell diving.


one ever
acquired
away! Me in my terrifi-
puka-shell necklace—the
up, bringing back! P.S. That's
swim there from here!
Calvin Klein maillot, of Antron nylon and Lycra (Beaunit fabric). About $28. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field; Bullock's; Liberty House, Hawaii. Shell necklace by Puka Jewelry Creations, available here at Henri Bendel. Other accessory details, both pages, next to last page.
sunsets, spectacular view of Lanai with date and coconut palms, famed
HELMUT NEWTON

Maui, Hawaii*

12/9—Walking bareback on Makena Beach, for passing whales (they winter here, too!)—two favorite new pastimes!...Only five more —love, "the lady in wading!"

Left: White jersey dress—yoked top, slightly gathered waist, matching tank top underneath. By Jay Jaxon for Benson & Partners. Of Orlon acrylic. Dress, about $58; tank, about $11. Bloomingdale's; Higbee's; Marshall Field. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

***Makena Beach** (both pages)—black lava rocks, golden sand—edges the new **Wailea Resort.** A sail away is Lanai Island—green, mountainous, 640 houses, and some of the most isolated beaches in Hawaii.

watching

days – see you too soon

Near right: Wrap back, bare back—a bright-coral apron of a dress by Donna Karan for Anne Klein. Of lineny viscose. About $110. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Rich's; Goldsmith's; H.&S. Pogue; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Carol & Mary....Far right: The wrap-and-bare dress in gauzy Indian cotton—terra-cotta color. By Cinnamon. About $42. Henri Bendel; Bullock's.

HELMUT NEWTON



Maui, Hawaii*

12/10 – Spent the most marvelous morning in town – sightseeing, shopping – couldn't resist the orchids (again!). Found all the right things to take back home. And – for once – had on all the right clothes – the thinnest, lightest cottons. Kept cool through everything!

Left: The easy, oversized pyjama for day—loose kimono top and drawstring pants in gauzy natural cotton with a tiny white foulard pattern. Ronald Kolodzie for Concept VII (Meyer Woolens fabric). About $100. Mid-December, Lord & Taylor; Lillie Rubin-South and West. . . . *Center:* Hot-weather naturals—breezy cotton top and gauzy drawstring skirt from Carol Horn's Habitat. Top, about $27 (Axelrod fabric); skirt, about $27 (Tussah fabric). January, at Altman's; Bullock's. . . . *Right:* Super-cool pyjama dressing—open V-neck top and loose drawstring pants in self-striped natural cotton gauze. By Calvin Klein; Axelrod fabric. Top, about $52; pants, about $54. Late December, Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Dayton's. Accessories and men's fashions, next to last page, this issue.

HELMUT NEWTON

*Lahaina—former whaling port and center of Maui life in the 1800's. Here, at the corner of Front Street and Lahainaluna Road you can still see 19th-century wooden houses with balconies built by the early whalers.



Maui, Hawaii*

12/11 Such sensational scenery you want to do *everything* outdoors. Pretty sensational dresses, too—sometimes it pays to splurge! P.S. Are you sure Fred & Ginger started this way?!?... 12/12 Bags packed, ready to go, but just couldn't resist a final swim (especially in *this* bikini—wow!). That did it!—Staying an extra day—tell the office, please....

Opposite: The knockout white evening dresses.... Left, the thinnest cling of white satin, cut on the bias. By Stavropoulos (Lafitte silk). About $925. At Martha; Nan Duskin; Maison Blanche. Right, matte jersey with a deep plunge, shower of rhinestones. By John Anthony, of rayon and silk (Jasco Fabrics). About $495, Elizabeth Arden Salons; Jacobson's; L.S. Ayres; Dayton's; Liberty House, San Francisco.

Above left: "The String"—shades of bougainvillaea flowers on black. By Catalina; Du Pont nylon and Lycra. About $17. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Bullock's; Liberty House, Hawaii. *Above right:* an easy pretty black dress with blowy sleeves. Nyesta dress of Antron nylon by D. D. Dominick. About $42. Bloomingdale's; Higbee's; Hudson's; Bullock's. Accessories, next to last page.

HELMUT NEWTON

***Haleakala Crater**—nearly two miles high, Haleakala is one of the natural wonders on Maui—an unforgettable landscape of cinder cones and wildflowers.

Maui, Hawaii*

12/13—Danced my feet off last night, ditto tonight (kept getting rocks in my shoes!)—thank heaven I brought all those long dresses (worth the overweight!). And that portable record player—the best going-away present—you have no idea!...Aloha! (famous last word)

Above: Robert-David Morton's red-and-black jersey dress to the floor has a matching bikini, a shawl—and a slit to the thigh. Of Jupiter jersey (Antron nylon and Lycra). About $180. Bloomingdale's; B. Forman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Stanley Korshak; Bullock's. Hair and makeup on all Hawaii pages, by Franklyn Welsh.

Right: Slit to the waist front and back, a sexy, swirly halter dress of pink-and-mauve printed eggshell jersey. By Teal Traina, of Trevira Star polyester (Delden Fabrics). About $140. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Swanson's; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Accessory details and men's fashions, next to last page of this issue.

*Volcanic rocks at Haleakala Crater (opposite page)—the largest dormant volcano in the world. People drive, climb, and ride in for a day or a weekend (inside the crater, cabins are available). But faster—and in some ways more spectacular—is zipping in and out by helicopter!

HELMUT NEWTON



Wildflowers

The Englishman whose resettlement of a nation of rabbits keeps his novel "Watership Down" best-selling and best-selling here makes field flowers his stars

BY RICHARD ADAMS

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." So far as I am aware, this is the earliest eulogy (in the Western world, anyway) in praise of wildflowers; and an excellent example it is of its Originator's characteristic (and disturbing) ability to hit the nail on the head, since it contrives to say no less than three important things about wildflowers—one implicitly and two explicitly.

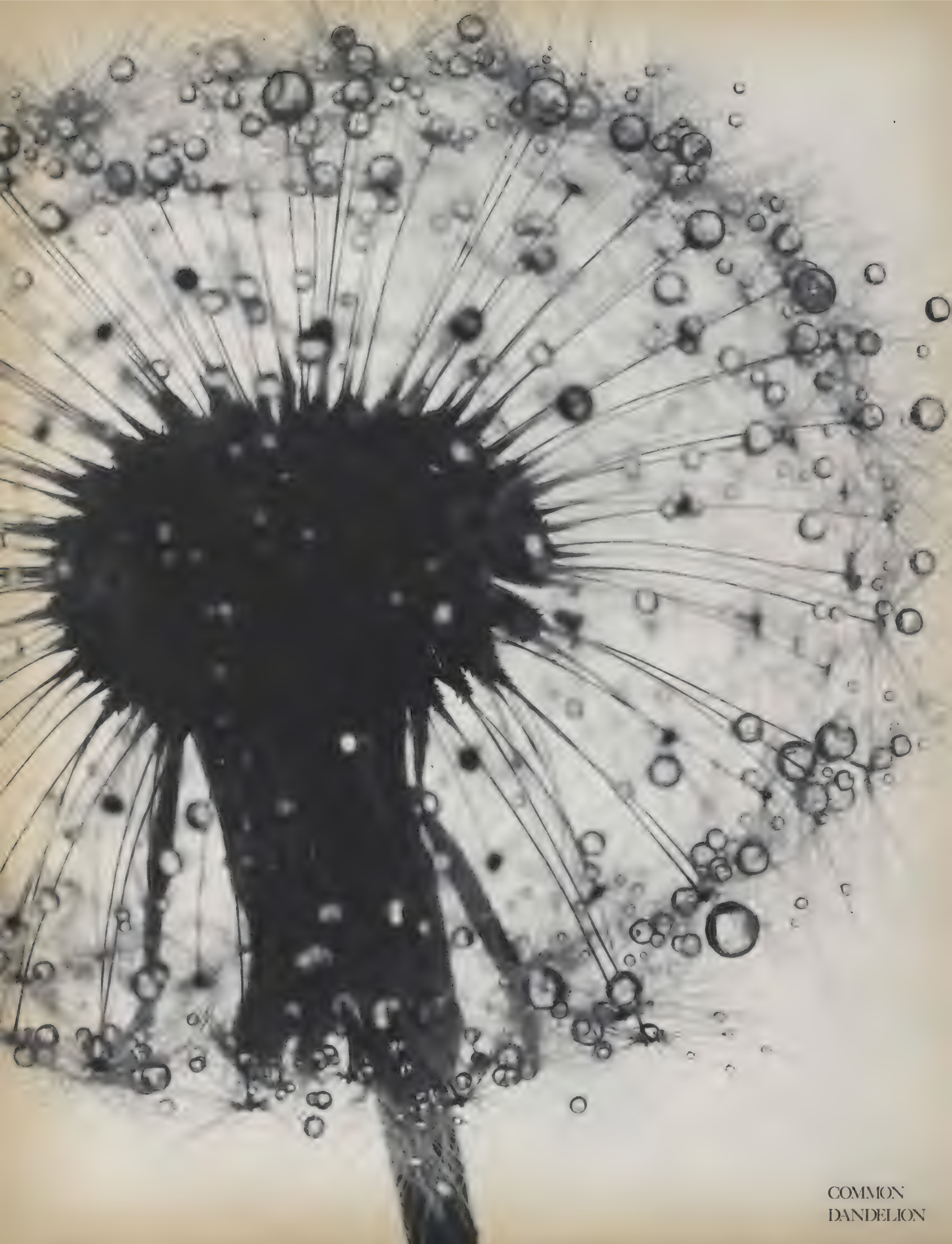
First, it remains true that few people take much notice of wildflowers. Secondly, they are strikingly beautiful, to a degree which no human being can match by artifice; and thirdly, being nonsentient, (unlike, e.g., birds or butterflies) they exercise no conscious struggle or willpower in order to grow, bloom, and seed. Although it is pleasant to think of Jesus noticing the wildflowers during His journeys on foot in Galilee and Judaea (and there certainly are some good ones there), I cannot really attribute to this source my own love for them. That, in fact, began before ever I could read, with the seasonal flower-gathering expeditions that our family used to make, during the far-off days of the 'twenties, in the southern English countryside where I was born. These produced in-season harvests—armfuls—of the more admired and beautiful wildflowers—those that everybody knows, and that bloom in masses, so that the picker can take what he likes without spoiling what are left (or so it certainly seemed in those days).

Snowdrops were the first of the year. There were oak woods where they bloomed (sometimes as early as January, but always before March) up through dark-green carpets of ivy, and beside silent, wintry ponds: the three outer petals spread like wings, the shorter, inner petals streaked with green and gold. The snowdrop is a relative of the daffodil (they are both *amaryllidaceae*); and, soon after, there would be daffodils, too—that "begin to peer" as Autolycus sings in *The Winter's Tale*. (I think Autolycus may sometimes be misunderstood. His daffodils don't " 'pear"—i.e., "appear"; they *peer* out of their hoods or bonnets—a delightfully apt image.)

Kingcups *(Caltha palustris)* came next; they bloomed thick—brilliant masses of deep gold—in the cattle-wades and tiny brooks about the Sandleford fields. These, perhaps, remain my favorite wildflower; and while you were getting your feet wet, you could often pick some edible watercress, too. About the same time there would be primroses (they like an open bank, and the best places were on the edge of a certain wood—Miss Tull's wood, we called it—and along the cuttings of the little, local, single-track railway line—long-disused, alas, the rails up and the land sold); and then bluebells, filling the damp copses with expanses of still, dark blue—so that the ground itself seemed pooled with blue—and with their faint, cool scent, which wrings my heart to this day. Cowslips, too, we picked on the slopes of the downs—though I never learned to make a cowslip ball—and then, in the high summer, we would go out to the hot, dry commons—Greenham or Snelsmoor—and pick heather (it was no good pulling at it; you had to snap each thin, woody stalk delicately between finger and thumb) all among the great stag beetles, the frail, cerise cinnabar moths and the zipping grasshoppers. At this time of year, along the edges of the wheat fields, there would be scarlet poppies (which wither almost as soon as you pick them) and the orange-and-yellow spikes of the toadflax. And I have helped, too, in open clearings of the woods, to cut pink-belled, black-spotted foxgloves taller than myself.

Eight or nine years later, when I became a fisherman and used to spend long hours by the Kennet, the waterside plants seemed like inhabitants of that river land—a land of breezeless, cow-tail-swishing afternoons and red evenings, of hovering dragonflies (yes, and dratted horseflies, too), of glittering, coiling water with trout half-perceived beneath its surface dazzle. Here were tall, riparian clumps of fleabane like golden daisies; the fluffy, pink hemp agrimony; the meadow-sweet, mimulus [monkey-flower], and purple loosestrife; and the small, dark-red blooms of the square-stemmed figwort, which is pollinated only by wasps; forget-me-not and yellow brandy-bottle [candock] in the water, and the white flowers of the water crowfoot. An English south-country river in later summer is full of the warm, drowsy smells of water mint and meadow-sweet—the nearest thing (Continued)

LONG ISLAND FIELD FLOWERS PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRVING PENN



COMMON
DANDELION



WILD CARROT

ASIATIC DAYFLOWER

WHITE CAMPION

"They toil not, neither do they spin..."

—MATTHEW 6:28

(Continued) we English have to the luxuriant humidity of the tropics, with their heat and burning color. In those days long ago, the flowers of the orange balsam [orange touch-me-not] (*Impatiens capensis*—a North American plant, naturalized on English riverbanks) or the magenta spikes of the sainfoin under the chalk downs seemed to me unmatchably brilliant in their glowing hues: but that was before I had seen the bougainvillaea flaring in great purple sheets in the Florida hedges, or the scarlet hibiscus blooming beside the roads of California.

I have never cared to be a mere rarity-hunter. True, I know a wood in Wiltshire where the autumn crocus blooms thickly and a secluded combe below the White Horse downs where the pasque-flower grows (and when in bloom is guarded by local residents). I have happened upon the scarce bee orchis, not far from Glyndebourne, and the little purple-and-yellow fluellin, too seldom found among the weeds of harvest. But somehow rarities, for me, have never seemed the real point of the game. One learns to identify the flowers, first, because it is easier to enjoy their beauty if one knows their names, and, second, because identification is necessary in order to read about a flower or refer to it.

I was apprehensive, before visiting America, that not knowing the names of many American wildflowers might diminish my enjoyment of them. I need not have worried. There were delights everywhere—familiar and unfamiliar. Along the roads of Ohio the pale-blue chicory (one of the loveliest of flowers) grows more profusely than on our English downs. Also, there is a profusion of goldenrod, together with a tall, striking, deep-purple-flowering plant, rather like goldenrod in its growth, that I take to be some relation of the Michaelmas daisy. In San Francisco, with the help of a puzzled but friendly cabdriver, I made a wildflower expedition which, for an Englishman, was rather like a trip to Brobdingnag. Huge clumps of nasturtiums (the nasturtium is a watercress, but in England we have no resemblant wild relative) flanked the road to the Golden Gate, their leaves big as the palms of hands. Great bushes of yellow broom covered all the slopes beyond the bridge (is that why they call it the Golden Gate?); the wild garlic was in flower, and clumps of enormous white water-arum were blooming all about. (We certainly *have* a wild arum in England: we call him Jack-in-the- (Continued on page 210)



BLUE-EYED
GRASS



COMMON
BUTTERCUP



CHICORY

WILD CARROT
"QUEEN ANNE'S LACE"



The Elsa Peretti Phenomenon

...or, why they're standing in line to buy real jewelry

One day this fall, Tiffany's introduced its first collection of Elsa Peretti jewelry and right then, what had been a cult-size ardor exploded into a national passion—suddenly everybody is collecting Peretti. From New York to California, wherever there's a Tiffany's, there are lines—and they're not just-looking-thank-you. They're queuing up to buy diamonds (diamonds!) by the yard and silver minaudières sculptured to the grasp of a hand, and her little 18-carat beans are moving so fast you'd think they were 49¢ a dozen... not to mention the Peretti classics—the tiny, exquisitely intimate tears that curve to the hollow of the throat; the miniature bottles made to hold a single flower, now of jade, crystal, and gold as well as silver. Carved, pure—irresistibly touchable—it has been called jewelry as sculpture, sculpture as jewelry, and the most sensuous jewelry in the world. But nobody explains the Peretti phenomenon better than Elsa herself: "One morning, there was a beautiful piece of jewelry in the window, and I thought, 'that is a beautiful piece of jewelry.' And there was something of mine, and I thought, 'but that, I would like to *wear*!' " So say they all.... *This page:* Elsa in her workroom/living room, dressed, as always, by Halston (the shirt is beige crêpe de Chine; the black leather work-apron is one he made especially for her), jewels by Peretti. Her worktable, a huge butcher's block from J & D Brauner. François of Suga did her hair and makeup.... Still life, *opposite:* A sampling of the new Elsa Peretti of Tiffany collection—and some of her own treasures. Details, page 213.

DUANE MICHALS



The dress at night!

new shapes, new dazzle... the charm starts here, with Anjelica Huston



AVEDON

The shining hour of the chemise—Anjelica Huston, *left,* adding a luster of her own to the gleam of a beige satin chemise from Galanos. All softness and shimmer, it falls on the body from a baby-pleated yoke, with long, full sleeves held at the wrist and cuffed in gold. Abraham silk. About $1,295. To order at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Amelia Gray. Jewelry, Van Cleef & Arpels. **The two-piece dress at its most seductive,** *right:* from Pertegaz, a black georgette blouson top with sheer black lace insets and the prettiest skirt—hundreds of tiny pleats, lace ribbons, and a flounced hem that never stops moving! Chez Ninon; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Hair, these four pages, by Ara Gallant. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

New
shapes,
new
dazzle...

the dress at night...
worn by
Anjelica Huston

The new-shape blouson, *far left,* in silky black jersey—softer, fuller, with the prettiest off the-shoulder sleeves—one of the most becoming shapes ever! By Lanvin, of Leonard fabric. **Gleam!** *left*—the gleam in the eye of a beautiful woman—captivating, inviting.... And the gleam of gold at night—the super-wide hammered gold cuff—deeply textured, curved to the wrist ...smooth gold dome earrings- this season's glamour touches with black at night. Jewelry, Van Cleef & Arpels. Calvin Klein shirt.

The most blouson, *right*—totally covered... totally seductive. A cloud of softest white crêpe georgette held at the wrist and waist and fluttering down past the ankle—clean, simple... beautiful! By Jean-Louis Scherrer, of Abraham fabric. Accessories, next to last page this issue.





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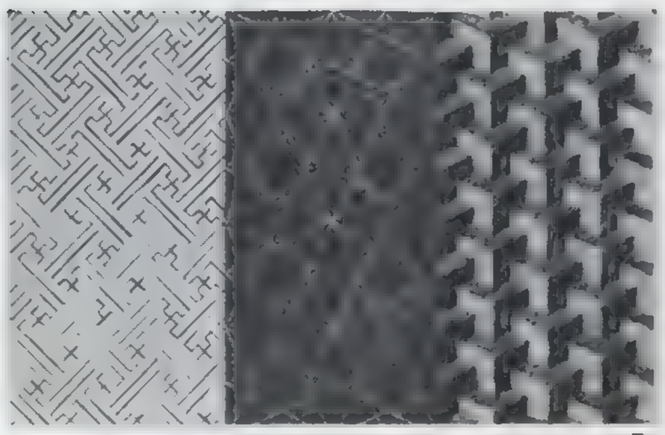
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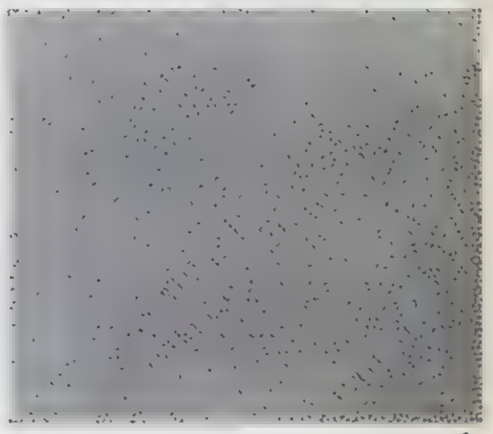
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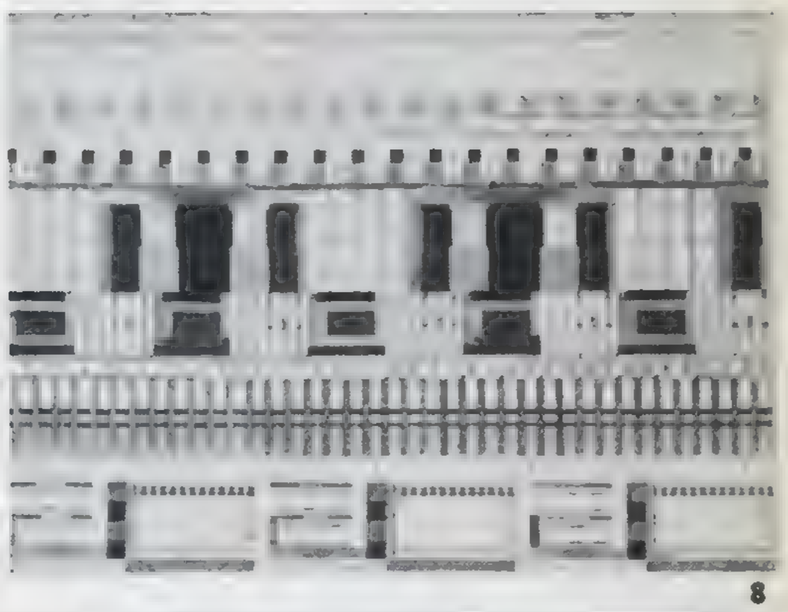
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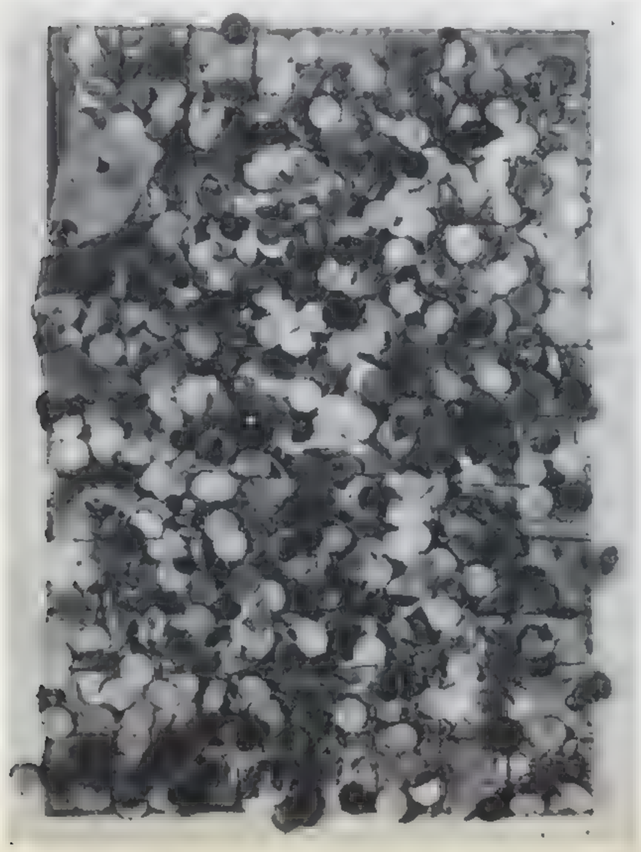
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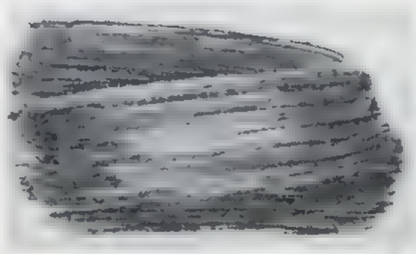
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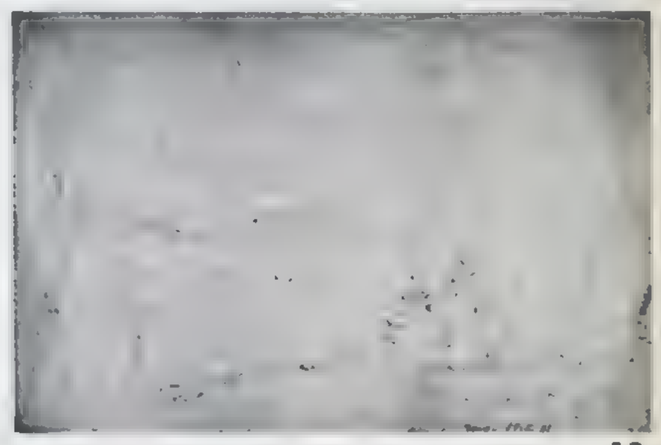
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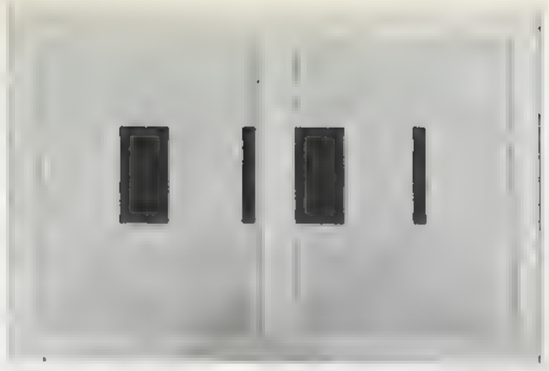
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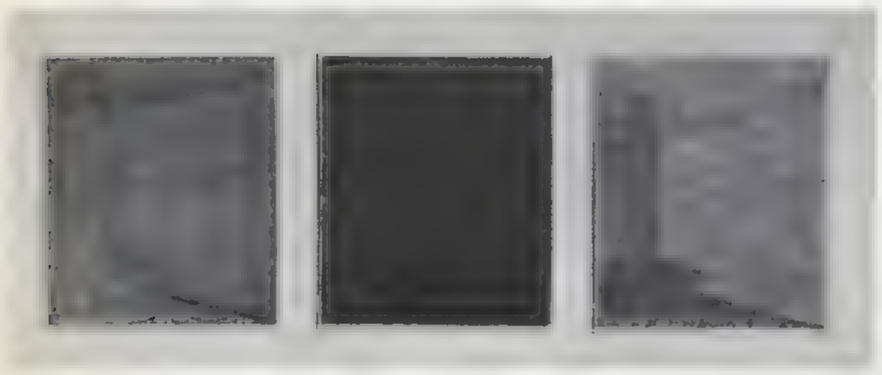
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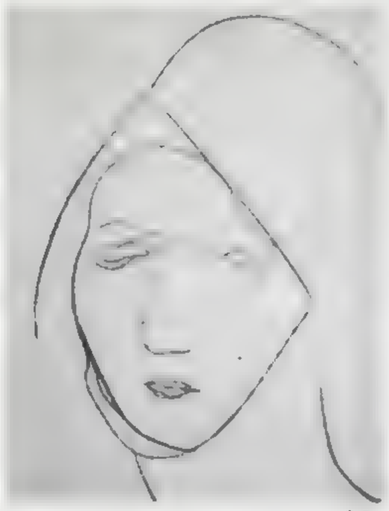
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THE NEWS IS PAPER

A renaissance in works on paper—gouaches, watercolors, pastels, and drawings—is the news this Christmas art season. In contrast to the vogue for prints that created a graphics boom in the 'sixties, the emphasis now is on the original, unique work of art—even if that work is done on paper rather than on canvas. Reasons for the new popularity of works on paper are not hard to find: for collectors being priced out of the picture market, drawings and watercolors represent a way of acquiring quality art at, if not bargain prices, at least relatively reasonable sums when compared with what paintings and sculpture cost now. The economics of the paper revolution are simple, and indicative of the general climate in American art today. Since the costs of materials and space for making a small work on paper are considerably lower for the artist, and the handling, storing, and installing of drawings, watercolors, etc. are much cheaper for both dealer and collector, paper works represent one ingenious solution to the economic crunch that is changing many behavior patterns today.

There are esthetic reasons for the shift toward works on paper as well as the underlying economic factor. More young artists have the technical training necessary to draw well; they have the kind of manual control and intellectual discipline necessary to the painstaking project of putting marks on a page—a task too demanding for a spray gun. Such young artists as Joyce Kozloff, Howard Buchwald, Robert Moskowitz, Gary Stephan, Nancy Graves, and Brice Marden are establishing a new level (Continued on page 214)

1. "Motion Between Five Points," by Blythe Bohnen, 1974; graphite stick on paper, 22½" x 28½"; $300 at A.I.R. gallery.

2. Untitled, by Howard Buchwald, 1974; sepia wash on paper, 29" x 22"; $275 at Nancy Hoffman gallery.

3. "H Series 2," by Al Held, 1963; India ink on paper, 17½" x 23½"; $650 at André Emmerich gallery.

4. "Second Cube," by Jack Tworkov, 1972; charcoal on paper, 26" x 20"; $900 at Nancy Hoffman gallery.

5. Untitled, by Michael Balog, 1972; pencil on paper, 22½" x 30½"; $300 at Leo Castelli gallery.

6. "Arcs from Four Corners and Four Sides," by Sol LeWitt, 1971; ink on paper, 11" x 11"; $900 at John Weber gallery.

7. "Study for Threnody," by Cleve Gray, 1974; acrylic on paper, 22" x 17½"; $600 at Parsons-Truman gallery.

8. "Sayil," by Joyce Kozloff, 1974; gouache and colored pencil, 22" x 30"; $500 at Tibor de Nagy gallery.

9. Untitled, by Howardena Pindell, 1974; thread, acrylic, watercolor, parchment, spray adhesive on board, 11" x 9"; $350 at Rosa Esman gallery.

10. "Shoe 12," by Rosemarie Castoro, 1971; postcard drawing, 3¼" x 5½"; $75 at Tibor de Nagy gallery.

11. "Superfluous Drawing," by Joel Fisher, 1972; ink on paper, 6½" x 6½"; under $300 at the Sonnabend gallery.

12. "Stornaway," by Chris Wilmarth, 1974; graphite on stapled papers which are cut and torn, 19½" x 19½" (framed); $550 at Rosa Esman gallery.

13. "Boats in the Bay," by Fairfield Porter, 1961; pencil, 11¾" x 17¼"; $700 at Tibor de Nagy gallery.

14. Untitled, by John Graham, circa 1930; crayon, 10¼" x 7¾"; $350 at Zabriskie gallery.

15. "February 19, 1968," by Jack Youngerman, 1968; India ink on paper, 29" x 23"; $700 at Betty Parsons gallery.

16. "Adiophora," by Stephen s'Soreff, 1973; ink on paper, 21½" x 34"; $150 at Parsons-Truman gallery.

17. Untitled, by Gary Stephan, 1974; oil on paper, 38" x 54"; $1,000 at Bykert gallery.

18. "Three Drawings on Paper," by Robert Moskowitz, 1967; graphite on paper, 7¼" x 6" each; $350 at Nancy Hoffman gallery.

19. Untitled No. 7, by Michelle Stuart, 1973; graphite on 100% rag paper backed with linen, 60" x 31"; $475 at Rosa Esman gallery.

20. Untitled, by Bob Duran, 1974; watercolor on paper, 18" x 24"; $700 at Bykert gallery.

21. "Zebb's Vision," by John Seery, 1971; acrylic on paper, 30" x 22"; $800 at André Emmerich gallery.

22. "Painting City," by Miriam Schapiro, 1967; collage, 25" x 20¼"; $700 at André Emmerich gallery.

23. "Recall 2" by Stephen Greene, 1972; mixed media, 22" x 30"; $950 at William Zierler gallery.

24. Untitled, by William Fares, 1974; graphite on sliced and folded paper, 22" x 28"; $350 at Rosa Esman gallery.

More Art than Money

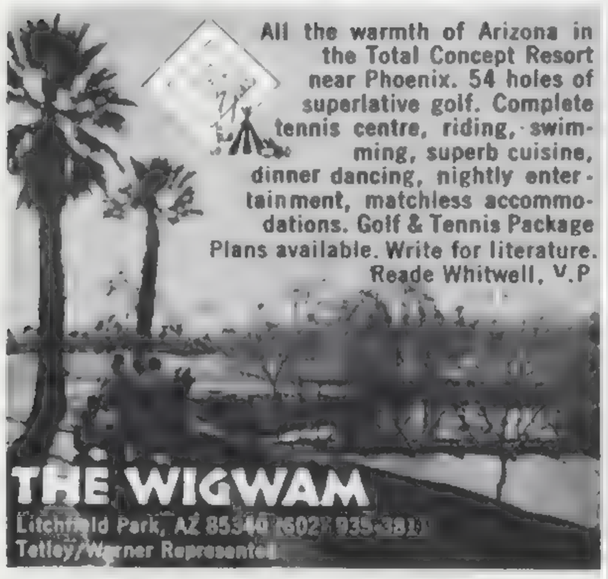
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"If anyone is tempted . . . to go in for wildflowers, I don't see how he or she can avoid having a delightful time"

WILDFLOWERS

(Continued from page 200)

pulpit, but though beautiful, he's only about six inches tall.)

If anyone is tempted by this article to go in for wildflowers, I don't see how he or she can avoid having a delightful time. It is unnecessary to learn any botany. I never did (and neither did Shakespeare, whose plays are full of wildflowers, minutely and lovingly noticed), although with the passage of time a few terms may usefully rub off on one's mind. As I have said, I personally do not make expeditions after uncommon flowers (though I am quite prepared to go and see a rarity if someone tells me where there is one to be seen). Those who are fond of wildflowers are seldom going to be bored. One evening I found fifteen different kinds on a cleared building site at the end of the block in Manhattan. (None of them was anything very striking, of course; but it only goes to show.)

One needs, perhaps (and I hope no one will consider this sententious), to cultivate a certain humility (or else a certain laziness—that's me) to delight in wildflowers. The whole point is that they are worthless and unregarded. You don't grow them yourself, they don't cost you anything, and you can't turn them to any material advantage.

Many wildflowers are small and not particularly noticeable or brightly colored. Yet with their extraordinary variety, their minutely detailed beauty (try examining the bloom of a chicory or a scarlet pimpernel through a lens), and their cycles of change with the seasons, wildflowers can, like music or stars, add a fresh and powerful solace to life. Apparently dull places become more full of interest. The flowers are cooperative—they keep still while you look at them. No one minds if you pick most of them. They won't go away: they'll be there next year. Whether your own personal luck is in or out, whether you are happy or sad, the flowers will give you an indestructible continuum, an assurance that life will be going on for the time being. Spring is the perfect servant—quietly he still lays out the best clothes for the distracted, wretched world.

My father used sometimes to pick a dandelion and put it in his buttonhole. If anyone rallied him on this, he would draw his attention to the amazing shades of varied gold in the bloom. As far as I can make out, no one regards Cleveland as exactly a fountainhead of natural beauty. Yet I have never seen a more glorious blaze of dandelions than those along its roadsides this spring. If the dandelion and daisy were rare, people would travel hundreds of miles to see them. ▽

IMPRESSIONISM

(Continued from page 164)

to transfer the brilliance and charming insouciance of the sketch to the mammoth, labored canvas, which he abandoned and eventually cut into pieces. Lacking academic discipline, Monet could not construct on a monumental scale what he had spontaneously sketched from nature. Not even the patience of the long-suffering Camille, who posed for many of the female figures, could help. Finally the impatience of Monet and his contemporaries with the stuffy poses of studio models and the artificiality of studio lighting would send them out of doors with their portable easels to paint exclusively from nature, creating the most durably popular and genuinely enjoyable style in modern art—Impressionism. ▽

RÉGINE

(Continued from page 170)

has been thinking about it for almost forty years. Monte Carlo gives her what she wants, two nightclubs—"Jimmy'z" and "Parady'z." Her luck is with her, her show—she sings, dances, and the young, the old, the tough ones are looking at her on the stage. She has fulfilled her dream. But, back in Paris in her apartment above "New Jimmy's," before going to bed at 5:00 A.M. she checks over the phone who is still there, and most of the time, she puts her dress back on, mascara on her lashes, and down she goes dancing across the floor toward a friend in search of affection and a familiar face: Régine. ▽

"I'd have to write a volume to explain what I mean by the word 'love,' so I just kick it to one side whenever it comes my way"

GORE VIDAL

(Continued from page 178)

Whether it's Unisex, Women's Lib, the Death of God, or whatever, I have the lemming sense for coming disasters. *Burr*, of course, had the good fortune to be published at the time of Watergate. So it wasn't difficult to grasp how the United States was always a tough, aggressive, imperialistic, corrupt society—and how we continually hide the truth about ourselves from ourselves, as well as from others."

Political power, especially its misuses, had interested Gore Vidal since boyhood. After his parents' divorce, he lived with his maternal grandfather, Thomas P. Gore, an anti-Roosevelt Democrat who represented Oklahoma in Washington off and on for thirty years. The venerable Senator had a big house at Washington's Rock Creek Park. He was blind from the age of ten; and Vidal, besides helping the old gentleman put in a twinkling, grey glass eye each morning, would read him the *Congressional Record*, Constitutional history, and English common law.

Today, in his study at Ravello, Vidal has a picture of himself as a boy with his arm around the seated Senator Gore. There's another photograph of the Senator's father (a Civil War corporal) beside Vidal's bed; while, on the other side of the bed, hangs one of Gore's mother, Nina, who went on to marry Hugh D. Auchincloss. Vidal is especially fond of his mother's daughter by Auchincloss, Mrs. Michael Straight ("The only member of her family burdened with intelligence").

In due course, Gore Vidal's mother broke with Auchincloss, who then married Mrs. Janet Bouvier, mother of the future Jacqueline Kennedy and Princess Lee Radziwill (whom Vidal was later to describe as the "two most successful adventuresses of our time"). When Jacqueline Bouvier's husband became President of the United States, Vidal enjoyed a brief White House honeymoon with the Kennedys—eventually broken by a mutual "chemical" dislike between Vidal and Bobby Kennedy.

Politics and its reward, power, had continued to appeal to him. In 1960, he ran for Congress from his overwhelmingly Republican district on the Hudson; and, though he lost, he got more votes than any Democrat since 1910. He was urged to run in '64. By that time, however, he realized he could not be both politician and writer. He moved to Rome and finished his first major best seller since *The City and the Pillar* (1948): *Julian*, the story of the apostate Roman emperor.

Besides politics, women marked Vidal's life deeply, beginning with his mother: she was a traumatic experience for anyone who came her way, he observed dryly.

Another of these women was Anaïs Nin, whom he met when he was nineteen, just after the Second World War, when critics were hailing his first novel, *Williwaw*, as the work of an important new American author. He confessed to Miss Nin, as she recently published in her notorious diaries: "He told me his mother said to him, 'No one will ever love you as I do.' He had wanted his mother to die. . . . Psychologically he knows the meaning of his mother abandoning him when he was ten. . . . But he does not know why he cannot love.

"He was a child thrust out too soon into the world. . . . He was cheated of a carefree childhood, of a happy adolescence. He was rushed into sophistication and experience with the surface of himself, but the deeper self was secret and lonely. . . ."

Today, Vidal assumes an amused air at mention of Anaïs Nin, yet he admits he was originally overwhelmed and fascinated by her. One is thus inclined to believe his confidences to her, especially, "I do not want to be involved, ever. . . . I like casual relationships. When you get involved, you get hurt."

On the other hand, Vidal cautions any reader of Anaïs Nin's diaries to take into account "her all-abiding self-love that makes it impossible for her to get the point to anyone else."

In a later entry, after a bitter quarrel, Miss Nin writes to Vidal: ". . . you have [destroyed] the myth by which I live. I am a romantic and you are a cynic. . . . Everything in your eyes is diminished and uglified. All quality of beauty comes from one's own vision. In your vision, everything is ugly. . . . You paint an ugly world in which there is nothing to love, and what is a lover without an object to love? . . . You have been hurt, so from now on, you will hurt others! You live without faith, and that will make your world grey and bitter. The only magic against death, aging, ordinary life is love. Your mother harmed you more deeply than you knew. . . ."

One cannot but wonder how much truth there is in this and whether this has given Vidal both his stoical edge and, perhaps, a weakness some critics have described as his inability to show empathy for human beings.

Replying to this today, Vidal says: "Anaïs Nin prettifies and she thinks I uglify. I think that she distorts and that I see clearly whatever is in front of me. I see the reality of other people, which is one of the reasons I don't go in for the word 'love.' I know pretty much what others want, what I want, and I know the impossibility of two people's ever coming together successfully for more than an instant—and that instant is always based on perfect misunderstanding, as Anaïs' diaries show. Time and again she meets Mr. Right. Then she is betrayed. He does not admire her books sufficiently. She is suicidal. . . . Spare me the romantic temperament!"

Vidal thus believes that what passes for love between two human beings is an illusion doomed to die. Curiously, one of his closest friends appears to agree with Miss Nin: In Vidal's book *Two Sisters*, one reads: "V. [Vidal] spoke in favor of reality. He thinks if people know the worst they can manage to overcome it or live with it or something. Tennessee disagreed. 'Our illusions are all we have, any of us.' "

Vidal, citing Saint Augustine, concludes: ". . . every heart is closed to every other heart." This, he suggested, was nearer the truth than the ideas of "Tennessee who would argue that the *illusion* that one's heart is open to another's is love enough in our meager world."

Sipping wine on the terrace of his Ravello villa, Vidal explained his position in greater detail.

"The word *love*, as used today, means romantic love—a concept that did not exist before the troubadours in the Middle Ages and did not really assume its horrendous sickness until the nineteenth century. I'm pre-troubadour, pre-nineteenth century. My attitudes about sex are closer to Petronius, to Rome and Greece, than they are to the sickness of the Middle Ages, the obsession with self that led to the vulgar romanticism of the nineteenth century.

"For the Greeks and Romans, love did not exist in our sense of the word. There was lust, which everybody recognized. There was obsession, sometimes based on sexual lust—as Catullus had for Lesbia, so that he wrote savage and demented poems about her. Yet Catullus was regarded as someone ill. What we would regard today as normal—the frenzy a man ideally should feel for a woman—the Greeks and Romans treated as a fever, an illness that would pass. That's how they viewed what we regard as romantic love, and it's my idea of it.

"But when I try to explain this, I'm literally talking Greek or Latin to people who have been brainwashed, particularly by the nineteenth century and by such horrendous writers as D. H. Lawrence, who tried to make a religion out of it. I'd have to write a whole volume to fully explain what I mean by the word 'love,' so I just kick it to one side whenever it comes my way, because it doesn't mean anything to me and I know that what it means to other people is totally false. They can't defend it, they don't feel it, and they don't believe it."

In Vidal's Roman and non-romantic view, sex was actually inimical to friendship and any continuing affection for another person: "Sex is lust and it has nothing to do with compassion or a good relationship. In fact, it deranges or destroys friendship and meaningful relationships because, first of all, one loses interest quite rapidly in the sexual act with another person. It can be revived from time to time; but, on a regular basis as prescribed by marriage in the West, it is not possible. This makes for much unhappiness and grumpiness. So if you accept sex as an appetite like any other, having nothing particular to do with the object, as a person, you are moving onto much happier territory for yourself."

Sex was thus like having dinner. You have to eat or you get thin. If you don't have sex, your psyche gets thin. And it was really best with strangers: "It's more exciting with somebody you hardly know, because that's the way we are made . . . physically. It's sad that people regard this as terrible or untrue. But every male knows it, whether he's in a small village in India or the Playboy Club in Chicago. Women tend to be more intricate, more complicated because their social role has been so long exploited."

Slowly, twilight came to us on the terrace. The clouds lost their pink hue; and, below, the sea became a vast dark plain of night. Between the sea and sky, we sat as though in a crack of time, listening to Vidal in the twilight. ▽

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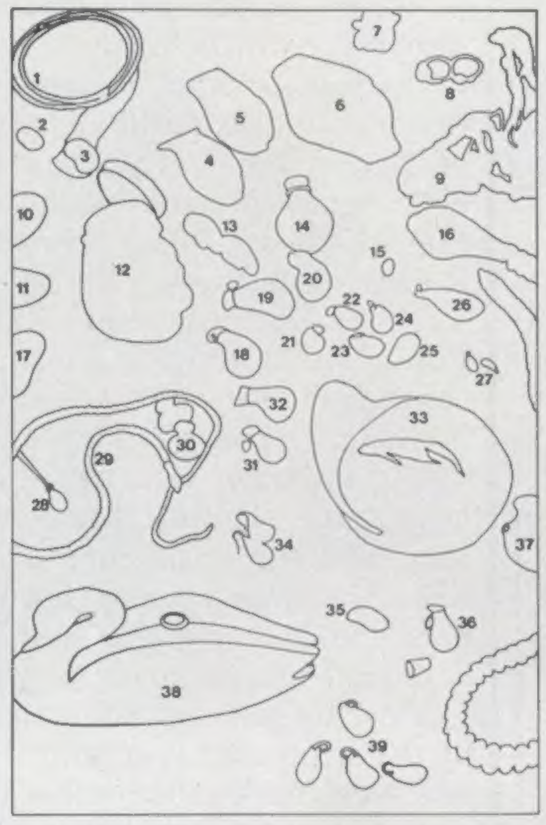
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THE ELSA PERETTI PHENOMENON

Details from page 202



On finger, far left: The tiniest tear of all—diamonds pave on platinum ($695) or gold ($550), to wear on a thin gold chain at the hollow of the throat.

1. Double 18k* gold bangle with two diamonds, $950.
2, 3, 35. Gold beans (sold only with gold chain), $230.
4. Gold snake-head belt buckle, $990.
5. Tigereye snake-head belt, $270.
6. Large silver snake-head belt buckle, $260.
7. Gold pillbox pendant, $400.
8. Gold-and-diamond rings. With small diamond, $975; larger diamond, $7,125.
9. Jewels by the yard (on 36" gold chains). With rubies, $1,075; tsavorites, $1,100; diamonds, $1,300; sapphires, $1,075; emeralds, $2,775; diamonds and sapphires, $2,375; diamonds and rubies, $1,075.
10. Large silver bean, $35.
11. Large ivory bean, $40.
12. Silver minaudiere sculptured to fit the hand, with ivory hinged cover, $395.
13. Gold bean earrings follow the curve of the ear lobe, $465.
14. Agate bottle, $175.
15. Piece of raw coral.
16. Silver snake belt, $675.
17. Ebony bean, $40.
18. Ivory bottle, $225.
19. Crystal bottle, $400.
20. Jade bottle, $300.
21. Jade tear, from Elsa's private collection.
22. Frosted crystal tear, from Elsa's private collection.
23. Gold tear, $145.
24. Clear crystal tear, from Elsa's private collection.
25. Lapis tear, $195.
26. Flat gold tear locket, $360.
27. Two sizes of small gold tears—left, $69; right, $49.
28. Diamond-and-platinum tear on platinum chain, $1,825.
29. Gold snake necklace, $1,550.
30. Jade cuff links, $225.
31. Small gold bottle, $345.
32. Large gold bottle, $395.
33. Elsa's own rock crystal bowl with silver "thumb" handle (here, it's a temporary home for her Japanese Beta fish).
34. Gold teardrop earrings, $285.
36. (Un)corked crystal bottle filled with Sumi Water Color, from Elsa's private collection.
37. Silver bottle, $50.
38. Ivory swan minaudiere with gold rim and tsavorite clasp, from Elsa's private collection.
39. Silver teardrops, $19 each.

***All gold, 18 karat. Everything, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany.**

FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 158: Earrings: Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. Bangles by Cadoro and Eva Graham. Morris Moskowitz belt, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 159: Earrings by De Bare Saunders. Eva Graham bangles.

Page 160: Jules van Rouge earrings. Clip by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs.

Page 161: Silver-and-gold cuff by Barry Kieselstein, at Georg Jensen. Silver bangles by Les Bernard. Belt by Elegant, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 182: *Right:* Eva Graham bangles. Morris Moskowitz belt. Herbert Levine sandals, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 183: *Left:* Belt: Ben King for Midtown Belts, at Henri Bendel.

Page 184: Earrings by Joseph Mazer. Herbert Levine sandals: Delman Shoe Salon, Bergdorf Goodman. His shirt: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Homme. His sweater and pants: Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Shop, Beverly Hills.

Page 185: Shawl by Billon Freres. Eva Graham bangles. Belt by Morris Moskowitz. Shoes by Herbert Levine, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 186: Scarf by Doro. Panasonic tape recorder. Shoes by Herbert Levine, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 187: Left: Michael Sklar for Childstar earrings. Pin by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. Morris Moskowitz belt. Doro scarf. Herbert Levine sandals: Delman Shoe Salon, Bergdorf Goodman. . . . *Right:* Trifari earrings. David Evins mules.

Page 188: Earrings by Joseph Mazer, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Yves Saint Laurent shoes.

Page 189: Cuff by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs.

Page 190: Hat by Don Marshall, at Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. Belt: Ben King for Midtown Belts.

Page 191: *Left:* Hat by Don Marshall, at Bonwit Teller. Morris Moskowitz belt. . . . *Right:* Hat by I. J. Herman, at Henri Bendel. Belt: Ben King for Midtown Belts.

Page 192: Earrings by Cadoro. Cuffs by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. Morris Moskowitz belt. Sandals by Andrew Geller, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 193: *Left:* Cuff by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. Sandals by Andrew Geller, at Bonwit Teller. . . . *Right:* His Panama hat and trousers from Giorgio's, Beverly Hills. Shirt, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Homme. Mocassins at Belgian Shoes. . . . *Far right:* Sandals by Bernardo, at Capezio East.

Page 194: *Left:* Bangles by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. David Evins shoes. . . . *Right:* Bangles by Trifari. Herbert Levine sandals.

Page 195: *Right:* Onyx bangle by Les Bernard; other bangle by Catherine Stein. Herbert Levine sandals. Luggage by Samsonite.

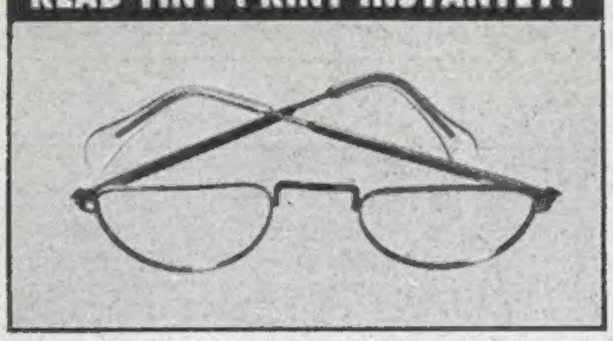
Page 196: Eva Graham bracelets. Suitcase by Samsonite.

Page 197: Herbert Levine sandals. His clothes from Giorgio's, Beverly Hills. Mocassins by Belgian Shoes.

Page 205: Pin at waist by Joseph

(Continued on page 214)

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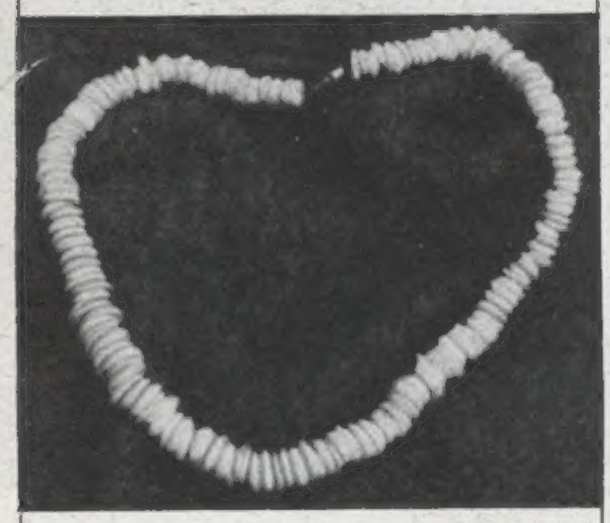


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MORE ART

(Continued from page 209)

of sophistication in American drawing, which really began to mature in the 'sixties with the elegant, exquisite drawings of Jasper Johns, Cy Twombly, and Agnes Martin. Such conceptualists as Bruce Nauman, Robert Smithson, Barry Le Va, Sol LeWitt, and Rafael Ferrer found drawing a medium congenial to their abstract way of thinking. Drawing is a more personal, intimate statement than large-scale painting and sculpture; and the resurgence of interest in drawing has brought back the human touch and human scale into contemporary art.

Most art galleries sell graphics by the artists they represent. Two new New York galleries that specialize in works on paper have opened this season. Both the Parsons-Truman (24 West 57th Street) and Rosa Esman galleries (29 West 57th Street) have a wide selection of modestly priced drawings, mainly by young artists, that gives an indication of the great amount of energy now being channeled in this direction. Downtown, the budget collector or art-gift giver can choose from literally thousands of drawings, watercolors, and gouaches on view at such galleries as John Weber, Paula Cooper, and Nancy Hoffman, noted for their discoveries of fresh talent, as well as at more established galleries like Leo Castelli, Fischbach, and André Emmerich. Also in SoHo, A.I.R., the leading women's cooperative gallery, has a good selection of works on paper by such gallery artists as Blythe Bohnen, Barbara Zucker, and Judith Bernstein. There are plenty of bargains—a maximum choice of unknown young artists, as well as drawings and gouaches by such veteran artists as Jack Tworkov (at Nancy Hoffman) and Adja Yunckers (at Zabriskie), whose beautiful works on paper are surprisingly modest in price. All galleries are in New York City. ▽

ENTERTAINMENT

(Continued on page 156)

"IN" Hollywood experience is to go ballroom dancing (and here you thought it was snorting cocaine). People don't want to "robot" themselves unconscious to "Love Unlimited" at Pip's disco anymore. They are actually touch-dancing in private Bel Air homes and in downtown L.A. hotel ballrooms (which may bring back downtown Los Angeles). And the other evening I witnessed a "New Hollywood" couple doing a svelte fox-trot on a friend's veranda (Raymond Chandler would have loved the heavily shrubbed view). She was a yoga teacher and he was a plastic surgeon (the only doctors that count out here), and they swung 'n' swayed illuminating the floor like a pair of crossed kliegs.

The power of this place built on promise and dreams is that anything CAN INDEED HAPPEN. As I said, I think we need that golden hope again (we've been living on a steady diet of "fear of flying" and "fear and loathing" for too long). Whether the dream comes true or not is unimportant; the chance is there.

So, I'll dye my hair champagne and I'll live in a world of wall-to-wall nylon shagged beige bliss; and I'll paste a Dennison's paper star on my front door; and I'll shop at Thrifty Drugs at 2 A.M. (in my "froufrou" Frederick's gold mules) and wave hello to "Hitchy" (Hollywood's nickname for Hitchcock. . . . You never call him "Alfie") at my neighborhood all-night Holloway Dry Cleaners. (By the way, rumor has it that the reason why Hollywood markets, car washes, and florists are open 'round-the-clock is that "stars only come out at night.") And only when the dream becomes too much to live with will I leave. (It could be next week.)

In the meantime, I'll enjoy being a part of this city's renaissance. After all, it's entertainment, and Boy do we need it now. All of us "New Hollywooders" —voice-overs, actors, singers, dancers, musicians, hairdressers, television directors, technicians, designers, artists, architects, writers, divorce lawyers, and plastic surgeons—are here and united (in spite of the loneliness of the long-distance freeways and the immense impersonal parking lots) because of that "possibility," the freedom, and the feeling that time is not of the essence here. (We get all the news three hours late, and by that time it doesn't matter. Who wants to watch the six o'clock evening news at three in the afternoon and have the day spoiled? If the bomb were to drop, Hollywood would be the last to know or care. It simply doesn't fit the script.)

But most important . . . we've all come to grips with the same key conclusion: Hollywood is a dream that *MUST BE BELIEVED* if one is to live here. ▽

FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS CONTINUED

Mazer. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Shoes: Customcraft by Rossi.

Page 206: Cuffs by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. Sandals: Customcraft by Rossi.

Page 207: Earrings by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. K.J.L. bracelets. Shoes: Bonnie Smith for Stan Kimel.

Statement Required by the Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code showing the Ownership, Management and Circulation of VOGUE, published monthly, for October 1, 1974.

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